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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

VOL. XVI.

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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A "ROUND-UP" ON A CANADIAN CATTLE-RANCH.

SEE PAGE 8.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI NOVEMBER, 1900 No. 1

"A GOOD TIME."

By Basil C. d'Easum.

OLD "Captain" Glenn had been buried in the north for nineteen years. For nineteen years he had been working for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Wayback in the Arctic Circle.

Nineteen years of murderous cold and mosquitoes, Indians, dog-trains and half-breeds ; in the winter, and it is winter nearly all the time, living on frozen fish ; for nineteen years cut off almost entirely from the civilized world except when "The Boat" made its annual trip with stores and letters to that far-away post.

Yet the north has a strange fascination for many men. They grow to like the loneliness, the savagery of it ; however much they may curse it, yet they are restless until they get back to it.

But "Captain" Glenn declared that he had turned his back upon it.

He made the long journey "out" by dog-train, canoe and steamboat ; when he reached the fringe of civilization he ravelled with horses.

Then he came to Duncannon, a little frontier town.

At Duncannon he found whisky and other delights ; and at Duncannon he stayed.

He had come "out" with five thousand dollars, not a small fortune for a working man (his title of "Captain" was given to him on account of his skill at building boats), although the north is a country where a man can not help but save his money. But it was different from that at Duncannon.

A cowboy "on the tear," a miner "on the spree," and a sheepherder with a year's wages burning in his pocket, can, each and all of them, give a good illustration of senseless scattering of hard-earned money, but an old-timer "out from the north" can eclipse them all.

There was, in Duncannon, a little variety theatre ; a kind of music hall, cheap and not nice.

Captain Glenn visited it the first night of his arrival in town ; it was, really, a dreary place. Fiddles were squeaking, and a dirty-looking man was strumming dismally on a cracked piano, while a lady of uncertain age, thin-throated and clothed in green tulle, mystic, wonderful, was warbling a pathetic ballad in a husky voice.

But Captain Glenn thought it was all very beautiful. He seated himself in one of the "boxes," and presently a girl, one of the attendant Hebes, was at his side, winningly asking him what he would order for a drink.

Captain Glenn cast his eyes over the house ; there were about sixty rough, shabby-looking men lounging and smoking and paying but little attention to the performers on the stage. He was feeling on good terms with the world and with himself, he had dined well at the best hotel in the place, the dinner was an improvement upon his

usual diet of frozen fish or bacon and beans.

Turning to the girl, he said : "Bring every mother's son in the house a bottle of wine."

The girl stared at him ; she was well used to the spectacle of men "blowing themselves," in fact it was a part of her business to encourage any amiable weakness in that line ; but this was a rather extensive order. She looked at the old man who was placidly sucking away at a big cigar.

"My lass," said Captain Glenn, "you go and bring your Chief Factor —boss—what do you call him ? Manager ? Well, bring your Manager here, and I'll show him that I've the money to foot that little bill."

"A lady of an uncertain age was warbling a pathetic ballad."

The Manager came with a run, and hilarity reigned in that frowsy little theatre during the whole evening ; the

fiddlers fiddled at Captain Glenn, the girls sang at him, the audience was fuddling itself at his expense, and he, feeling well content, sat and enjoyed the scene.

This was "life," this was the beginning of the "good time" he had thought of when he was up in the icy north, under the frozen stars.

The bill for the evening's amusement was a trifle under five hundred dollars and it was paid without a murago ; that was the custom of the country.

Yes, indeed, this Miss Strang was a fine woman, and she really seemed to be very friendly toward him. (The guileless old man did not know that Miss Strang received a commission of twenty-five per cent. on all the money that she could take in for drink).

After breakfast, he sought out a clothing store, and bought a complete outfit for himself, discarding his

"Bring every mother's son in the house a bottle of wine."

mur. It had been a most enjoyable evening, and Miss Mollie Strang, the waitress, was the loveliest woman that he had ever seen.

When he woke next morning in the best bedroom of the best hotel in the town, the girl was still in his thoughts. How tired he was of "batching"! How pleasant it would be to have a woman like that to take care of him and to look after his house ! He might, of course, have married a squaw years embroidered moccasins and buckskin coat with the many fringes, and blossoming forth in vivid yellow shoes, a tweed suit, and "boiled shirt fixings."

That night he again visited the "Globe" Theatre and basked in the smiles of Miss Mollie at a cost to himself of two or three hundred dollars. And the same thing happened the next night and many following nights ; Captain Glenn thinking that now he was indeed enjoying life, and fondly im-

agining that he was making great progress towards winning the affections of the pretty waitress.

Now, the girl was not a bad girl.

It would not have been remarkable if she had been bad, for the atmosphere of a frontier town variety theatre bears little likeness to that of a convent. It is easy to be good when one has no temptation to do wrong ; but, with every inducement to be "crooked" this girl kept herself "straight." Of course, she saw the infatuation of the old man, but, although his liberality in ordering liquid refreshment put money in her pocket, it cannot be said that she used any means to encourage him in his excesses.

Captain Glenn was a very bashful man when in the presence of women.

This is not to be wondered at when we remember that for nineteen years he had lived in a land where the foot of the white woman has not trod. Traders, missionaries, even the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company do not civilize a country—the white woman does.

Captain Glenn was at a loss how to set about his wooing ; he knew that among the Indians (as with children and other savages) the best way to secure affection is by the giving of presents. But Miss Strang refused the gold watch and chain, the rings and bracelets which he had bought for her. The old fellow was puzzled at this, for it had always been part of his creed that it was possible to win any woman with gifts.

"Don't cry, my lass."

At length, he made up his mind to ask her, point blank, if she would become Mrs. Glenn. So one evening as he

sat in one of the boxes at the Globe he screwed his courage to the sticking point and said to Miss Strang :

"Missie, I've got something very important to say to you. Perhaps you can guess what it is. I don't quite know how to go about saying it."

"Better not say it, Mr. Glenn," said Miss Strang, gently.

"But why not?" said the old man, finding words. "Wait, my girl ; don't go; listen to me. I know that I am much older than you are, but I am strong and hearty. I have a little money, and I would try to make you happy. Do you think that you could manage to put up with me? I can work and earn enough to keep both of us comfortably. You know that you do not like this theatre life, you are too good for it, I am sure that you hate it. Let me take you away from it."

The girl bent forward over the little table, leaned her head on her folded arms, and burst into tears.

Up jumped Captain Glen. "What is it? What is it? What have I said? Oh, don't cry, don't cry! Tell me what is the matter." And he patted her on the back, in his excitement forgetting that the knock-about clowns on the stage were eyeing him with much interest.

With a great effort the girl controlled herself enough to speak to her bewildered suitor.

"Oh, Mr. Glenn, please do not be sorry ; but I can not do as you wish. You have been very kind, and I will tell you why I am working in this place. I am trying to get money enough to take me to the Klondike, where a very dear friend of mine went more than a year ago. I heard some months ago that he was sick and had no money and could not get out of the country. You are right. I do hate this life, but I am getting some money so that I can go to him and help him."

"He? Him?" said the Captain. "Ah, I see. I guess that let's *me* out."

And down fell all his airy castles with a crash.

"Don't cry, my lass. Everything will be all right, never fear."

Next day, Captain Glenn put on his embroidered moccasins and his buckskin coat with the fringes, paid his hotel bill, made up the rest of his money into a neat little package, and addressed it to "Miss Mollie Strang, Globe Theatre, Duncannon." Inside the package there was also a slip of paper on which was written—"To bring him back from the Klondike. Good luck to you!"

Then he "hit the trail," with his face turned towards the north, back again to his howling dogs, mosquitoes, bacon and beans, and frozen fish.

. . . . . .

"What? Back again, Glenn?" said the official in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Wayback. "Well, well ; you did not stay 'out' long. Did you have a good time?"

"I think so," said Captain Glenn.

THE GREAT MISGIVING.

I STOOD to-day beside an open grave,
And lo! between the breathings of my breath,
The phantom Nothingness uprose, and gave
One awful look from out the eyes of Death.

John Arbory.

A VISIT to a "ROUND-UP"

BY JOHN INNES.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE greatest of all Canadian cattle-raising districts—on the western limits of which the subject matter for the ensuing lines was gathered—is bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the International Boundary Line, on the north by the climate, and on the east by circumstances. It is fenced by cowboys. This statement may seem an exaggeration to people dwelling amidst a multitude of artificial limits, but it is not. If it were there would be no necessity for a "round-up."

There is, I believe, no dictionary containing "Round-up, to, v.a.," or verb active, but to the western mind at least it is an accepted word, and as to its activity there is no manner of doubt. To "round-up" is to gather a number of scattered units into one group, or "bunch." For instance: should any event of importance be imminent in the "cow country," which demands that people should celebrate it, the "boys" are "rounded-up" to do it, and they generally make the occasion a glittering success. So, when the cattle during a hard winter are scattered by storms, or attracted by better feed and shelter to widely separated portions of the great grass sea, it becomes necessary when milder weather sets in that they should be rounded-up and driven to the ranches of their respective owners. This is called the spring round-up, and is of a general character.

Toward the latter part of May the ranchers gather, with their tents, horses, and waggons, and all the necessary paraphernalia, at some appointed place, chosen as being the most convenient from which to start working the range. Day after day the cowboys "cruise," or scout the country, gathering in all the beasts. When a sufficient number of head, marked with any one brand, are collected, they are "cut out," or separated from the main herd, and driven to the ranches of their owner. Thus each man receives the cattle which had strayed away since the previous fall. The branding and marking required is done, and all are again turned loose upon the range.

There is also the fall round-up, which is more of an individual undertaking. During the summer months the conditions which would cause cat-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN INNES.

SOME TYPICAL SCENES ON A CATTLE RANCH.

tle to scatter, or drift, are absent; therefore it is not imperative to work on so wide a scale. Thus it is that there are many fall round-ups. In fact some ranchers prefer to undertake the gathering of their cattle alone. As a rule, however, owners of a small number of head elect to send their men with one of the big "outfits" in their district. These cowboys board with the ranch owning the cook tent and "grub" waggon, work the range with the rest, and the owner of the brand they represent foots the bill. After the fall round-up spring calves are weaned, late calves branded and driven into pasture with their dams to be fed during severe weather. The balance of the bunch, not yet fit for beef, are turned loose upon the range to "rustle" till spring.

Beef round-ups, *i.e.* the gathering of fat cattle for the markets of the world, may take place at any time which would suit the convenience of the buyers, although the fall of the year naturally finds the steers at their top weight and condition, and it is then that the bulk of the shipping is done.

This then is the outline, albeit a most meagre one, of the general plan employed in the handling of vast herds of cattle upon the open plains. And now, in order to particularize, and bring the country and the round-up closer to the readers of this magazine, I will give a description of a personal visit to a big ranch, together with a few sketches of the work of the far-famed, yet much misunderstood, cow puncher.

. . . . . .

It was my first visit to my old home after many year's absence. Fish Creek! Pine Creek! Okotoks! had all been duly yelled by the "brakey" as the train from Calgary to McLeod rumbled southward. At each stop some members of the bronzed crowd of cattle men that filled the car had dropped off, with a parting joke at somebody's expense. Many I knew, many were utter strangers to me, and many faces I thought familiar yet did not smile. Time makes strange changes and boys will grow to be men. From the car windows could be caught an occasional glimpse of the McLeod trail, over which, in the days long past, the mottled bull teams used to labour complainingly as they hauled up stores from the south. There was the bluff on the divide between Pine Creek and Okotoks, past which the old trail ran, and where I, as a slip of a boy, had killed my first big dog badger. There was the scrub on the long yellow slope where the chicken shooting used to be so good. Sam Livingstone's land; Fish Creek, where John Glen lived—old "which-what" we called him; Sandy Watson's stopping place on Pine Creek. Round the bend to the east of the station at Okotoks was the spot where "Mac" hung out, just by the old ford, and dispensed pork and potatoes and bad Scotch (accents, not whisky) to the travellers to and from the south. All gone. Planted with a text over them these rough old friends. Only all along the horizon where the foothills rolled purpling into the west, the great Rockies reared their silvered pinacles unchanged.

High River!

I grabbed my camera and sketch book and stepped on to the crowded platform. It was all bustle and handshaking and piled up saddles and ranch truck of every description. "Round-up" was in the air; but where, oh where was the "Major." Let all readers of this magazine know that the "Major" is Fred Stimson, Esq., an old time cattle man and supreme boss of the Bar U outfit, to whom I was indebted for an "invite" to "come along and do as you —— please." Ah, there he was, large as life, and looking not a day older. I pushed through the crowd towards him. He was extolling the healthful properties of the country to a "pilgrim." The following drifted to me in his own special drawl:

"Y-e-s-s, this is a healthy-y country-y. When I was you-n-g twelve Montreal doctaws examined me-e, and they sai-d-d: 'Stimson-n you have only a portion-n of one lung-g remaining-g, hardly enough to catch your wind-d

with-h.' I came west-t, and stayed three years-s. Then I paid a visit to Montreal-l. I hunted-d up as many of those doctors-s as had not died-d during my absence-e. They examined me again-n, and were astonished-d. They said-d : 'Stimson-n, my bucko-o, cheer up-p, you have now three lungs-s.' It is a great climate-e." Then catching sight of me he exclaimed "Hello! boy-y. Let's hitch up-p." We hitched up and drove off, with a miscellaneous collection of ranch necessities stored about and behind us.

It was great. The railroad faded into the distance, the fences disappeared. Bunches of cattle dotted the yellow rolling lands, and now and again a coyote, loping leisurely over the grassy slopes, would squat and look at us—then lope onward again. Far in the south the Porcupine hills swelled purple, and the mountains took on vaster portions as we climbed the ever-ascending trail towards the Bar U headquarters. Like the carpenter and the oysters in "Alice in Wonderland," we talked of many things, till the gathering night merged the mountains, the foothills and the grazing lands into one black blur.

Sqush—h-s-s! With a plunge and a lurch our "democrat" swung into the ford across the north fork of High River; the bronco team stumbling and lunging to the western bank, hauled us out and broke into a gallop, for home was near. In the darkness the Major sang cheerily: "Oh, we'll wander through the wild woods, and we'll hunt the buffalo-o-o." Another sudden plunge; with the team apparently sitting on their tails, and the brake grating. Before us gleamed the lights of the Bar U headquarters just twenty-five miles from the station.

One never realizes how good the West is till one returns after years spent in other parts. The breadth of things, the height of things, the magnificent distances, are exhilarating. Men shout in the very joy of living. Early, early in the morning after my arrival on the ranch, I was afoot, and, gaining a vantage point upon a high bluff, looked about me. The sun had not yet risen, and the great mountains in the west gloomed huge and cold against the trailing shadows night had left behind. To the east, to the south, to the north, the land fell away and away in colourless recession, and was lost in the gray of the dawning. Below, in the valley, the ranch buildings were hardly discernible. Of a sudden the highest peaks of the mountain snows were lit with a rosy flash, that spread, and grew, and flamed all along the west, till the whole range seemed as a mighty sea of glittering violet and rose, enchanted into everlasting stillness by its own beauty. Brighter and whiter grew the light, and spreading downward the foothills were touched with varying purples, while the whole prairie land became an ocean of colour. A living glory swept across the east, defining sharply the low line of the plains, save at one spot too bright for the eye to rest upon. There the sun shouldered above the rim of the world, and I turned my steps to the valley. Here, too, the magic painter had been at work. The swift-running river flashed blue behind the sombre log buildings and the dark trunks of the rugged poplars, all dressed in shimmering gold in honour of the autumn. The ranch was astir. The saddle horses were being herded in from the pasture, and smoke curled blue from the Major's house and the men's quarters. And there was the Major himself in conversation with a weather-stained cow-puncher.

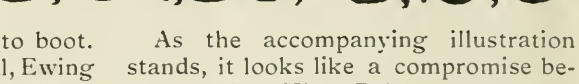
"Boy, you're in luck," he said, turning towards me, "the round-up will be in the valley to-day-y."

"Hallelujah!" I answered, and went to breakfast.

During the meal the Major informed me that an animal named BX was destined to be my especial steed, and that Ewing would get him for me. As I intended to take snap-shots from the saddle for the purpose of illustrating this article, it was impossible to regard BX in any other light than that of a photographic tripod; so I went to find Ewing. The only moving object in

sight was a cloud of dust which appeared to have something desperate going on inside of it. Closer inspection revealed a man and a horse having a "bang-up" argument. Sometimes the man was on top, sometimes the horse. Finally the rider got into the saddle, and an armistice was declared. I knew in my bones that if that animal was BX (at present the unknown quantity), I should never see the editor of this publication any more. The man proved to be Ewing, so, with much trepidation I enquired for BX. To my relief he rode away, shortly returning with a big gray animal in tow, on whose shoulder appeared "BX." He turned him over to me with the assurance that he "was warranted not to rip, tear, ravel, run down in the heels, or slit up the back." It was nice to know that. He—BX—turned out to be eminently respectable, and a well-trained cow-horse to boot. In consequence both that animal, Ewing and myself were shortly on the best of terms. To be sure he had four legs—BX I mean again—which, as every body knows, isn't proper in a tripod; but I overlooked that extra leg, and allowed it to stay there. It proved its usefulness later on.

Filling in time till the arrival of the round-up, an examination was made of the wonderful collection of skins, heads and Indian gear which the manager had collected, and which served to make the sitting-room of his home one of the most interesting possible. After this a tour of the ranch buildings was in order. Truly the Major's pride in his place is justified. The river leaves the foot of the high bluffs and takes a sweep northward, then turns east once more. This forms a cosy corner of level land, about one quarter of a mile long east and west, and nearly one hundred yards wide, on the average, north and south. High bluffs, as well as the heavy bush which grows on either bank of the stream, afford excellent shelter to the northward along the whole distance. On the southern side terraces of grass rise to the upper prairie. At the western end, near the ford, stands the manager's house, with its long straggling line of outbuildings. About one hundred yards east from these were the breaking stables and corrals, the team stables, waggon sheds and the men's quarters, all being built in a straight line along the north side of the trail that passes through the centre of the ranche. Opposite this main group were several log shanties used as storehouses; giving the whole the appearance of a little village street. The branding corrals were on the hill north of where the trail dips into the valley, and the feeding corrals stood on the bottom lands just on the other side of the river. It is a truly well thought-out and workmanlike arrangement.



As the accompanying illustration stands, it looks like a compromise between what King Belshazzar saw on the wall after dinner, and an up-to-date boxer's opinion of a missionary. It is neither. Here is the interpretation:

Bar U—OH—Eighty-six—Seven U—IS—Anchor P. The signs themselves are facsimiles of the different brands which I found burned into the hides of varying numbers of the great herd of cattle that debouched, bellowing and shouldering each other, upon the wide valley of the north fork of High River. The round-up was with us at last. The cook's waggon and bed waggons rumbled dustily into the river bottom; in an incredibly short time the tents were pitched, the stove blazing, and the entire camp in ship-shape. On the bluffs above it the herd of saddle horses, for the use of the cowboys, grazed; the merry whistling of the herder drifted pleasantly down the wind. But more pleasant still was the sound made by a knife handle vigorously thumping the bottom of an old tin pan, announcing that "grub pile" was waiting. A laughing gang of cowmen cantered into camp, on time to the minute; then, having unsaddled,

THE COOK—HIS PET PONY—THE GRUB-WAGGON—THE COOK'S TENT.

KILLING BEEF AT THE HOME RANCH.

they washed with prodigous splashing in the water-pans, set out by the camp-boys for them. In came Seven U Brown, captain of the round-up; genial Charley McKinnon, foreman of the Bar U; Fred Ings, who was helping work his own cattle homeward; that ancient timer "The Dutch Kid"; George Winder, the crack rider and rope hand; and a crowd of boys who were total strangers to me, but good fellows every one. Later on, the Major and the ranch secretary, having discovered that they were hungry, wandered in to have it attended to.

I seize this opportunity to apologize for having left the greatest man on the round-up to be mentioned last. I refer to the cook. For, let it be known that the cook in a cow-camp is an autocrat, and this autocrat was famous. I have, in spite of my socialistic tendencies, had a tender spot in my heart for autocrats ever since I met him. In centres of civilization he would be known as Mr. Lear; on the range he was just turned loose as "Charlie." His outfit was as follows:—A tent, to which the grub-waggon, with the tail-board let down to form a table, was backed till the hind wheels were level with the flaps. A stove; pots and pans; boxes to sit on, and a roll of blankets to sleep in. Not an extensive menage, is it? That man affected one in the same way as a conjurer. Everybody has, at some time or other, seen the individual who makes egg flips in a new plug hat, and takes a brandy smash out of a brick bat. Well, a man of that calibre wouldn't be "in it" with Charlie. Out of that box at the back of his waggon came everything. Soup—great soup; pie—first-class pie; roasts, steaks, hashes, biscuits, cakes, bread, appeared in bewildering quantities. And, over and above all this, he had a well-developed mania for feeding people. It was impossible to stick one's head inside the tent without his inquiring if one was hungry. Within half an hour of reaching a camping ground the tents have been pitched, and a good hot meal prepared

for the tired riders. Everybody has an appetite out west, always; so it will be seen that a first-class cook is an absolute power in a cow-camp. I have since learned that it was the ambition of every errant cow-puncher, with a stomach, to get on the Bar U outfit with Charlie. Good-bye, Charlie; I leave your genial presence a better-natured and a fatter man.

The meal over, the men straggled out. Amid squealing, kicking and dust, the herd of saddle horses reached the rope corral. Although a picture of this contrivance is given, it may be as well to add a few words of explanation.

In this case a rope was stretched from the wheel of the cook's waggon to that of one of the bed waggons, some forty feet distant. At either end of this rope, and attached to the waggon wheels by one end only, are two long strips of raw hide. The horses are driven up to the first rope. Two men, one being on either side of the band, take each an end of one of the long raw hide strips and carry it out at right angles from the waggons. Thus the animals are enclosed on three sides. Mounted men guard the front. The rope hands enter the enclosure and catch up the horses pointed out by the foreman. These are in turn taken over by the several cow-punchers to whom they are allotted, and used for the half day's work.

This is the juncture at which any self-asserting animal will enter such protests as he feels he should. Saddling up after a meal, especially breakfast, is at times injurious to both necks and digestive organs. Things were fairly peaceable in this camp, however, and the cowmen, one by one, disappeared in the direction of the herd.

Saddling up BX and strapping my camera case to the horn, I followed leisurely. I was anxious to try my "quod-tripod"—this name has been invented for BX, as meeting all requirements—so I tested him carefully; for the camera was worth a little if I was not. He worked beautifully. Soon, from a commanding point, I had a fine view of the round-up on the wide plain below.

It was indeed a sight calculated to make a back concession farmer burst a blood-vessel—thousands of cows and calves in an unbroken mass, bellowing tumultuously. The cowboys held them together while the representatives of one brand "cut out" their own. It is no small task. The sharp-eyed riders pace to and fro amongst the restless herd, till, having spied their especial mark upon a cow, they work her, with her bawling offspring, to the edge of the bunch, whence others drive her to a distance and hold her there. One by one and two by two they come, till all are collected ready to trail homeward. The work is always more or less exciting, and a few wild cows, like a few wilful women, can raise an appalling commotion in a crowd. The dashing, sweating horses, the earnestness of the men, the daring and skill displayed, have invariably a great effect upon the stranger who attends a round-up for the first time.

I tried conscientiously to get a snapshot of two of the "boys" stretching a steer. The steer was roped head and heel; their knowing cow-ponies stretched him upon the ground. The picture, although given herewith, is somewhat of a failure, owing to my quod-tripod getting excited and seeming doubtful as to which end of him was his head and which his tail. At one stage of the proceedings I honestly began to think they were on wrong, but, as I couldn't change them just then, I was obliged to make the best of circumstances. The galloping, and rushing and bellowing continued, till darkness compelled a cessation of the work, and the night herders took charge of the cattle.

By the light of the lantern in the cook's tent, the cattlemen ate their evening meal, then chatted, cracked jokes, sang songs, till finally, seeking their several tents, they rolled in their blankets and slept the sleep of the tired. The rattling of the tin dishes ceased; the light of the lantern disappeared; the unutterable silence of the

RANGE CATTLE IN THE WINNIPEG YARDS AWAITING SHIPMENT.

great plains fell upon the camp. Among the shadowy bluffs a coyote whiningly howled.

Far out on the dark plains the night herders sat their horses like statues, or sang as they paced about their nervous charges ; a cow called in the blackness ; another ; another ; then the far hills echoed with roaring sound of the multitude of beasts, swelling and dying and swelling again. The men wrapped their long coats closer and pulled their hats down low, for the air was keen.

So, day by day, the cutting out proceeded. Seven U, OH, IS, Anchor P, Eighty-six, all splashed across the river, and were swallowed up in the distance. Only the Bar U remained, and the end of the round-up was in sight. I was sorry, and experienced just such a feeling as I remembered having when a boy, the day after a circus. The Major was a great comfort at this period, and told me a number of serial yarns which had been told him by some people who had heard them from somebody else. I won't repeat them here because the descendants of Ananias mightn't like it. However, I will maintain that if Ananias' yarns could trot in 2:30 on a cinder track, those the Major told could easily do the distance in 1:15 over a mud road.

Thus, as I have before stated, we reached the final stages of the round-up, and the weaning commenced. Both cows and calves were driven into a double corral with slip-bars between. Horsemen stirred them about, and whenever a cow got near the slip-bars she was jockeyed out. When all were gone the calves were turned into a big hay corral. They didn't like hay. That night nobody slept within a radius of one hundred miles.

Branding the late calves was the final operation. In the branding corral the mounted rope hand caught the young unfortunates by the heels, then dragged them to where the calf-wrestlers and men with the irons stood. One of the wrestlers seized the rope from the heels, another the tail, and pulling in opposite directions, gave the bawling animal a Dutch flip, then held him till the brand was prop-

CATTLE ON THE RANGE.

erly placed. This lot being too young to wean, were with their dams turned into pastures to be fed during the winter months.

Cattle all properly disposed of; calves branded or weaned; the round-up over; what remains?

Perhaps, on the part of the reader, a feeling of thankfulness that this article is at last finished. Certainly on my own part, an intense hope that it may do a little towards awakening an intelligent interest in our great North-West in some minds where heretofore none existed.

So, then, with hearty thanks to my good friend Fred Stimson, of the Bar U, his household and the boys on the ranch—not forgetting my quod-tripod, BX—I make my adieux.

MOONLIGHT IN THE ROCKIES.

SHY-peeping from a cloud of silver mist,
The Queen of Night peers down the darkened vales,
Where hurried streams through devious channels twist,
And babble forth their never-ending tales.

Black, sombre pines fantastic shadows fling
From rock to rock adown the mountain-side,
While waking leaves their dreamland secrets sing
To fairy rangers of the forest wide.

Pale gleams the light on high-thrown battlements
Of cloud-companioned, winter-mantled peak,
(The age-long butt of hostile elements)
Whose massive lines gigantic strength bespeak.

Geo. E. Winkler.

THE STORY OF EIGHT GENERAL ELECTIONS.

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun.

THE ELECTION OF 1867.

OF the group of British Americans who met in London toward the close of 1866 to frame the Confederation Act, Sir John Macdonald (as he soon after became) stood out pre-eminent and predominant. His fellow delegates, recognizing his ascendency, had selected him as the chairman of their conferences. The Imperial authorities were impressed by his talent for management and adroitness. To them he was the ruling genius of the affair.* Before leaving London he was asked by Lord Monck to form the first Ministry for the new Dominion. In Canada he was even more clearly acknowledged as the leading political force, for he had obtained not merely the headship of his own party but the confidence of a considerable section of his old opponents.

This supremacy of one man vitally affected the result of the elections of 1867. The situation was peculiar. It had been determined, as far as Ontario and Quebec were concerned, to continue the Coalition as a basis for the new Government. This enabled Sir John Macdonald to retain three Liberals of influence in his Cabinet. Mr. George Brown, the only antagonist he had real reason to fear, was thus prevented from reorganizing the Liberal party, which his force and vigour had done so much to create, in the very Province where its influence and power could best be displayed. The tactical skill of his opponent prevailed. Mr. Brown had retired from the Coalition, still pledged to Confederation, but on all other subjects bent on destroying the temporary alliance between the parties. A convention of Liberals was summoned to meet in Toronto in the early days of July, but is not easy to restore, by impassioned speeches and fervent newspaper articles, an organization that has been allowed to lapse.

To any man with less than George Brown's buoyancy of spirit and fertility of resource the failure, on the eve of the contest, to re-create his party would have meant final defeat. For the time being, indeed, he was overwhelmed. The new Cabinet contained men who drew support from all sections of the people. From the Maritime Provinces, where the party lines of Old Canada could not be made to operate, came some men who regarded the new Union with an open mind and were disposed to give it a fair trial. Those who had opposed Confederation in all the Provinces were chiefly Liberals and ranged themselves in Opposition. It was impossible for George Brown to rally these forces in his train because on the one subject which united them all he stood out—as a stout and uncompromising friend of the Confederation. His position was a trying one. If he could have got Dorion, Holton, Howe and Sandfield Macdonald to act together, a formidable and compact party would have resulted. But Sandfield Macdonald was soothed by the Premiership of Ontario. Howe was far away in Nova Scotia. There was no time for elaborate preparation.

In August and September the elections came on, and the Ministry swept the country except in Nova Scotia. Mr. Brown was defeated in South Ontario by Mr. Gibbs, and never again offered for the House of Commons. He took his repulse like a man. "I am not a bit discouraged by the result of the elections and did not feel two minutes' chagrin at my own defeat," he said.* The blow to the party was

*The Letters of Lord Blachford. London, 1896.

*Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown. Toronto, 1882.

more apparent than real, since he had previous to the elections formally resigned the leadership in favour of Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Blake, a growing power, was returned for West Durham. The Opposition emerged from the contest weak in numbers, but there was no lack of able men. From Nova Scotia came Joseph Howe and A. G. Jones ; from New Brunswick T. W. Anglin ; and from Quebec Holton, Dorion and Huntington. There was very little cohesion, it is true, among these forces, but if the leader of the Government had been less experienced, his nominal majority of eighty-five in a House of 181 members might soon have melted away. There was nothing like the party solidarity of ten years later, and a small and determined Opposition could have broken up a Ministry constituted of elements that would to-day be considered diverse.

The situation was also complicated by the fact that the Provincial elections took place simultaneously with those for the House of Commons. Dual representation obtained. That is a number of prominent men were elected to both Parliament and Legislature. For Provincial purposes Sandfield Macdonald was a Conservative with two members of that party in his Cabinet. At Ottawa he sat on the Opposition benches, nominally in a position of friendly neutrality. His acceptance of office had given great offence to the Liberal leaders, since his alliance with Sir John Macdonald had modified the position of affairs in Ontario to their disadvantage. A further complication, and one that was embarrassing to Ministers, was the attitude of Nova Scotia. Howe was resolved to fight Confederation at Ottawa, having failed to prevent it by personal appeals to the Imperial Government. Excepting Dr. Tupper every member elected from Nova Scotia was an opponent of the Ministry, and Mr. Archibald, the Secretary of State, was defeated.

Allowing for all the mishaps and disappointments which attended this election it was unquestionably a great triumph for Sir John Macdonald. With his talent for diplomacy and conciliation it was work congenial to his disposition to weld inharmonious elements into a compact group. Looking over the field of battle in October, 1867, he was able, in a letter to a friend, to sum up the situation in these words :

" We have carried everything before us in the two Canadas and New Brunswick. Our majority is, in fact, too large. Nova Scotia, on the other hand, has declared as far as she can against Confederation, but she will be powerless for harm, although that pestilent fellow, Howe, may endeavour to give us some trouble in England." * The master of tactics soon had " the pestilent fellow " in his Cabinet, and the Ministerial forces presented a strong and unbroken front.

THE ELECTION OF 1872.

Five years passed away. The first Parliament sat out its full term, and the fair prospect that promised at the outset to rule the fortunes of the party in power began to cloud over. There were several reasons for this. The Liberals had gained much meanwhile in organization, in experience and in popular strength. Mr. Mackenzie had proved himself a wise and resourceful leader. Mr. Blake had overturned the Sandfield Macdonald Ministry in Ontario, and Mr. George Brown, by personal effort and by the telling influence of the *Globe*, was rallying his erstwhile scattered forces to the cause of Reform.

The Government found itself exposed also to the criticism which naturally gathers about the acts of any Administration long in office. The Washington Treaty, acceptable enough to the Maritime Provinces, displeased Ontario on account of the failure to obtain redress for the Fenian Raids. Sir John Macdonald's enforced absence at Washington during the session of 1871 sensibly weakened the Ministry, for the mental

*Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald. Ottawa, 1894.

powers of his *locum tenens*, Sir George Cartier, were on the wane. The Government was still, in essence, a Coalition, and the constant presence and inspiration of its chief were required to keep it in good working order. Other causes had been operating to the disadvantage of the Ministry. When Sir John Rose left Canada to reside in England his party lost not only a competent Minister of Finance, but a highly popular member with pleasing manners and much sagacity. Sir Francis Hincks, who had been Liberal Prime Minister in Old Canada, but who had been absent for ten years on Imperial service in the West Indies, was selected to fill the vacancy. It was thought that his choice would be acceptable to Liberal supporters of the Government. The hope proved delusive. The Liberals were not enthusiastic, and Mr. Cartwright, an independent Conservative of brilliant promise, went at once into Opposition. Mr. Howland accepted the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario, and Mr. William McDougall's unfortunate fiasco in the Northwest, saw his exit from the Government. When the election came on, therefore, the pact or coalition was manifestly shaken by the disappearance of the two men who had formerly helped to preserve it.

During this contest, too, there cropped up for the first time since Confederation the spectre of racial and religious discontent which it was hoped had been laid forever. The New Brunswick Catholics, deprived of their schools by Provincial legislation, appealed to the Federal authority. But they asked in vain, and the friends of Catholic schools made such a strong fight against Sir George Cartier, holding him responsible for the refusal to intervene, that in East Montreal he was routed by M. Jetté, the present Governor of Quebec.

In Ontario a campaign of an entirely opposite character was waged. The Orangemen were roused by the cruel murder of Scott at Fort Garry, who had been shot under orders from Riel, and the British sentiment in the Province resented the terms of the Washington Treaty. Foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining a strong Ministry if the premier Province were to declare against him, Sir John Macdonald took, as he termed it, "regularly to the stump" in an effort to save the situation. In vain. He saved his own seat, and went to the rescue of many distressed supporters. The Government survived, because it retained its hold upon Quebec and New Brunswick, and because Nova Scotia, owing to Howe's withdrawal from the Repeal movement and the disruption of that party, declared for Confederation. But Ontario went over to the Liberals. Mr. Paterson, the present Minister of Customs, defeated Sir Francis Hincks in South Brant, and the Minister of Finance was forced, to his great chagrin, to seek a constituency in British Columbia. Narrow as was its majority, there seemed to be no reason to suppose that the Premier, who had weathered severer storms than this, would fail to pilot his Ministry through the breakers. He possessed still an immense popularity. His authority in leadership was undisputed by his own party. He held the reins of power, and no man knew better than he how to utilize an opportunity. But it is a truism in politics that the most disastrous blows come suddenly from a quarter whence they are least expected. Within twelve months the Pacific Scandal descended like a bolt from the blue and, to use an expression which has since seen much service, the Government tottered to its fall.

THE ELECTION OF 1874.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the memorable campaign of 1873, with the election which followed so quickly upon it, and men still find it hard to speak or write without passion upon the issue that then divided the country. So violent the language used, so bitter the feelings aroused, and so easily did condemnation run into attacks on personal character that the standard of political controversy became fixed for years to come.

It is impossible here to review, even briefly, the various details of the Pacific Railway affair. There are some occasions on which a democratic electorate refuses to listen to explanations. This was such an occasion. There was evidence that large sums of money had been spent by at least two Ministers to carry the elections of 1872. It was proved that most of the money was obtained from Sir Hugh Allan, who expected, and who subsequently received, the presidency of the organization chartered to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. Compromising documents, stolen from Mr. Abbott's desk and imparting a sinister aspect to the whole transaction, were printed in the Liberal newspapers. Political excitement ran high. Many Conservatives began to weaken and fall away from their party. When Parliament met in October, 1873, Sir John Macdonald defended himself with earnestness and vigour. He explained in detail every phase of the question. On one point there could be no denial and no explanation. The money had been subscribed and spent. A spasm of horror went through an innocent and virtuous public. There appeared to be a general impression that elections were "made with prayers." Proof to the contrary shocked a number of worthy people, and, foreseeing defeat in the House, the Ministry resigned in November, 1873. Mr. Mackenzie was at once called in and, having formed an Administration, demanded, as he had every right to demand, a dissolution and a new House. The election took place in January, 1874.

What result could be expected from an election held under such circumstances? The Liberals were united, and they had a good case. They made the most of it, as they were entitled to do, because they doubtless believed in all sincerity (such are the pleasant ways of politics) that every Conservative politician was a vagabond and a robber. Lord Macaulay declared that he knew of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. The Canada of 1874 was in this enviable frame of mind. If it was a reasonable frame of mind, Sir John Macdonald should never again have held office. That, for the moment, seemed to be the popular verdict.

It is interesting to consider a little in detail the effects of the storm that now burst over the devoted heads of the Conservative leader and his Parliamentary followers. There were places where a Conservative candidate dared not show his face. In others he had simply no chance at all. In this way many elections went Liberal by default. Others were carried by enormous majorities (on the then restricted register) for the Government. Mr. David Mills was returned by 463 majority, Mr. Wm. Paterson by 444, Mr. Blake by 321, Mr. E. B. Wood by 545, Mr. G. E. Casey by 325, Mr. D. A. Macdonald by 676, Dr. Landerkin by 385, Mr. David Blain by 527, Mr. L. S. Huntington by 446. Several of the Ministers, Messrs. Mackenzie, Cartwright, A. J. Smith and Wm. Ross were elected by acclamation. Mr. G. W. Ross (now Premier of Ontario) was also elected without a contest.

The chief cities nearly all elected Liberals. In Montreal the late Mr. Fred McKenzie and M. Jetté (now Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec) secured two of the seats. Toronto elected Messrs. Moss, Wilkes and O'Donohoe, all Liberals. Dr. St. Jean was one of the two Ottawa members. Halifax elected Mr. Power and Mr. A. G. Jones (now Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia). Mr. Carling was defeated in London by Colonel Walker, and Hamilton elected Messrs. Æmiliŭs Irving and A. T. Wood (one of its present members).

The Conservative majorities were in a number of cases exceedingly small. Sir John Macdonald held Kingston by only 38, Mr. Abbott came out of Argenteuil with 4, Mr. Hillyard Cameron in Cardwell had but 64, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell in North Hastings but 95, while Mr. James Macdonald (afterwards Minister of Justice and Chief Justice of Nova Scotia) was defeated in

Pictou, N.S. It was at this time that Dr. Borden (now Minister of Militia) came in for King's, N.S. Mr. D. A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona) was elected in Selkirk. Louis Riel was returned for Provencher, Manitoba, and actually took his seat. When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that in a House of 206 members the Opposition leader's devoted little band numbered only 45 !

How exciting this campaign was, old politicians love to tell. It is related that in one place in Western Ontario a joint meeting was addressed by two redoubtable warriors, T. M. Daly (the older), for the Tories, and E. B. Wood, for the Grits. Each speaker so warmed up his adherents, that a terrific fight began in the audience. Thinking it was time to depart, Mr. Daly quietly withdrew from the back door, and was groping his way to the road in the dark, when he stumbled over another figure also stealing away from the tumult. "Is that you, Daly?" a voice said, and he retorted, "Why, it's you, Wood!" The two orators, having set the voters by the ears, then amicably decamped together.

It was the custom in those days to print in a Parliamentary paper, after each general election, the "legal expenses" incurred in each constituency. Turn back to this veracious chronicle for 1874, and you will find that the elections in that year cost exactly $99,530.27. Was that all they cost? There were proceedings in court later which showed that other sums, not entered in the return, had been spent by both parties. Consequently we no longer print the little return of "legal expenses," and many excellent persons have reached the conclusion that both parties are hopelessly corrupt, which is very far from the truth, since neither party is that. But Sir John Macdonald made a mistake in handling personally election money, which in England is manipulated by the party clubs; while Sir George Cartier committed a still more serious error in making the arrangement he did with Sir Hugh Allan—an individual who expected and who received a favour from Ministers. But the most grievous error of all was in being found out. That is the chief moral which has since been drawn from the Conservative rout of 1874.

THE ELECTION OF 1878.

Walk along any street in any Canadian city in this year of grace, 1900, and you may, without serious search, meet the man who clearly foresaw the defeat of the Mackenzie Government. Such men are numerous to-day. They were not so plentiful in 1878. It is easy to be wise after the event. Now you are told that the long series of bye-election losses, the severe trade depression, and the rise of the Protection party all presaged the result.

At the time, these signs were not so plainly read. The bye-elections were explained, naturally enough, as the inevitable revival of the Conservatives after a crushing overthrow. The depression was not severer in Canada than elsewhere. Protection did not look formidable to low tariff men, but there were other conditions which pointed to at least a decline of Ministerial strength. The Government was neither as popular nor as vigorous as it had been. Mr. Blake had withdrawn. M. Dorion had been appointed to the bench. M. Letellier de St. Just had become Governor of Quebec ; Mr. Donald Sandfield Macdonald, Governor of Ontario. Neither Mr. Mackenzie nor Mr. Cartwright desired or claimed to have the manners of a dancing master. Offence had doubtless been given by plain speaking to influential persons. More than all, it was found that the party in power were not, any more than the condemned Opposition, spotlessly white in the conduct of elections.

It is recorded that Sir John Macdonald was quite prepared for what happened. During the summer of 1878 his family wished to know if his house on St. George Street, Toronto, was to be retaken for another year. He was accordingly asked for his opinion. He replied : "If we do well we shall have

a majority of 60; if badly, 30." In point of fact he had 86 majority.

But, from the popular point of view, the result was a genuine surprise. The Liberal chiefs bore themselves with confidence. The little volume of "Picnic Speeches," which collectors of political literature cherish with care, indicates the feelings of a Ministry strong in rectitude of intention and convinced that democracy is not ungrateful. Free-trade was then a very respectable bogey. Protection was viewed as a disreputable device something after the character of a state lottery or an unlicensed grog shop. In the city of St. John, for example, it was necessary to explain that the National Policy meant "readjustment of the tariff," not high Protection, or Mr. Tilley would have been defeated. About this time, Lord Beaconsfield was heckled in the House of Lords by some Tory landlord who harked back to 1846 and 1852, but the British Conservative chieftain gracefully gave his old speeches the go-by, and refused to revive Protection. It appeared, therefore, as if the Canadian Liberals had little to fear from the new heresy. Mr. Bengough drew a clever caricature for *Grip*, the week preceding the elections, in which Miss Canada re-let her farm for another term to Farmer Mackenzie. Mr. Goldwin Smith, as often as not the champion of a losing cause, appeared on a Conservative platform in West York. Mr. Cartwright devoted himself with particular care (and notable success) to securing the defeat of Sir John Macdonald in Kingston, and there were not wanting signs (afterwards verified in the cases of Mr. Abbott, M. Langevin, Mr. Peter Mitchell and Mr. Plumb) that other prominent Conservatives would bite the dust.

A story often told of Hon. L. H. Holton, the stout champion of the English-speaking Radicalism in Quebec, well illustrates the astonishment created on the memorable night of Sept. 17th, 1878, when the returns came in. Mr. Holton repaired to that noted place of Liberal resort the "back office" of the Montreal *Herald*. He sat silent while the more enthusiastic prepared to cheer. The reports grew more and more unfavourable. Still Mr. Holton said nothing. It soon appeared that all hope of victory was gone. Then he rose, put on his hat, and, remarking with unconscious ambiguity, "*Well, John A. beats the devil!*" homeward went his way.

It had been a battle of giants. As an offset to the defeats of several prominent Conservatives, four Cabinet Ministers went down in the fray: Cartwright, Laflamme, Jones and Coffin. Mr. Blake, who left for England before the dissolution, and omitted even to issue an address to the electors of his constituency, was defeated in South Bruce. But the feature of the battle was the restoration to power of Sir John Macdonald, who lived to see three more general elections, and who won them all. His old antagonist, George Brown, was beyond his reach, having been appointed to the Senate by Mr. Mackenzie in 1874, and if we read the *Globe* the morning after the contest, we shall find that the place of the usual sturdy political leading article is usurped by a quiet essay with the suggestive title "Prison Diet."

THE ELECTION OF 1882.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the election of 1882, to the reminiscent mind of to-day, is the undoubted fact that the Liberals fully expected to win. Mr. Edward Blake was now leader of his party, and his sonorous eloquence, fine presence, and lofty character made a great impression upon the public. At every meeting he was received with an enthusiasm which seemed to point to success at the polls. Nor was the personal acceptability of the leader the chief ground of Liberal hope. They arraigned the Government on several charges of considerable importance. The protective tariff was denounced in strong terms, and the poor consumer (who had scarcely had time to feel it), was called upon to vote against his task-masters. The terms of the bargain with the new syndicate form-

ed to build the Canadian Pacific Railway were the subject of a series of magnificent philippics by Mr. Blake. There was some reason to expect that a timorous electorate would shrink from assuming the burdens imposed by this bargain. Yet another ground of offence was the Redistribution Act, which had just divided the constituencies in a manner favourable to the Conservatives. This roused the party zeal of the Liberals to a degree that promised active work.

On the other hand, it seems clear enough now that solid interests of great potency in elections would determine the result. The National Policy had been carried into law during the Spring of 1879, and was thus but three years old. It had created or revived enough industries to make capital extremely averse to a change. The Canadian Pacific Railway was a factor in sustaining the Government that no argument could dispose of. As for the complaints of a "gerrymander," which involved an appeal to the sense of fair play, one might almost say with the cynic,

> As soon
> Seek roses in December, ice in June;
> Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
> Believe a woman or an epitaph,
> Or any other thing that's false,

before you expect a democratic electorate to rebuke an offence of that kind.

But the poet was abroad in the land. It was the campaign of chorus, and of all bad verse that which is inspired by party violence is incomparably the worst. The Conservatives warbled such ditties as this:

> Of all Dominion statesmen,
> We ne'er expect to see,
> One to compare in Canada
> With Sir John A., K.C.B.

At the Liberal meetings a number of party songs were sung to familiar airs, and the clamorous cheering which followed these musical efforts must have gone far to convince the staunch party men that "the country was with them." To this campaign belongs that famous song:

> The traitor's hand is on thy throat,
> Ontario! Ontario!
> Strike down that traitor with thy vote,
> Ontario! Ontario!

It is probable that the Opposition concentrated too much of their enthusiasm and energy on one Province. The Ontario boundary question—a purely Provincial issue—was thus raised to the dignity of a policy, with consequent advantage to Mr. Mowat's party, but without doing the Liberals much good in other parts of Canada. There was really no counterpoise to the National Policy. Commercial Union was suggested to Mr. Blake by "a political architect of some note," but he declined to adopt it. The Conservatives claimed that the Liberals had "no policy." As a matter of fact they had a very reasonable programme: low tariff, economy, and several other reforms which, in an Opposition, constitute a fair alternative if the electors are in favour of change.

The election campaign took place in the beautiful month of June, and culminated in a decisive victory for the Ministry. Sir Charles Tupper played an important part in this contest, made a series of vigorous and effective speeches, and shared with Sir John Macdonald the honours of the fight.

An error in tactics was made by the Liberals. They allowed too many returns by acclamation, and the effect of twenty Conservatives elected unopposed, was bad. This error has always been avoided since by both parties. The loss of the Liberals in prominent men was also remarkable. Mr. Huntington, who had made the Pacific Scandal charges against Sir John Macdonald, went down in Shefford, and never again took any part in politics. Sir Albert Smith, of New Brunswick, one of Mr. Mackenzie's colleagues, was defeated in Westmoreland. Mr. Donald Sandfield Macdonald was unsuccessful in Glengarry, and, like Mr. Huntington, withdrew from public life. Mr. Mills was temporarily deprived of Bothwell, but soon regained the seat and has lived to play a very prominent and honourable part in three succeeding

Parliaments. Mr. Wm. McDougall, who had again cast in his lot with the Liberals, failed to carry Algoma. He, too, was seen no more in the House of Commons. But the election, on the whole, is not an interesting one. It presents few features, except the strength of the Protection policy, which leave a vivid impression on the mind.

THE ELECTION OF 1887.

An upheaval in the Province of Quebec, a vigorous and aggressive Opposition, and a period of stringency in trade combined to create an exceedingly alarming situation for the Government of Sir John Macdonald during the year 1886. Many wise politicians shook their heads over the prospect. The Prime Minister himself, as one may learn from his Memoirs, was not confident. Under any other leader it is doubtful if the Conservatives could have succeeded on this occasion.

Several complications had arisen. The Northwest Rebellion was the most serious of these. When the rising was quelled, and the insurgent leader put on trial for his life, it became a subject of intense interest to know what Sir John Macdonald would do. If he allowed Riel to be hanged the chances were that the French-Canadians would desert the Conservative party en masse. If Riel's sentence was commuted to imprisonment the Province of Ontario would go over to the Liberals. The Opposition played a waiting game. The position was amusingly illustrated by the attitude of one Reform journal in Ontario. "Things have come to a pretty pass," it declared, "when a red-handed rebel was to be allowed to escape the consequences of his misdeeds." This was said when there was a general opinion that Riel would not be hanged. The execution took place. The same journal again came out strongly. "Things have come to a pretty pass," it asserted, "when a deluded half-breed could be done to death for a rising brought on by maladministration, when the real criminals, the Ministers, guilty of neglect and oppression, tried to escape." It is probable that with such people either course taken by the Government would have been condemned.

In Quebec a wild scene of political tumult and confusion succeeded the execution. Demonstrations of hostility to the French-Canadian Ministers took place at many points. The usual programme was a meeting at night addressed by several eloquent orators of both parties. A procession of hot-headed young men would march to the place of meeting with banners and effigies of Messrs. Langevin, Chapleau and Caron labelled "*Chevaliers de la corde.*" Mr. Mercier, the Liberal leader in Quebec, and Mr. Laurier, the principal lieutenant of Mr. Blake, were the chief figures in this effective campaign. The *chevaliers* themselves—execrated by their own race, denounced at every street-corner, thrown for comfort upon the dangerous sympathy of the English provinces—said nothing. The Provincial elections in Quebec came on, and Mr. Mercier succeeded in ousting the Conservatives from power.

It could no longer be concealed that a section of Sir John Macdonald's Quebec followers in the House had "bolted."

In Ontario the outlook was not favourable. Mr. Mowat joined hands with Mr. Blake, greeted Mr. Mercier's triumph with enthusiasm, and prepared to lend a strong and willing hand to his federal allies. During the autumn of 1886, therefore, the prospects of the Conservatives were far from bright when the time approached for an election. Sir John Macdonald's tactical skill now displayed itself. He had shortly before strengthened his Ministry by the addition of three exceptionally able men whose entrance into the Government had excited scarcely any comment, such is the singular blindness that often afflicts the judgment of the party press at a time of great excitement. These new Ministers—Mr. Thompson, who resigned from the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and was scarcely known at all outside his own Province; Mr. Thomas White, who be-

came Minister of the Interior, and Mr. G. E. Foster, eventually filled the post of Minister of Finance—brought new life into the Administration. A speech-making tour was announced, and Sir John Macdonald's principal retort to all the denunciation, the passion and the race feeling that formed the staple of Opposition oratory, was —the National Policy!

Is it so wonderful that the clever critics of the Opposition greeted this with gibes and derision? The National Policy was almost venerable as a campaign cry. All the arguments were familiar. The country was being roused on questions of a different kind, and it seemed at least a trifle irrelevant to meet complaints of misgovernment in the West, an outraged nationality in Quebec, the activity of the old Repealers in Nova Scotia, with the stock rhetoric about the national industries and the workingmen. The Toronto *Globe* called the Conservative tour "the Chestnut Combination" because the stories were old, and the arguments sounded like platitudes. The meetings, however, were very successful, and men who were accustomed to look below the surface declared that Ontario at least would stand by Sir John Macdonald. Doubters were not lacking. Mr. Blake's leadership had reached the zenith of its authority and influence. Quebec was thoroughly aroused. Nova Scotia was said to be more hostile to Confederation than at any time since the days of Howe.

A bye-election that took place in Haldimand was ominous. The death of the sitting member had created a vacancy, and the Conservatives resolved to test Ontario sentiment in an avowedly Reform consituency. Their candidate was Major Merritt, who is now in South Africa. If Haldimand could be carried on a platform of protest against the race agitation in Quebec, what might not be expected from the rest of the Province? The Toronto *Mail*, with Mr. Edward Farrer for editor, printed a series of strong articles on the attitude of the French-Canadians, and that afterwards famous declaration "smash Confederation into its original fragments," was one of many sentences which threatened to deprive Sir John Macdonald altogether of Quebec support if he could be held accountable for the utterances of his chief newspaper supporter. When the votes were counted in Haldimand it remained to the Liberals. They were as heartened by the result as the Conservatives were discomfited.

Mr. Mowat now executed a strategic move, advised it is said by Mr. Blake, which must have still further disconcerted the Conservatives. He suddenly dissolved the Ontario Legislature and fixed the elections for December 30th, 1886. Their issue was an emphatic verdict in favour of the Liberals, so that when the New Year dawned there was an idea that Sir John Macdonald would hardly risk a dissolution at a time so unpropitious. January, however, was not far spent before dissolution came, and the date of the elections was fixed for February 22nd.

It was a cold, bright winter with immense quantities of snow. Campaigning was no easy task when trains were delayed, roads blocked, and schoolhouses and halls either piping hot or severely cold. When the time came for counting up the returns, the feelings of the two parties may accurately be defined in this way: the majority of Liberals were absolutely sure of winning, the majority of Conservatives were uneasy and uncertain. The Government undoubtedly had a close call. Owing to the stormy weather the telegraphic reports were much delayed, and at first it seemed as if the hopes of the Opposition would be realized. Quebec went Liberal. Ontario remained Conservative, and in the Maritime Provinces the Government held its own. To this election belongs the Toronto *Globe's* Liberal majority of "one" which for some days it stoutly maintained to be the actual result of the fight. No doubt this majority is still in the *Globe* office. It never found its way into the House of Commons. When a division took place in Parliament a few weeks

later the majority for the Ministry was twenty-two.

The morning after the election Sir John Macdonald, elated by victory, broke through a rule which for some years he had maintained: he granted an interview to a newspaper reporter.

Mr. Blake, mortified by the failure of his own Province to support him, and overwhelmed by the severe strain upon his health, occasioned by so arduous and gallantly contested a struggle, resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, and Mr. Laurier began the nine years' fight, which ended in his being Prime Minister.

THE ELECTION OF 1891.

It is customary to call this the "loyalty campaign." The "loyalty cry," indeed, played a large part for several weeks before the election, but the events which led up to this phase of the political situation were of more importance. It would require an elaborate and careful examination of the political events of 1888, 1889 and 1890 to determine how far popular approval of Unrestricted Reciprocity was a factor in nearly wiping out the Conservative majority at the election of 1891. I am inclined to think that it was not the main influence, and that other questions affecting the Conservative party had more to do with the result.

The anti-Jesuit agitation, for example, did much to destroy the unity of the Conservatives in Ontario. The leader of the movement, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, was the most prominent among the younger men in the Conservative party, and in some quarters was regarded as the possible successor of Sir John Macdonald. The history of his gradual withdrawal from his old associates is interesting. He had, previous to the appearance of Sir John Thompson on the scene, been offered a portfolio in the Government, that of Minister of Justice, it was said. But his large practice as a barrister prevented him from accepting it. The Premier, casting about for some one to fill the position, found Sir John Thompson, who soon demonstrated his superior ability. When the Government decided not to disallow the Quebec Act dealing with the Jesuits' Estates, Mr. McCarthy came into active conflict with Sir John Thompson. The former possessed the advantage of being a popular Protestant leader in a Protestant Province, and the agitation which he conducted gave him considerable influence in the country, however meagre its voting strength in the House might be. When the dissolution of 1891 took place, many Conservative candidates knew that their vote on the Jesuits' Estates Act of 1888 would be remembered against them, and they suffered accordingly.

The Catholics, on the other hand, could not fail to be influenced in their feelings by so vehement an agitation, conducted, to all appearance, largely within the Conservative party by so influential a member of it as Mr. McCarthy. It is said that in some Ontario constituencies the Conservative candidate found himself being ground between the upper and the nether millstone, between the hostility of zealous Protestants and the apathy of Catholics who resented the attack on their church. At any rate, many Ontario Conservatives faced the election with little enthusiasm. Sir John Macdonald would probably have preferred an election in the autumn of 1890, but it was postponed until the following spring.

In Quebec, Count Mercier, whose whole career reads like a chapter from "Monte Cristo," was lending effectual assistance to Mr. Laurier, who, as leader of the Liberal party and a possible Prime Minister, had a stronger claim than ever upon the French-Canadians. It was plain that the Liberals stood to gain in Quebec. As far as the Maritime Provinces were concerned the Conservatives considered themselves strong. Unrestricted Reciprocity was not a winning card there.

As a factor in the elections, therefore, the policy of free trade with the United States was chiefly confined to Ontario. Sir Richard Cartwright's

speeches were exceedingly able and brilliant, and the Conservatives allowed him almost full sway. They held no counter-demonstrations of equal importance until the very eve of the elections, and the prospect of having the American as well as the British market to sell in must have attracted farmers not a few who saw themselves cut off by the McKinley Act from a very profitable trade. The Conservatives may have thought that the commercial gain would be obscured by the menace it involved to the political allegiance of the people. This view of the matter was continually pushed forward, until it culminated in the campaign which even yet is a delicate matter to discuss in a mixed political company. The object of this paper being to set down the conditions that prevailed at the time, rather than to discuss them with any animus, I would be sorry to seem offensive in frankly outlining the situation as it appears after the lapse of ten years. But I cannot help stating that the speeches made in the United States by several eminent politicians served to put them in an extremely awkward position. A public man cannot be too careful of his utterances in a foreign country. These speeches, and the working out of the policy itself, seemed to many honest men in both parties to endanger the connection of Canada with the British Empire, and the consequence was that a controversy broke out of unusual intensity and bitterness.

One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the storm which raged around the correspondence of Mr. Farrer, at that time the leader-writer for the Toronto *Globe* under Mr. Willison, its managing editor. It is not often that a journalist, even one of Mr. Farrer's high intellectual attainments, suddenly finds himself a leading figure in a national election. No doubt if Mr. Farrer had been writing-editor for any other newspaper than the *Globe*, his achievements would have passed without remark. Sir John Macdonald denounced his pamphlet on the fisheries question at the great Toronto meeting; and subsequently, at Windsor, Sir Charles Tupper read some correspondence which passed between Mr. Farrer, Mr. Wiman and Congressman Hitt. All this intensified the excitement. The pamphlet had been sent to the Government by a printer in the establishment where it was being set up in type, but the name of the person who furnished the letters has never been divulged. It is one of the few political secrets which has been well kept.

But the strangest feature in the affair, and one which all worthy persons with a keen interest in political conflict should remember, is that when the fight was over the interest in these affairs subsided. The people moved on to some new stage of the game, and Mr. Farrer's pamphlet and letters disappeared into the limbo of forgotten things.

The election resulted in a moderate majority for the Government, drawn chiefly, as Sir Richard Cartwright said, from the "shreds and patches of Confederation," meaning thereby the extreme east and west. The parties were almost equally divided in the two central Provinces of the Dominion, a condition never pleasing to any Government. But Sir John Macdonald had won, and this, his last political fight, showed perhaps more than any other the extraordinary hold he possessed upon the imagination and the affection of the Canadian people.

THE ELECTION OF 1896.

The events connected with the eighth general election are too recent and familiar in men's minds to require any recital. By far the most interesting, as it was to most people the most unexpected result, was the complete overthrow of the Conservatives in Quebec. The Ministry of Sir Charles Tupper had been strengthened by the admission of several capable and popular French-Canadians, and the policy on the school question was one calculated to attract rather than repel the average Quebec voter. It was sup-

posed that the clerical authorities would favour the Government, but if they did, the power long imputed to them failed on that occasion to have the least effect. A story is told of one *curé* who decided upon maintaining a strictly impartial attitude, and who, in his discourse on the Sunday previous to the election, concluded with these words : " It is not for me, *mes enfants*, to tell you for which party you should vote, but I would have you remember that the place on high (pointing to the Heavens) is *bleu*, while the other (pointing downward) is *rouge*." As the Conservatives of Quebec are known as the *Bleus*, and the Liberals as the *Rouges*, the good *curé* could safely leave his hearers to note the parallel and apply the moral. An Ontario Liberal, with decided views concerning Quebec, was heard to remark on the morning after the election : " I never had much opinion of the people of Quebec, but now they can have everything they want." It is one of the humours of politics to find how quickly one's opinion of a man changes if he votes our way.

CANADIAN LIBRARIES.*

By James Bain, Jr., Librarian Toronto Public Library.

AT a meeting of the Association held at the Thousand Islands in 1887, I had the honour of reading a paper on the past history and present condition of the libraries of Canada. My task on this occasion will be to continue that paper, to report upon the progress made since that period, and upon the present condition of the libraries throughout the Dominion.

I trust that I will not be held presumptuous in pointing out to our American friends that, like the United States, Canada is a federation of self-governing Provinces, to each of which has been assigned by the Central Government certain specified subjects for local administration. Among these is that of education, which, of course, is inclusive of libraries. These Provinces, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have been settled or partially settled in different ways, and at more or less recent periods. That in which we this year meet will soon celebrate its 400th anniversary, and still preserves the language and customs which it brought from the land of the " fleur de lis." It will be necessary, therefore, to take each in detail, and I propose to commence with the extreme east and pass them in review to the far west.

Nova Scotia is the oldest of the English-speaking Provinces, and is largely maritime. The population is scattered along the coast, and in it there are to be found few large towns. Halifax, its capital, engrosses most of the libraries. The first and largest of these is the Legislative Library, with which has been united that of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and numbers in books and pamphlets 32,500. It is specially rich in its early official MSS., journals, records and papers relating to the difficulties with the Acadians, and the troubles to which the early settlers were exposed. Of these a catalogue was prepared in 1886. Dalhousie University, the largest university in the Maritime Provinces, has in its Arts Library 11,760 volumes, and in the Law Library 8,000 volumes. The Nova Scotian Institute of Science, which regularly publishes its valuable Transactions, has a collection of books,

* Read before this year's meeting of the American Library Association at Montreal.

principally on science, amounting to 3,700. Halifax is fortunate in possessing a public library, which is called the Citizens' Free Library, and which under the energetic management of Miss Warren is doing excellent work. It now contains 22,300 volumes, and has recently issued a subject catalogue worthy of the city. There is also a circulating library which is not free, containing 15,000 volumes, known as the Garrison Library. In Antigonish the College of St. Francis Xavier has 2,500 volumes, mainly theological, and in Windsor the venerable King's University, with its numerous gifts from England, has a library which, though not large in number, contains many treasures. The author subject catalogue, prepared by Mr. Piers in 1893, indicated 7,500 volumes. In Wolfville, in the Evangeline country, Acadia College has 8,500 volumes.

Nova Scotia has thus nine libraries, with a total of 90,020 volumes.

The little island of Prince Edward, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has only one town of any size, Charlottetown. It contains two libraries—that of the Legislature, which has 4,800 books and pamphlets, and that belonging to the Bar, consisting of 2,700 law books—making a total of 7,500 volumes.

To the west of Nova Scotia lies the Province of New Brunswick, peopled principally by descendants of the Loyalists. St. John, the chief commercial city, has an active public library, containing 12,000 volumes, which is doing good work under Miss Martin's management. In the north end of the city a free library has been in operation for some years, containing 3,000 volumes, and the Church of England Institute has thrown open its 2,000 volumes to all subscribers of one dollar per annum. The legal profession has accumulated 3,500 volumes. But the principal libraries of the Province are to be found at the capital, Fredericton, the largest of which is the Legislative Library, amounting to 15,000 volumes, and the next, that of the University of New Brunswick, 8,500. The Barristers' Society has also 3,030. In the town of Sackville, Mount Allison College has now 8,500 volumes. The total for the Province is eight libraries containing 55,530 volumes.

Passing farther west, we have the large Province in which we now meet, Quebec—containing within its borders the wealthy and beautiful commercial capital of the Dominion, Montreal, and the picturesque and historic capital of the Province, Quebec. Of the library of the richly endowed institution under whose auspices we are gathered, and the results of the labours of Mr. Gould, it is not necessary for me to speak further than to refer you to the figures which follow—"Si monumentum requiris circumspice." The libraries of the city number thirty-one and contain 413,025 volumes, as follows :

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Fraser Institute, estab. 1870, opened 1885 : 35,000 vol. and pamph.
Has acquired the Mercantile Library and that of the Institut Canadien.

Chateau de Ramezay—estab. 1890, about 6,000 vol. and pamph.
Does not lend books and has no catalogue.

Montreal Free Library (under Jesuits' Church.) Estab. 1889—circulating only. English section, 8,000 vol.; French section, 12,000 vol.—20,000 vol.
Managed as to English part by committee of three ladies ; small printed catalogue of English section only.

Westmount Free Public Library, opened 1899, 2,500 vol.
Supported by town of Westmount, free to all as a reference library, circulating only to citizens of Westmount : dictionary card catalogue.

SUBSCRIPTION, INSTITUTES, ETC.

Bibliothèque paroissiale de Notre-Dame, et du cercle Ville Marie. Belongs to Seminary of St. Sulpice, 16,000 vol.

Subscription 50c. for six months, which entitles to borrow one book at a time, on a deposit of 50c.

Mechanics' Institute, estab. 1840 ; 14,162 vol. and pamph ;
Now re-classifying on Cutter's expansive system ; printed catalogue.

Grand Trunk Literary and Scientific Inst., 7,150 vols.
Printed catalogue.

Bibliotheque de l'Immaculée Conception (Jesuits' Parochial Library), 3,000 vol.

Bishops' College (medical), 579 vol.

Ecole Normale Jacques Cartier, 12,500 vol. and pamph.

Laval University (branch of Laval at Quebec), Law, 8000 ; Medical, 4,000—12,000.
Has only law and medical books.

McGill University, estab. 1856, 58,042 vol.
Author and subject card catalogue incomplete ; class E. C.

McGill Medical Library, 21,000.
One of the most complete medical libraries on the continent.

McGill University Affiliated Colleges.

Presbyterian College of Montreal, 16,000 vol.
Manuscript catalogue.

Congregational College of Montreal, 3,500 vol.
No catalogue, book class E. C.

Montreal Diocesan College (now includes Synod Library), 4,700 vol.
Dictionary card catalogue ; class E. C.

Wesleyan College, 3,000 vol.

Montreal College, estab. 1800, 45,000 vol.
Property of the Seminaire de Notre Dame.

St. Mary's College (Jesuit), general library, 20,000 vol.; ref., 5,000 vol.; St. Mary's Archives, students, 7,000—32,000 vol.

Seminary of St. Sulpice, 50,000 vol.
With valuable archives.

Library of the Seminary of Philosophy, 20,000 vol.

Scientific and Special.

Architectural Association of the Province of Quebec, 250 vol. Card dictionary catalogue ; class E. C.

Art Association of Montreal, 650 vol.
Printed catalogue only.

Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, 1,750 vol. No catalogue nor classification.

Natural History Society—incorporated 1827, about 6,000 vol. No catalogue nor classification.

Provincial Board of Health. 1,500 vol.
Printed catalogue.

Y.M.C. Association—founded 1854, 3,800 vol. Printed subject and author catalogue.

Y.M.C. Association—reorganized 1899, 632 vol. Dictionary card catalogue ; class, E. C.

Law.

Advocates' Library—estab. Mar. 27, 1828, Incorporated 1849, 17,010 vol.

New York Life Law Library—estab. 1889 for use of Tenants only, 6,500 vol.
Printed catalogue.

The largest university library in the Dominion is that of Laval at Quebec, unrivalled for its collection of early Canadian historical material. Vicar-General Hamel has charge of its 110,000 volumes. The Legislative Library for the Province, which is in the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, has about 50,000 volumes ; the Department of Public Instruction 11,000 ; the Legal Library of the members of the Bar 13,000, and the Literary and Historical Society 19,000 volumes. In 1890 a free Workman's Library was opened at St. Roch's, one of the divisions of Quebec, which receives a subvention from the city and now contains 4,000 volumes. In addition to these libraries in the city of Quebec, there is a town library in Sherbrooke containing 5,000 volumes, and college libraries in St. Hyacinthe, Sainte Anne de la Pocatiere and Three Rivers respectively 25,000, 13,000 and 7,000.

The Province has therefore forty libraries containing 670,025 volumes.

The wealthier and more homogeneous Province of Ontario has had for the past eighteen years a free library act among its statutes. Under this act six cities and towns with 65,367 volumes had, when I reported in 1887, availed themselves of its permissive powers, which number has now increased to 120. There were also at that time 125 Mechanics' Institutes, containing 206,146 volumes, scattered throughout the Province. These were supported partly by Government grant and partly by private annual subscriptions, but in 1895 the Legislature passed an act converting them into public libraries. Permission was given to any municipal council to appoint a board of management, which was authorized to take over the Mechanics' Institute

Library of the town or village and to carry it on as a free public library—the funds being provided by the Government and the municipality. When the municipality did not take over the library, power of incorporation was given to not less than ten persons to form a body for the purpose of providing a public library, financial assistance being given by the Government. Thus the policy of the Administration of Ontario has been steadily directed to the municipal ownership of libraries and the putting them on a more permanent basis than can exist under associations of private individuals. As a consequence of this policy there are now in the Province 406 public libraries, 120 of which are free and 286 partially so, these latter being almost entirely in the smaller towns and villages. The largest of these libraries, Toronto, contains 110,000 volumes and the smallest about 250. The united income for 1899 amounted to $193,421; their assets were valued at $935,976; they contained 862,047 volumes, and their issue of books for the year was 2,547,131.

The library which is maintained by the Legislature for its own use has grown rapidly during the past few years, under the management of Mr. Avern Pardoe, and now contains 70,000 volumes, and the Educational Library in the department of the Minister of Education, which is freely opened to all students, has 19,690 volumes.

From the number of higher educational institutions in the Province we might freely anticipate a proportionate number of libraries. The largest of these, the University of Toronto, numbers 60,000; Queen's University, Kingston, has 36,000; Ottawa University 35,000. The total number of books reported from the eighteen Universities and colleges is 230,300.

The Law Society of Ontario is a corporation composed of the legal profession of the Province, which among other duties provides for the training and examination of students-at-law, and has its library in Osgoode Hall, Toronto, numbering 29,894 volumes. It also aids in the formation and maintenance of local law libraries in each county town. These number 24, and their libraries contain from a few hundred to 4,000 volumes each. They are estimated to contain a total of 50,000 volumes, which gives the number of law books in Ontario libraries as 79,894. There are also 11 scientific and other societies whose collections of books number 25,736.

Summarizing these we find this Province contains 439 libraries which are more or less open for public use, and which have on their shelves 1,287,667 volumes.

Proceeding west, we have the Province of Manitoba on the great prairie land in the centre of the continent. Winnipeg almost entirely engrosses what libraries it has, and the largest of these is the Legislative Library, which inherited whatever small collection of books were in the Red River before the formation of the Province. It now contains 17,435 volumes, and is rich in papers and documents pertaining to the early days. The Literary and Historical Society have arranged with the city authorities to maintain a free library, and have thrown open for reference their own library, which now numbers about 15,000 volumes. The University of Manitoba, with its affiliated colleges, has about 8,000 and the Law Library of the Law Society 6,000 volumes. These four libraries contain 46,435 volumes.

The Northwest Territories have a library in connection with its Legislature at Regina, which contains about 3,500 volumes.

Finally, facing the Pacific, we have the Province of British Columbia, which, though limited in population, in library matters is one of the progressive Provinces of the Dominion. Two years ago finding that many mining camps and isolated agricultural districts were without means of instruction, they organized a series of

travelling libraries. During the past year twenty-four such libraries of 100 volumes each were circulating through the Province, and it is believed were productive of much good. The Legislative Library, housed in the beautiful building at Victoria, contains nearly 6,000 volumes, and the Law Library in the same place about 2,000. In addition, Victoria contains a Public Library with 5,000 volumes. The towns of Westminster and Vancouver have also free Public Libraries, the former containing 1,500 volumes and the latter about 1,000. Efforts are being made by the Legislative Libarian, Mr. Scholfield, to organize a Provincial Association which will do much to extend the library system within their borders.

British Columbia has therefore five libraries containing 14,500 volumes and 2,400 in its travelling libraries.

I have not included in my estimate the libraries under the control of the central Government at Ottawa. First among these is the principal library of the Dominion—the Library of Parliament—which now contains by estimate 200,000 volumes. Everyone who has seen the beautiful building in which this collection is housed will regret that more space was not provided for accessions, and the problem of how to increase the available space without injury to the architectural effect is one which will soon have to be faced. The Library of the Geological and Natural History Survey is attached to the museum and contains 16,000 books and pamphlets. The Library of the Supreme Court consists of 19,500 law books. The work of the Archivist of the Dominion, Dr. Douglas Brymner, is so well known that it is barely necessary to call attention to the remarkable collection of documents, original and copied, over which he exercises supervision. The library which is attached contains about 10,000 volumes, principally referring to Canadian history and topography.

At the Meteorological Office at Toronto, the collection of books principally on meteorology and magnetism numbers 5,000 volumes.

These five Government libraries contain a total of 250,000 volumes.

It is a matter of regret that the free library system has not yet made greater progress within the Dominion, and that the only Provinces which have adopted it are those of Ontario and British Columbia. The prospects are, however, encouraging. The fact that the cities of Halifax, St. John, Quebec and Winnipeg have established libraries as part of their municipal organization, and that in Montreal the suburb of Westmount has made a commencement, shows that the necessity for them is being felt, and that the next stage of extending them throughout their respective Provinces will follow in due course. In the meantime it will be seen from the figures given that the number of volumes within the Dominion has risen from 1,103,000 to 2,420,577; that special libraries are abundant, the larger cities being fully up to the average of American cities. The large number of universities and colleges throughout the older parts of the Dominion are turning out a body of graduates who must ultimately mould public taste and guide their fellow-citizens into reading habits; and the meeting of the American Library Association in the principal commercial city of the Dominion will form no small factor in this educational work, emphasizing, as it does, the influence and extent of the work on this continent, and the professional requirements of those to whom it is committed.

SUMMARY.

	Libs.	Vols.
Nova Scotia	9	90,020
Prince Edward Island	2	7,500
New Brunswick	6	50,530
Quebec	41	670,025
Ontario	439	1,287,667
Manitoba	4	46,435
Northwest Territories	1	3,500
British Columbia	5	16,900
General Government libraries	5	250,000
Total in 1900	512	2,420,577
In 1887		1,103,000
Increase		1,317,577

CHINESE CARRIERS

CHINESE GONDOLA OR "SAMPAN." THE EYE AT THE BOW OF THE BOAT IS TO HELP IT FIND ITS WAY.

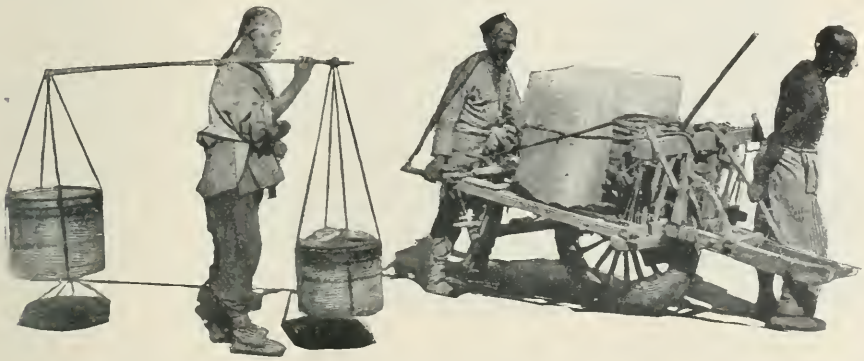
TERRESTRIAL TRAVELLING FOR CELESTIALS.

By Harry C. Smart.

IN keeping with the general characteristics of the Celestial race, their different modes of locomotion, whether by land or water, are slow and cumbrous, and in most cases decidedly uncomfortable.

Both their vehicles and boats seem to be purposely constructed in such a way as to render it impossible for them to travel with any speed. Throughout the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire it would be difficult to find a craft with anything but a flat nose; it has never occurred to the Chinese mind that a boat with a pointed stem would probably travel faster than one with a flat nose; their ancestors travelled slowly, and they are quite content to do likewise.

The commonest and most comfortable form of travelling all over the eighteen provinces is by chair or palanquin, which is borne by two, three, four, or eight men, according to the rank and financial position of the individual carried. It is essentially the mode of conveyance used by the official and wealthier classes, and corresponds



THIS ONE-WHEEL BARROW IS USED BY THE CHINESE AS A WAGGON, OMNIBUS, OR CART.

THE PALANQUIN OF A MANDARIN OF ONE OF THE LOWER GRADES.

to our carriage and hansom. Only mandarins of higher grade—those who wear the red button—are permitted to have eight bearers; merchants and officials of the lower grades never being allowed more than four bearers, and any infringement of this law is severely punished. It does seem horrible when men have to compete with horses and oxen for a living, but the coolies are quite oblivious of their degradation; they earn fourpence and fivepence a day, on which they can support themselves and families, and so they are content.

The endurance of these palanquin bearers is wonderful; over the steepest hill and most rugged country they will travel from sunrise to sunset, performing wonders of skill and endurance, laughing and joking all the while, as if their work were some huge joke. Good bearers will perform their work in such a manner that all jolting is done away with, which renders the chair the most comfortable conveyance in the Flowery Kingdom.

HALF A TON OF CHINESE GIRLS CAN BE CARRIED A MILE OR TWO FOR A PENNY ON A ONE-WHEEL CART.

The one-wheel barrow shown on this page takes the place of our waggon, omnibus, and cart. It serves to convey produce and pigs to mar-

ket, to take the business man round the town, and to carry a family out for a holiday into the country. As seen in our illustration, the passengers sit on either side, the wheel being in the centre. When the weight of the sides is uneven—as it usually is—it is no easy matter for the coolie to balance his vehicle, and it frequently happens that a party of Celestial ladies and gentlemen are deposited in the mud. To either handle of the barrow is attached a rope, which passes over the back of the coolie; thus the greater part of the weight rests on his back.

SAFE TRAVELLING—CHINA PACKED IN STRAW.

Like the English hansoms, these barrows wait for their fares at the different street corners ; to watch a Celestial engage a barrow is one of the most amusing sights in the world. There are no fixed prices for the service of these barrow men—nothing except lying is fixed in the Celestial empire—and while the fixing of the fare is proceeding, a Chinaman could in most cases walk to the place to which he desires to be wheeled.

At the onset the barrow coolie asks five or six times the amount the fare should be, and the passenger offers half the amount he thinks it should be. After a heated and lengthy discussion, and many wild gesticulations, during which the coolie and the passenger throw violent words at one another, perhaps within the course of twenty minutes they strike the happy medium, and away the coolie wheels his passenger.

The absence of any springs makes wheel-barrow riding anything but a pleasure. Most Canadians would rather walk twenty miles than ride one mile on a Chinese barrow : it is one of the most painful operations I know. The great weight that these barrow coolies will wheel is almost incredible ; for a large barrow half a ton is a common load.

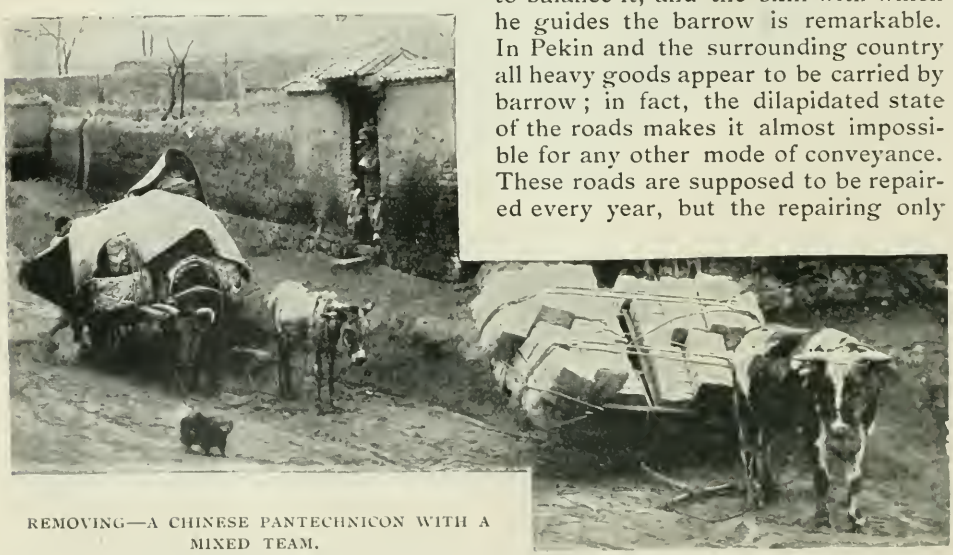
The palanquin shown on the second page of this article is that of a mandarin of one of the lower grades ; the man on horseback is his valet. The other chair illustrated is used for travelling over rough country and for long journeys.

There are not many Canadian labourers who would care about wheeling the

A CHAIR OF THIS KIND IS USED BY THE CHINESE WHEN TRAVELLING OVER ROUGH COUNTRY AND ON LONG JOURNEYS.

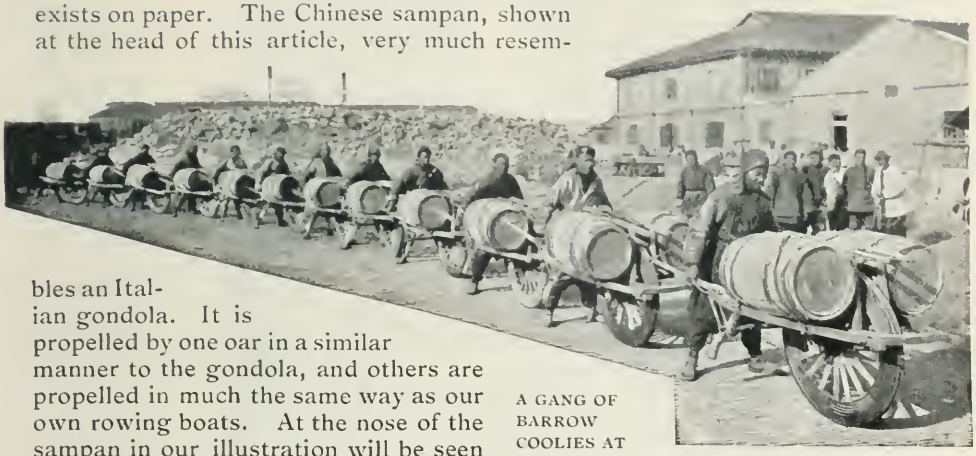
nine daughters of China shown in the picture on p. 34 along a rough road for a mile or two for the handsome sum of one penny—the girls would easily turn the scale at half a ton. At all the treaty ports in China these barrow coolies are extensively engaged by foreigners in carrying goods between the different wharves and warehouses.

In Northern China the barrows are pulled by either donkeys or bullocks, a coolie holding the handle of the vehicle to balance it, and the skill with which he guides the barrow is remarkable. In Pekin and the surrounding country all heavy goods appear to be carried by barrow; in fact, the dilapidated state of the roads makes it almost impossible for any other mode of conveyance. These roads are supposed to be repaired every year, but the repairing only



REMOVING—A CHINESE PANTECHNICON WITH A MIXED TEAM.

exists on paper. The Chinese sampan, shown at the head of this article, very much resembles an Italian gondola. It is propelled by one oar in a similar manner to the gondola, and others are propelled in much the same way as our own rowing boats. At the nose of the sampan in our illustration will be seen the representation of an eye, without which the Chinese conscientiously believe it to be impossible for a boat to find its way, and the absence of it would result in some horrible catastrophe. "No got hi, no can see," say the Chinese boatmen, and so they always give their sampans two eyes.



A GANG OF BARROW COOLIES AT WORK.

On the gunwale of the boat near the stern is fixed a wooden spike which fits into a hole bored in the oar. To the end of the oar is attached a rope which is made fast to the boat; the boatman works the oar backwards and forwards, giving the blade a motion resembling the movement of a steamer's screw. A sampan man will easily drive his boat four miles an hour.

ON AUTUMN ROSES.

(TO DORA IN HER GARDEN.)

ROSES, who would not fly
When summer fled,
What can they do but die
Now she is dead?
Too faithful! summer gone,
They, they are left alone,
Their fragrance flown.

Softly the waning day
Woos them to death,
Lulls them, too fair to stay,
With drowsy breath.
Still in their falling sweet,
They take their portion meet
Under thy feet.

Ethel C. Huntingford.

MR. A. G. RACEY, CARTOONIST.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XVIII.—MR. A. G. RACEY, CARTOONIST.

"Ingenious dreamers, in whose well-told tales Laughter and stern truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile."

JUST what a popular as well as forcible engine the subtle art of modern caricature is now recognized to be by the great journals of this country, is shown in a striking way by the remarkable increase in the number of dailies which are making a special feature of cartooning.

RACEY'S TUPPER.

The history of newspaper caricature in this country dates back a comparatively few years; indeed, Bengough may be said to have been its first earnest exponent, hence the rapidly increasing public interest in this new Canadian field of journalism is the more noteworthy.

RACEY'S LAURIER.

It may be said that the age is practically an age of caricature, as but few civilized countries have not

become enamoured of the caricaturist's art. It is an art that is peculiarly distinctive in itself, owing to the instantaneous impressions it creates upon the mind-impressions that often would take hours of brilliant writing to make as vivid and effective. Calling, as the art does, upon the creator of cartoons, not alone for a most thorough and artistic training, but also for qualities of mind that are more accidents of birth than rewards of experience and education (the ancients held humour was alone given of the gods), it is not to be wondered at if the eminent cartoonists, both of this and other countries, are marvellously few in number. In Canada, with all the caricaturing necessary for so many publications the names of but three or four caricaturists have more than local fare.

MR. RACEY AND HIS PETS.

A caricaturist within our own borders, however, whose work not alone pleases the thousands of this country, but which has been attracting attention in England, the United States and even Japan, is that of Mr. A. G. Racey, cartoonist of the "Montreal Star."

In Mr. Racey's work has been recognized that subtle humour and keen insight into the diversified traits of human character which have marked his work distinctive and given it that field which real merit alone could command. As will be seen by some of the samples of Mr. Racey's work, here produced, the artist has that earnest, as well as humorous, faculty of taking matters of really serious moment, and while apparently treating them humorously, in reality accentuating their seriousness. This trait is exemplified in the

WHITEWASHED—THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY DEMANDS IT.

TO THE STATE OF GEORGIA U.S.
HABITS OF THE CIVILIZED AMERICAN
BURNING SHOOTING MUTILATING HANGING
TAHA-TA-CAN TO MISSIONARY DARKEST U.S.
CO-CO-NUT TO MISSIONARY DARKEST U.S.

THIS CARTOON DEPICTS WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF THE U.S. CONTINUES TORTURING NEGROES.

moulding public opinion, as cartoons so frequently do, as to the foibles and merits of contending candidates and factions. As for the spirit in which Mr. Racey's cartoons are conceived and executed, the writer, whose pleasure it has been to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Racey for many years, can testify as to the spirit ever being of the most kindly and tolerant—characteristics, indeed, which dominate in all his work whether political or otherwise.

It is to the credit of Mr. Racey, and, indeed, an honour to the art of this country as well, that his work is frequently being reproduced in high class publications in London, the United States, France and other countries. For instance, his cartoon of the Alliance Wheel was reproduced in London, and his cartoon of the whitewashing, by Jouast, of the army officials in the tragic Dreyfus scandal; and in the cartoon showing the death microbes in their flitting from country districts to the great centres of human industry where health laws are so frequently disregarded.

His cartoons, on the other hand, of the Alliance Wheel, the Anniversary of Majuba Hill; the cartoon of the deputation from savage races en route to the Southern States to convert the whites from their barbarous custom of lynching black men, are good samples of the more airy and humorous bent of Mr. Racey's mind.

As for Mr. Racey's political cartoons, they are known the country over. It is not too much to say that they are looked upon as able factors in deciding elections—

THE ANNIVERSARY OF MAJUBA HILL.

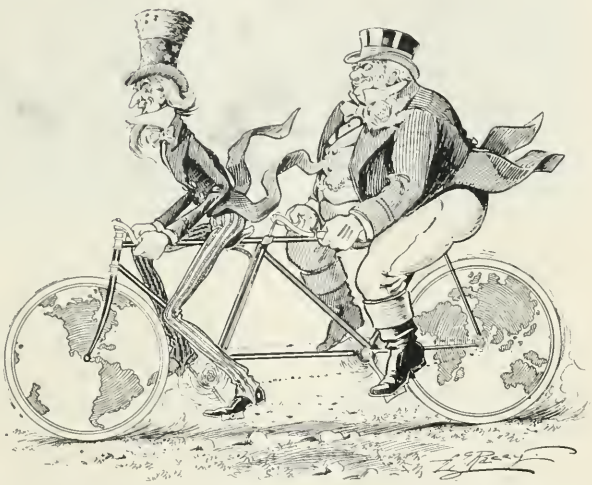
duced—as a sample of clever Canadian caricaturing—in the "Review of Reviews," and was even reproduced in Tokio, Japan. The publication in question has also reproduced many other of the artist's caricatures.

Five years ago he won the competition in the Montreal "Herald" for the most clever cartoon. For a long time he has been a welcome illustrator to the "Chicago American," THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, "Le Monde Illustre," "The Metropolitan," "The Owl," "Le Canard," "The Montreal Witness," "The Montreal Herald," "The Toronto Star," "Toronto Saturday Night," and other publications. When "Grip" was being published Mr. Racey's work was well known in it. From his hand, too, have come many water colours and paintings of merit. His illumination of the addresses to Lord Aberdeen and the present Governor-General brought forth words of praise.

Born in Quebec, in 1870, Mr. Racey is thirty years of age. He is the son of John Racey, M.D.E., late Governor and Head Surgeon of the Jeffry Hale Hospital, and is a grand-nephew of the late Admiral Sir George Westphall, R.N., and also a grand-nephew of the late General Ford, R.E.

Many years of Mr. Racey's life were devoted to studying art at the R.C.A. classes, the Montreal Art Gallery, and other art institutes. He is a graduate of St. Francis College. As is so frequently the case with artists, Mr. Racey's taste for drawing is innate, and amusing anecdotes are related by his teachers of his troublesome faculty of devoting his time, when in school, to wittily caricaturing those who were striving to teach him.

Much time has been devoted by Mr. Racey to giving illustrated lectures on Canadian art, and especially upon the salient features of the successful depicting of the humorous side of Canadian politics.

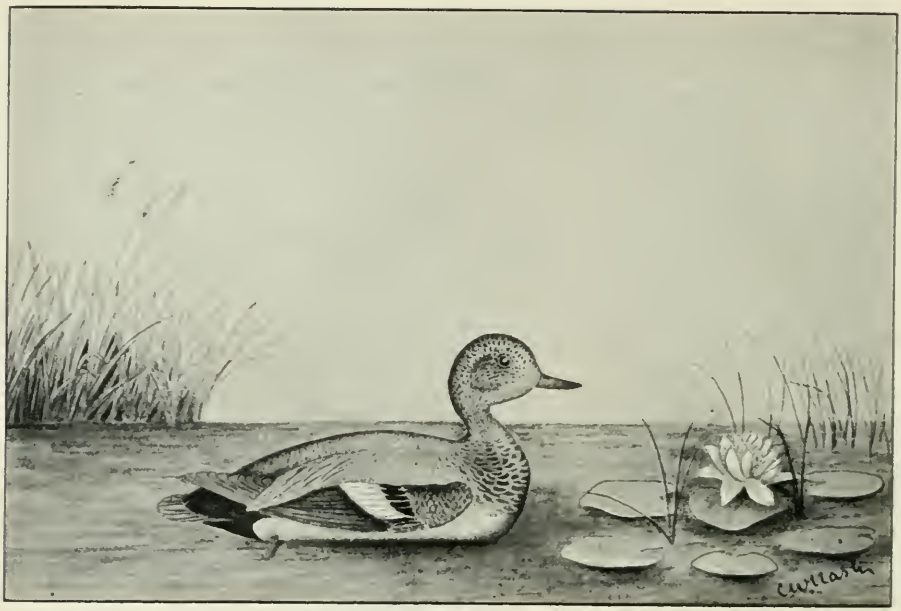


THE ALLIANCE WHEEL—"NOW, JONATHAN, STEADY—BOTH TOGETHER, AND WE'LL CONTROL THE MOVEMENTS OF THIS OLD WHEEL."

An amusing fad of the cartoonist is the gathering around him of such strange pets as turtles, racoons owls, guinea-pigs, monkeys, fowls, and finally cats—the latter always deservedly being wanderers from home on account of the development of traits which had justly caused them to be Pariahs.

Two years ago Mr. Racey was married to Miss Isabel Daley, daughter of the late Mr. John Daley, Dominion Government Immigration Agent.

F. Clifford Smith.



MARSH DUCKS—GADWALL.

WILD FOWL OF ONTARIO.

SECOND PAPER—MARSH DUCKS AND MARSH-DUCK SHOOTING.

By C. W. Nash.

GADWALL AND WIDGEON.

THE Gadwall is an extremely rare visitor to this Province, and I have never yet had the good fortune to take one here. In Manitoba it is not common, but it breeds there, and I generally shot some each season in the marshes near Lake Manitoba. In its habits and appearance it resembles the Widgeon, for which, no doubt, it is often mistaken by sportsmen who do not critically examine the birds they kill.

The Widgeon (better known, perhaps, as the Baldpate) is a pretty, trim-built duck, a very fast flier, and one that knows how to take care of itself remarkably well. In windy weather they will sometimes come in readily to decoys, but they are not to be relied on, for if they see anything to arouse their suspicion, they sheer off and give the doubtful object a wide berth. They are fairly common at most of the shooting points in Ontario in the fall, and very abundant in Manitoba where they regularly breed. Their nests are placed upon the ground (not necessarily near water) and they lay eight or ten eggs of a pale buffy colour.

These ducks feed principally on aquatic plants growing in the deeper ponds of the marsh, or in rivers. I have never yet seen one of them dabbling in the mud or very shallow water for food, as do the other marsh ducks, and they are said to be particularly fond of the roots of the wild celery ; to obtain this delicacy (as they cannot dive for it themselves) they wait upon the Redheads and Canvas-backs and steal from these expert divers the plants they gather on the bottom.

Widgeon seldom fly in large flocks, generally not more than the brood of

a season are seen together, and I have but rarely seen them associated with any other ducks.

TEAL.

The little Blue-winged Teal are quite well known to every one who ever did any marsh shooting. A few years ago they were certainly the most abundant duck to be found in the marshes of Southern Ontario early in the season, but they are so easily shot at that time and the nesting birds have been so constantly destroyed in the summer, that they are now becoming scarce.

They arrive here almost as soon as the ice goes out and quickly settle down for the season. Like the Mallard, they are not always particular in selecting a nesting site near water, but they are usually careful that it shall be well concealed. I have found nests in this Province in and near marshes, in grain fields and in clover fields sometimes at a considerable distance from water. The eggs are from ten to twelve in number, quite white in colour.

Like other ducks the male retires to moult while the female is sitting, but does not regain his full plumage before leaving in the fall.

About the middle of August the Blue-wings begin to gather into flocks and moving from their breeding places southward they seem to loiter along on their way, resting and feeding in all the large marshes, particularly in those grown up with wild rice. This affords them both food and shelter and amongst its tangled stalks they will remain until the first cold nights remind them of the coming winter and that they must depart.

Unless very much shot at, Blue-wing Teal are unsuspicious birds, coming readily in to decoys and alighting right amongst them. As they then usually swim close together, the man who loves a pot-shot can satisfy his desires.

The American Green-winged Teal has a very wide distribution, ranging right across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Arctic Ocean south to Central America. In appearance it very closely resembles the common Teal of Europe, the most distinctive feature between the two being the white bar on each side of the breast of the adult male of our bird, which is wanting in the European form. In all other phases of plumage the two species are indistinguishable except by an expert ornithologist.

The European Teal has been taken occasionally on the Atlantic coast of America and in all probability visits us at times as a straggler, but up to now I have no record of its capture here.

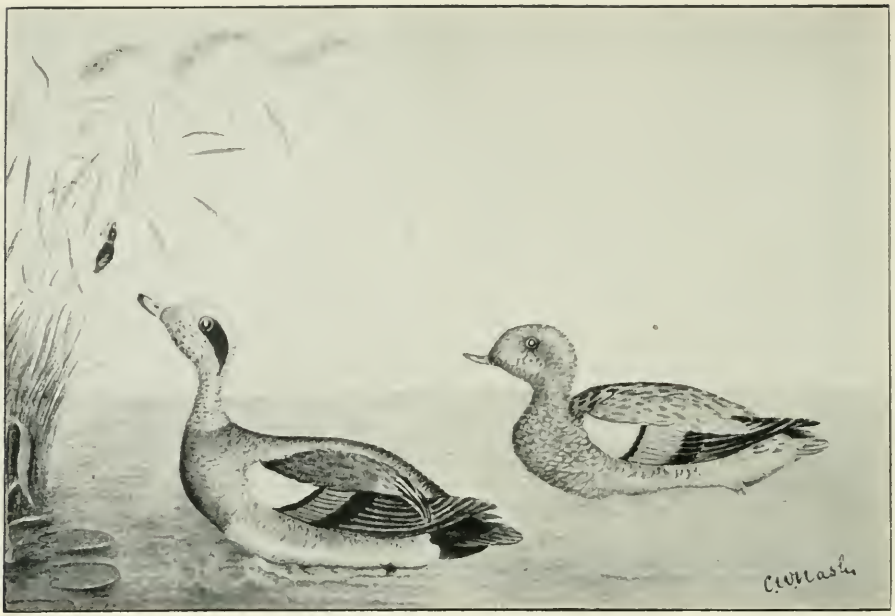
I have not found the Green-wing anywhere in Ontario as common as its relative the Blue-wing. In Manitoba the two species are about equally common, but in British Columbia the Blue-wing is rare and the Green-wing very abundant.

The Green-wing is one of the earliest ducks to move in the spring, often accompanying the Mallard in their flight northward and arriving here just as soon as the ice begins to move out of the marshes. I have never found it breeding in Southern Ontario, but in Manitoba it breeds regularly in all the marshes of the interior, and doubtless does so in the northern part of this Province.

The nest is placed on the ground well concealed amongst rank grass or scrub and is built of dry grass and lined with feathers ; in it are deposited from eight to ten white eggs.

So far as I have observed, the Green-wing always nests near water, but I have seen it stated that nests have been found at some distance from it, so that perhaps the birds are not so particular in this respect as I have believed them to be. Or it may be that for some reason best known to themselves they vary their habits to suit the locality they are in and adapt themselves to their environment, as all animals will.

In the autumn these ducks generally appear in the marshes of Southern Ontario about the middle of August, at which time a few broods will arrive from their breeding grounds. From



MARSH DUCKS—WIDGEON

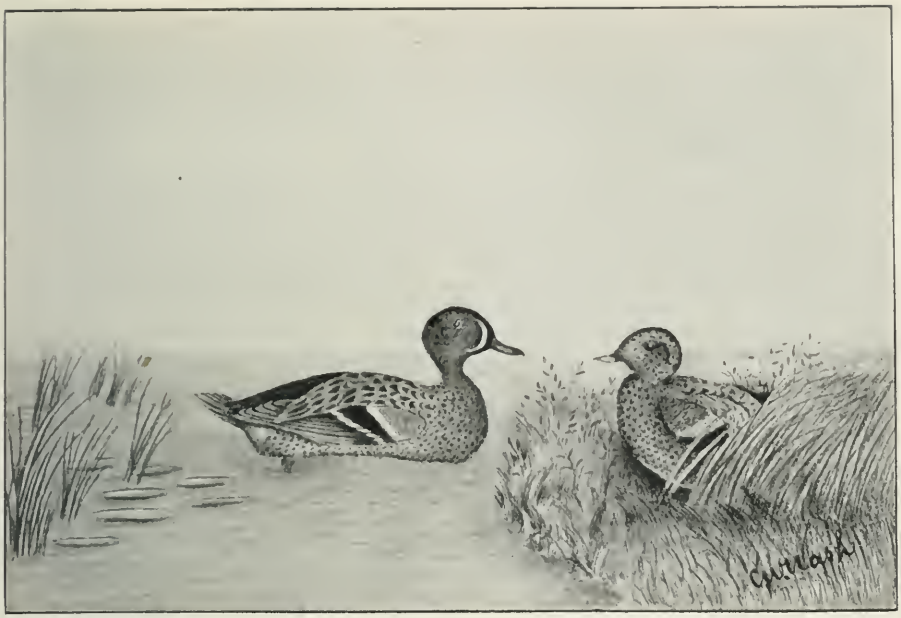
this time the number will be gradually increased by other parties that straggle down to us; the main flight, however, does not reach us until after the first sharp frost has occurred in the North; then they come in large flocks and will stay with us as long as the feeding grounds remain open. They seem to be much hardier birds than the Bluewings and less sensitive to cold, for at all times during the winter they remain just as far North as they can find open water, in that respect resembling the Mallard, with which they frequently associate.

Unless much shot at, they are very unsuspicious and will readily come in to decoys and are also easily approached within gunshot when on their feeding places, but it takes good shooting to stop them when on the wing, for they fly wonderfully fast and sometimes twist and turn like snipe. At evening flight they are particularly easy to miss, for then they come low and very fast, and the fading light makes it hard to get on to their corkscrew curves.

THE SHOVELLER.

The Shoveller or Spoon-bill Duck takes its name from its curiously-developed beak which appears, at first sight, to be somewhat large for the size of the bird that carries it, but which will prove, upon examination, to be one of the most perfect examples of adaptation for special purposes to be found in nature. The food of this duck is obtained by sifting the mud and ooze in shallow marshes, and nothing better than the arrangement of the interior of this bird's beak, could possibly be devised for the purpose of enabling it to strain off the refuse mud and water and retain the seeds and insects upon which it feeds. The beak of the bird is large and somewhat spoon-shaped, and the upper mandible is furnished on each side with a row of thin elastic plates; they arise from the palate and are attached by a flexible membrane to the sides of the mandible, the middle ones being the longest; inside these, there is another short row. The lower mandible is also furnished on each side with a row of fine plates, the whole arrangement forming a perfect sifter.

This bird has the widest distribution of any of the ducks, being found in almost every part of the known world except the extreme North. It breeds



MARSH DUCKS—BLUE-WING TEAL.

in abundance in Manitoba and all through North-west Canada, and regularly, but not so commonly in the Northern States, Ontario and the Eastern Provinces. In 1898 a pair established themselves in the marsh at Toronto and would have raised a brood there, but the female was shot one evening in June, when she came off her nest to feed.

The nests are usually built on dry ground, near some marsh, and are composed of dry grass lined with feathers. The eggs vary in number from eight to twelve, and are greenish-white in colour.

An adult male Shoveller in full plumage is very beautiful, its colouration only being excelled by the Wood drake, and if it were not for the awkward appearance of its somewhat ungainly-looking bill, the Shoveller would rank as one of the handsomest of the duck family.

I think Shovellers are rather unsociable birds, for I have never seen a flock of them. In the early autumn the young birds which composed the brood of the season would be seen flying and feeding together, but never more than that ; perhaps in the south, where they spend their winters, they may congregate in larger numbers, and may show a less exclusive disposition towards other ducks than they do with us. On one or two occasions I have seen single Shovellers flying with Blue-wing Teal, but even in these cases the association may have been accidental so far as the Shoveller was concerned, and at no time have I had one come in to my decoys. They are, however, very gentle, unsuspicious birds, and will permit a person to approach them quite closely when they are feeding or resting on the water.

They fly at about the same speed as the Blue-wing Teal, and when on the wing look much larger than they really are ; this is owing to their long, pointed wings and large head and beak; at a little distance they may quite easily be mistaken for Mallard.

These birds are abundant in Manitoba, and for seven years I was quite familiar with them from the time of their arrival in spring until their departure for the South in the fall, yet during all that time I never heard one utter a note, except the call of a mother to her downy ducklings and their baby cheeping in reply. I do not

believe that any animal exists which is incapable of communicating with its kind in some way, and amongst birds, that constant communication is carried on by their notes is obvious to every one who can observe at all. These ducks most undoubtedly have some means of conversing amongst themselves, and if they do not use their voice for that purpose, they must have a sign language brought to the highest degree of perfection.

MARSH-DUCK SHOOTING.

All my life I have been fond of marsh shooting, partly because I like marsh scenery, but chiefly because of the great variety of animal life that exists there and the opportunity one finds for observing it. The rank vegetation swarms with insects, and these afford food for some of our best game birds and wild fowl, as well as many of our smaller, but not less interesting species of birds.

It has been well said that "it is not all of fishing to catch fish," and certainly the killing of game affords but a small part of the enjoyment of shooting. Many a shot at ducks has been lost because the sportsman's attention was for the moment concentrated on the efforts of some heron or bittern to stalk a fish, or upon some other of the many interesting episodes of animal life that are so frequently enacted before the eyes of a man sitting quietly in a blind. It is astonishing how often it happens that just whilst you are absorbed in watching some interesting little incident of this sort, and are not looking for ducks, that the best chance of the day offers itself and has gone before you can "pull yourself together." However, these things all go to make up the enjoyment of the day, and it is better to have the memory of something seen than the body of something killed.

There are frequenting the waters of Ontario twenty-eight species of ducks; this, of course, includes all kinds, both marsh and deep water. All of them at times visit the pond holes in the marshes, and are liable to find their way into the game bag. Then there are plover, sandpipers, rails, gallinules, coots and many other waders, more or less desirable for the table. All these and that favourite game bird the snipe, will be met with in marsh shooting, so that there is usually no lack of opportunity for making a good mixed bag.

The methods adopted in marsh duck shooting vary according to locality and season. In some shallow marshes splendid sport may be had in the early part of September by waking up the birds in the middle of the day, when they are resting. In Manitoba this method is particularly successful, and many a good bag of Mallard and Teal I have made in that Province in this way. On the warm days of early fall the birds rest quietly about the edges of open spots in the rushes and upon old musk-rat houses, and would rather hide than fly. When disturbed by a dog they get up lazily, and afford the easiest sort of shooting; this does not last long, however. As the nights get cold, the grass withers down, and the young birds get stronger on the wing and become less approachable, they then trust more to flight than hiding for safety, and keep out in open places where they can see all around them. Careful stalking is then required to get near them.

In some places in this Province fair bags of Black Duck, Teal and Wood Duck may sometimes be obtained by carefully paddling through the channels that wind about in the wild rice beds. To be successful a man must be able to handle a canoe properly and must, above all things, avoid striking his paddle against the side of the boat. Whether it is inherited experience or not, I don't know, but certain it is that ducks have learnt to be more suspicious of the noise made in that way than of almost any other sound whatever. A good deal of practice is necessary to enable a man to shoot well and paddle himself; there are a lot of little dodges to learn, and each marsh presents its own particular difficulties to be overcome, besides the trouble there is in mastering the knack of dropping your

paddle and picking up your gun in time to catch the birds before they have dodged around a clump of rushes—a little trick that Teal and Wood Duck have got down to perfection. For this work you must have a good spaniel to retrieve the birds dropped in the rushes or rice, otherwise you may just as well not shoot them, for you will hardly get one in six yourself. In the first place, it is quite impossible to mark them over the high rice, as you sit below it, and if the bird is not quite dead it will crawl away and hide so that no man can find it. In paddling on ducks either in a marsh or on open water always come down on them with the wind. It is much easier to handle a boat going with the breeze than against it, and as all ducks rise against the wind, their first jump will be towards you, and then, as they swing around, you are apt to be within fair distance of them. If a strong breeze is blowing, by piling some rushes in the bow of a boat you can often drift upon ducks with scarcely a stroke of the paddle; this method is often successful with uneducated deep-water ducks when they first come from the North, but late in the season they suspect everything, and paddling up to them is almost impossible, no matter how careful you are.

In Ontario more ducks are shot over decoys than in any other way. The whole art of this method consists in putting out your decoys in such a natural manner that the birds shall be deceived into believing that the wooden counterfeits they see are some of their relatives or connections, feeding or resting in perfect security, and then building a blind or hiding-place behind which a gunner can conceal himself from the birds that are attracted by the decoys. In this short article I cannot go over all the little points that are required to be understood before a man can be considered an expert at setting out decoys. But there are some few general rules that it is well to know, because they apply to almost all marshes alike. Of course, the most important thing in decoy shooting, as in all other shooting, is a good knowledge of your ground and of the habits of the birds you are in pursuit of. When you have that, you have really mastered the most difficult part of the science of sport; common ingenuity will enable you to do the rest.

For marsh duck-shooting it is not necessary to have nearly as many decoys as are required for the deep-water ducks. From ten to fifteen will be found better than a larger number, particularly for Black Duck and Mallard, and it is better to set them out in a shallow bay or pond-hole than off a point. For some reason unknown to me, the big marsh ducks seem to be prejudiced against points, and rarely frequent them for any purpose. Teal are not so particular, but even for them pond holes or channels through the rushes are best. In setting out your decoys the direction of the wind should be taken into consideration, as it is of the greatest importance. Opinions differ, however, in regard to this, probably because men differ as to the shots they like best. I prefer to set so that the wind blows straight from me to my decoys. If I cannot get that position, then I select one where the wind blows across me from left to right, because I like crossing shots at birds passing from right to left, and I know that I am very likely to miss them if they go the other way. All ducks come in to alight against the wind, and generally attempt to drop in at the tail-end of your decoys; if you fire your first barrel just as they are about to drop, or while they are on the water, they will get up and fly for a few yards straight against the wind. This gives an opportunity for using the second barrel with good effect, either as they come in to me or pass me.

In making a blind, keep it as small as possible, building it with material similar to its surroundings. In a marsh it is seldom necessary to build a blind at all; there are nearly always plenty of clumps of rushes or tall weeds that can be utilized as a hide. If you find a suitable one, keep the front of it as much unbroken as possible, so that it always presents a na-

MARSH DUCKS—SHOVELLER.

tural appearance to birds coming in; this is easily done by entering always from the side or rear.

To my mind the most exciting method of duck-shooting is that obtained at evening flight. This requires good and quick shooting, but there is an enormous amount of satisfaction in stopping a pair of Black Ducks or Teal right and left as they come whizzing past you in the fading light. You just see something; but long practice has taught you what it is and what to do; instinctively almost, the gun comes up and the two barrels speak out. If these are followed by two thuds on the grass, the sensation of complete content that steals over you is greater than that to be experienced in any other sport.

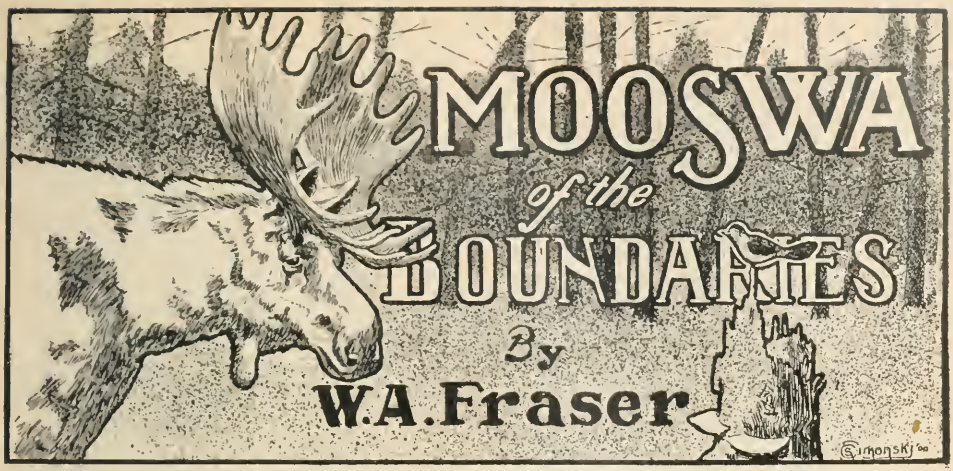
THE END.

THE ANGELUS.

THE setting sun from out the fiery West
Flings golden rays across the furrowed soil,
Where busy peasants ply their daily toil,
Lightening their work the while with rustic jest.
Now Nature, erst with noontide heat oppressed
Drinks the cool breezes, and the day's turmoil
Sinks 'neath night silences, that coil on coil
Enfold the universe in tranquil rest.

When suddenly a far-off silvery chime,
Ringing the Angelus, is borne abroad;
The clarion bells fill all the quiet air,
Bearing the burthen of a thought sublime;
The peasants turn their souls from earth to God,
Cease from their tasks and bow their heads in prayer.

William Wilkie Edgar.



CHAPTER III.—THE TRIAL OF PISEW.

THREE days later, as had been spoken in the Council, Black King, accompanied by three Fox brothers, and his mother, the Red Widow, crept cautiously into the open space that was fringed by a tangle of red and gray willows, inside of which grew a second frieze of raspberry bushes. There he sat on his haunches and peered discontentedly, furtively about. There was nobody, nothing in sight—nothing but the Hudson's Bay Company's dilapidated old log shack, that had been a trading post, and against which Time had leaned so heavily that the rotted logs were sent sprawling in a disconsolate heap.

"This does not look overmuch like our Council Court, does it, dame?" he asked of the Red Widow. "I, the King, am first to arrive—ah, here is Rof!" as Blue Wolf slouched into the open, his froth-lined jaws swinging low in suspicious watchfulness.

"I'm late," he growled, sniffing at each bush and stump as he made the circuit of the Court. "What! only Your Majesty and the Red Widow here as yet! It's bad form for our comrades to keep the King waiting."

While Blue Wolf was still speaking the willows were thrust open as though a tree had crashed through them, and Mooswa's massive head protruded, just for all the world as if hanging from a wall in the hall of some great house. His Chinese-shaped eyes blinked at the light.

"May I be knock-kneed!" he wheezed plaintively, "if it didn't take me longer to do those thirty miles this morning than I thought it would. The going was so soft. I should have been here on time, though, if I hadn't struck just the loveliest patch of my favourite weed at Little Rapids—where the fire swept last year, you know."

"That's what the men call fireweed," cried Carcajou, pushing his strong body through the fringe of berry bushes.

"That's because they don't know," retorted Mooswa; "and because it always grows in good soil after the fire has passed, I suppose."

"Where does the seed come from, Mooswa?" asked Lynx, who had come up while they were talking. "Does the fire bring it?"

"I don't know," answered the Bull Moose. "The Indians say it comes from the Happy Hunting Grounds—it is good and I am content."

"It is not written in the Man's books, either," affirmed Carcajou.

"Can the King, who is so wise, tell us?" pleaded Fisher, who had arrived.

"Manitou sends it!" Black Fox asserted decisively.

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"The King answers worthily," declared Wolverine. "If Mooswa can stand in the fire-flower until it tops his back, and eat of the juice-filled stalk, without straining his short neck, until his belly is like the gorge of a Sturgeon, what matters how it has come? Let the Men, who are silly creatures, bother over that. Manitou has sent it, and it is good; that is enough for Mooswa."

"You are late, Nekik," said the King severely; "and you, too, Sakwasew."

"I am lame," pleaded Otter.

"My ear is bleeding," said Mink.

"Who got the fish?" queried Carcajou.

They both tried to look very innocent.

"What fish?" asked Black Fox.

"My fish!" replied Mink.

"Mine!" exclaimed Otter in the same breath.

Wolverine winked solemnly at the Red Widow.

"Yap! that won't do—been fighting!" came from the King.

"It was a Doré, Your Majesty," pleaded Sakwasew, "and I caught him first."

"Just as I dove for him," declared Otter, "Sakwasew followed after and tried to take him from me—a great big fish, too, it was. I've been fishing for four years, but this was the biggest Doré I ever saw—why, he was the length of Pisew."

"A fisherman's lie," quoth the Red Widow.

"Who got the fish? That's the main question," demanded Carcajou.

"He escaped," replied Nekik, sorrowfully; "and we have come to the meeting without any breakfast."

"Bah! bah! bah!" laughed Blue Wolf; "that's rich! Hey, Muskwa, you heard the end of the story—isn't it good?"

"I, too, have had no breakfast," declared Muskwa, "so I don't see the point—it's not a bit funny. Seven hard-baked ant hills have I torn up in the grass-flat down by the river, and not a single dweller in one of them. My paws ache, for the clay was hard, and the dust has choked up my lungs. Wuf-f-f! I could hardly get my breath coming up the hill, and I have more mortar in my lungs than ants in my stomach."

"Are there no berries to be had, then, Muskwa?" asked Wapistan.

"Oh, yes; there are berries hereabouts, but they're all hard and bitter. The white dogberries, and the pink buffalo-berries, and the wolf-willow berries—what are they? Perhaps not to be despised in this year of famine, for they pucker up one's stomach until a cub's ration fills it; but the saskatoons are now dry on the bush and I miss them sorely. Gluck! they're the berries—full of oil, not vinegar; a feed of them is like eating a little Sucking Pig."

"What's a Sucking Pig?" queried Lynx. "I never saw one growing."

"I know," declared Carcajou. "The Priest over at Wapiscaw had six little white fellows in a small corral. They had voices like Pallas, the Black Eagle. I could always tell when they were being fed; their wondrous song reached a good three miles."

"That's where I got mine," remarked Muskwa, looking cautiously about to see that there were no eavesdroppers; "I had three, and the Priest keeps three."

"Weren't they hairy little beggars, Muskwa?" asked Blue Wolf, harking back longingly to the meat food.

"Yes, somewhat; I had bristles in my teeth for a week—awfully coarse fur they wore. They were noisy little rats—the screeching gave me an earache."

"Huf! huf! huf! You should have seen the Factor, who is a fat, pot-bellied little chap, built like Carcajou, come running with his short Otter legs when he heard me."

"What did you do, Muskwa—weren't you afraid?" asked the Red Widow.

"I threw a little Pig out of the corral, and he took to the forest. The Factor in his excitement ran after him, and I laughed so much to see him that I really couldn't eat the fourth Pig."

"But you did well," cried Black King; "there's nothing like a good laugh at meal time to aid digestion."

"I thought they would eat like that, Muskwa," continued Blue Wolf. "You remember the thick, white-furred animals they once brought to the Mission at Lac La Biche?"

"Sheep," interposed Mooswa. "I remember them; stupid creatures they were—always frightened by something; and always bunching up together like the Plain Buffalo, so that a killer had more slaying than running to do amongst them."

"That was the worst of it," declared Blue Wolf. "My pack acted as foolishly as Man did with the Buffalo—we killed them all off in a single season, for that very reason. The queer fur they had got into my teeth, and made me fairly furious. Where one Sheep would have sufficed for my supper I killed three—though I'm generally of an even temper. The Priest did much good in this country——"

"Bringing in the Sheep, eh?" interrupted Carcajou.

"Perhaps, perhaps; each one according as his interests are affected."

"The Priests are a benefit," asserted Marten. "The Father at Little Slave Lake had a corral full of the loveliest tame Grouse—Chickens they called them. They were like the Sheep, silly enough to please the laziest hunter."

"Did you join the Mission, brother?" asked Carcajou, licking his chops hungrily.

"For three nights," answered Wapistan; "then I left it carrying a scar on my hip from the snap of a white, bob-tailed Dog they called a Fox-Terrier. A busy, meddlesome little cur, lacking the composure of a dweller in the Boundaries. I became disgusted at its clatter and cleared out."

"A Fox-what?" asked the Red Widow. "He was not of our tribe to interfere with a comrade's kill."

"It must have been great hunting," interrupted Black King, his mouth watering at the idea of a corral full of Chickens.

"It was!" asserted Wapistan. "All in a row they sat, shoulder to shoulder—it was night, you know. They simply blinked at me with their glassy eyes, and exclaimed, 'Peek! peek!' until I cut their throats. Yes, the Mission is a good thing."

"It is," concurred Black King; "they should establish more of them. But where in the world is Chatterbox, the Jay?"

"Gabbler, the Fool, must have trailed in with a party of Men going down the river," suggested Carcajou. "Nothing but eating would keep him away from a party of talkers."

"Well, comrades," said Black King, "shall the Boundaries be the same as last year? Are there any changes?"

"I roam everywhere—is not that so, King?" asked Muskwa.

"Yes; but not to eat everywhere. There is truce for the young Beaver, because workmen are not free to the kill."

"I have not eaten of Trowel-Tail's children," declared Muskwa proudly. "I have kept the Law of the Boundaries."

"And yet he has lost two sons," said Black Fox, looking sternly about.

A tear trickled down the sandy beard of Beaver and glistened on his black nose.

"Two sturdy sons, Your Majesty, a year old. Next year, or the year after, they would have gone out and builded lodges of their own. Such plasterers I never saw in my life. Why, their work was as smooth as the inner bark of the poplar, and no two Beavers on the whole length of the Pelican River could cut down a tree with them."

"Oh, never mind their virtues, Trowel-Tail," interrupted Carcajou heartlessly; "they are dead—that is the main thing; and who killed them, the question. Who broke the Boundary Law is what we want to know."

"Whisky-Jack should be here during the inquiry," grumbled the King. "He's our detective—Jack sees everything, tells everything, and finds out everything. Shouldn't wonder if he knew—strange that he's not with us."

"Must have struck some friends,

Your Majesty," said the Bull Moose. "As I drank at the river, twenty miles up, one of those floating houses the Traders use passed with two Men in it. The smell of hot meat came to me, and if Jack were within five miles of the river he also would know of the food."

"Very likely, Mooswa," rejoined Black King. "A cooked pork rind would coax Jay from his duty any time. We must go on with the inquiry without him. Who broke the Law of the Boundaries and killed Umisk's two sons?" he demanded sternly.

"I didn't," wheezed Mooswa, rubbing his big, soft nose caressingly down Beaver's back, as the latter sat on one of the old stumps. "I have kept the law. Like Muskwa, I roam from lake to lake, and from river to river; but I kill no one—that is, with one exception."

"That was within the law," asserted the King, "for we kill in our own defence."

"I think it was Pisew," whispered the Red Widow. "See the sneak's eye. Call him up, oh son, and command him to say if he has kept the law."

"Pisew," ordered Black Fox, "come closer!"

Lynx started guiltily at the call of his name. There was something soft and unpleasant in the slipping sound of his big muffled feet as he walked up to the King.

"Has Pisew kept the Law of the Boundaries?" asked Black King sternly, looking full in the moustached face of the slim-bodied cat.

Lynx turned his head sideways, and his eyes sought to avoid those of the questioner.

"Your Majesty, I roam from the Pelican on one side to Fish Creek on the other, and the law is that therein I, who eat flesh, may kill Wapoos, the Rabbit. This year it has been hard living, Your Majesty—hard living. Because of the fire, Wapoos fled beyond the waters of the creeks, and I have eaten of the things that could not fly the Boundaries—Mice and Frogs and Slugs; a diet that is horrible to think of. Look, Your Majesty, at my gaunt sides—am I not like one that is already skinned by the Trappers?"

"He is making much talk," whispered the Red Widow, "to the end that you forget the murder of Trowel-Tail's sons."

"Didn't you like Beaver meat?" queried Black King.

"I am not the slayer of Umisk's children," affirmed Lynx. "It was Wapoos, or Whisky-Jack; they are mischief-makers, and ready for any evil."

"Oh, you silly liar!" cried Carcajou, in derision. "Wapoos, the Rabbit, kill a Beaver? Why not say the Moon came down and ate them up? Thou hast a sharp nose and a full appetite, but little brain."

"He is a poor liar!" remarked the Red Widow.

"I have kept the law," whined Lynx. "I have eaten so little that I am starved."

"What shall we do, brothers, about the murdered sons of Umisk? Beaver is the worker of our lands. Only for him, and the dams he builds, the muskegs would soon dry up, the fires would burn the forests, and we should have no place to live. If we kill the sons, presently there will be no workers—nobody but ourselves who are killers." Black Fox thus put the case wisely to the others.

"Gr-a-a-h-wuh! Let me speak!" cried Blue Wolf. "Pisew has done this thing! If any in my pack make a kill and I come to speak of it, do I not know from their eyes, that grow tired, which it is?"

Said the Lieutenant, Carcajou: "I think you are right, Rof; but you can't hang a comrade because he has weak eyes. No one has seen Pisew make the kill. We must have a new law, Your Majesty. That if again Kit-Beaver, or Cub-Fox, or Babe-Wapoos, or Young-Anyone is slain for eating, we shall all, sitting in Council, decide who is to pay the penalty. I think that will stop this murderous poaching."

"It will," whispered the Red Widow. "Lynx will never touch one of them again. He knows what Carcajou means."

"That is a new law, then," cried the King. "If any of Umisk's children are killed by one of us, we shall decide, sitting in Council, who is to be executed for the crime."

"Please, Your Majesty," squeaked Rabbit, "I keep the Boundary Law but others do not. From Beaver's dam to the Pelican, straighter than a Man's trail, are my three runways. My cousin's family has three more; and in the muskeg our streets run clear to view. Beyond our runways we do not go. Nor do we build houses in violation of the law—only roads are we allowed, and these we have made. In the muskeg parks, the nice open places Beaver has formed by damming back the waters, we labour. When the young spruce are growing, and would choke up the park, we strip the bark off and they die, and the open is still with us. Neither do we kill any animal, nor make trouble for them—keeping well within the law. Are we not ourselves food for all the Animal Kingdom? Lynx lives off us, and Marten lives off us, and Fox lives off us, and Wolf, and Bear sometimes. I, nor my tribe, do not complain, because that law is older than the laws we make ourselves. But have we not certain rights which are known to the Council? For one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening, just when the sun and the stars change their season of toil, are we not to be free from the hunting?"

"Yes, it is written," replied the Black King, "that no one shall kill Wapoos at the hour of dusk and the hour of dawn. Has any one done so?"

"If they have it's a shame!" cried Carcajou. "I do not eat Wapoos; but if everything else fails—if the Fish fail, if there are no berries, if the nuts and the seeds are dried in the heart before they ripen, we still have Wapoos to carry us over. The Indians know this—it is of their history; and many a time has Wapoos, the Rabbit, our Little Brother, saved them from starvation."

"Who has slain Wapoos at the forbidden hour?" thundered Black King.

Again there was denial all around the circle, and again everybody felt convinced that Lynx was the breaker of the law. Said Black Fox: "It is well, because of the new ruling we have passed, I think. If again Wapoos is killed or hunted at the forbidden hours we shall decide in Council who must die."

"Also, O King," still pleaded Rabbit, "for all time have we claimed another protection. You know our way of life. For seven years we go on peopling the streets of our muskeg cities, growing more plentiful all the time, until there is a great population. Then comes the sickness on the seventh year, and we die off like flies."

"It has been so for sixty years," assented Mooswa. "My father, who is sixty, knows of this thing."

"For a hundred times sixty, brother," quoth Carcajou. "It is so told in the legends of the Indians."

"It is a queer sickness," continued Wapoos. "The lumps come in our throats, and under our arms, and it kills. Your Majesty knows the law of the Seventh Season."

"Yes; it is that no one shall eat Wapoos that year or next."

"Most wise ruling," concurred Carcajou. "The Rabbits with the lumps in their necks are poisonous. Besides, when there are so few of them, if they were eaten the food supply of the Boundaries would be forever gone. A most wise rule."

"Has any one violated this protection right?" asked the Black King, glancing around the circle of his subjects.

"Yes, Your Majesty. This is the Seventh Year, is it not?" said Rabbit.

"Bless me! so it is" exclaimed Mooswa thoughtfully. "I, who do not eat Rabbits, have paid no attention to the calendar. I wondered what made the woods so silent and dreary; that's just it. No fluffy little Wapooses dart-

ing across one's path. Why, now I remember, last year, the Year of the Plenty, when I lay down for a rest they'd be all about me. Actually sat upon my side many a time."

"Yes, it's the Seventh Year," whined Lynx; "look how thin I am. Perhaps miles and miles of river bank, and not even a Frog to be had."

"Alas! it's the Plague-year," declared Wapoos, "and my whole family were stricken with the sickness. They died off one—by—one——" Here he stopped, and covered his big, sympathetic eyes with soft fluffy hands. His tender heart choked.

Mooswa sniffed through his big nose, and browsed absent-mindedly off the gray willows. My! but they were bitter—he never ate them at any time; but one must do something when a father is talking about his dead children.

"Did they all die, Wapoos?" asked Otter; and in his black snake-like eyes there actually glistened a tear of sympathy.

"Yes; and our whole city was almost depopulated."

"Dreadful!" cried Carcajou.

"The nearest neighbour left me was a widow on the third main runway—two cross-paths from my lane. All her family died off, even the husband. We were a great help to each other in the way of consolation, and became fast friends. Yesterday morning when I called to talk over our affliction, there was nothing left of her but a beautiful soft, fluffy tail."

"Horrible! Oh, the wretch!" screamed Black Fox's mother. "To treat a widow that way—to eat her!"

"If I knew who did it," growled Muskwa savagely, "I would break his neck with one stroke of my fist. Poor little Wapoos! come over here. Eat these black currants that I've just picked—I don't want them."

"That is a most criminal breach of the law," said the King with emphasis. "If Wapoos can prove who did it, we'll give the culprit quick justice."

Flif-fluf, flif-fluf! came the sound of wings at this juncture, and with an erratic swoop Whisky-Jack shot into the circle. He was trembling with excitement—something of tremendous importance had occurred; every blue-gray feather of his coat vibrated with it. He strutted about to catch his breath, and his walk was the walk of one who feels his superiority. Then swishing up on the big platter-like leaf that was the first spread of Mooswa's crown, he snapped his beak to clear his throat, coughed, and began:

"Comrades, who do you suppose has come within our Boundaries?"

"Tell us, tell us!" cried Carcajou. One would think Wie-sah-ke-chack had come back from his Spirit Home where the Northern Lights grow, judging from your manner."

"François has come!" declared the Jay in a dramatic voice.

The silence of consternation settled over the group.

"François and the Boy?" added Jack.

"What's a Boy?" asked Lynx.

"I know," asserted Mooswa. "When I was a calf in the Company's corral at Fort Resolution, I played with a Boy, the Factor's Man-cub. Great Horns! he was nice. Many a time he gave me to eat the queer grass things that grew in the Factor's garden."

"Where is François?" queried the King.

"At Red Stone Brook—he and the Boy. I had breakfast with them."

"Renegade!" sneered Carcajou.

"And François says they will stay here all winter and kill fur. There are three big bear traps in the outfit; I saw them, Muskwa; what think you? Great steel jaws to them, with hungry teeth. They will crack the leg of a Moose, even a Buffalo, and there are number four traps for Umisk, the Beaver, and Nekik, the Otter; and smaller ones for you, Mister Marten—many of them. Oh, my! but it's nice to have an eight-dollar coat! All the thief-trappers in the land covet it. And François has an iron stick, and the Boy has an iron stick, and there will be great sport here all winter. That's what François said, and I think it is

true—not that a Half-breed sticks to the truth over-close."

The hunt fear settled over the gathering. No one had heart even to check the spiteful jibes of the feathered clerk. The Law of the Boundaries and the suspicious evidence of its violation that pointed to Lynx were forgotten—which was, perhaps, a good thing for the tuft-eared cat.

Black King was the first to break the fear-silence.

"Subjects, draw close, for already it has come to us that we have need of all our wisdom, and all our loyalty one to another, and the full strength of our laws."

Silently they bunched up; then he proceeded: "Now must we take an oath one to help the other, if we prefer not to have our coats nailed on the wall of the Huntsman's shack. Now take we the oath?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

A murmur of eager assent started with the deep bass of Blue Wolf and died away in the plaintive treble of Wapoos.

"Then listen and repeat with me," he commanded.

"We, Dwellers within the Boundaries, swear by the Spirit of Wie-sah-ke-chack, who is God of the Indians and all Animals, that, come trap, come iron stick, come white-powdered bait, come snare, come arrow, come whatsoe'er may, we will help each other, and warn each other, and keep ward for each other; in the star-time and the sun-time; in the flower-time and the snow-time. That the call of one for help shall be the call of all; and the fight of one shall be the fight of all; and the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all.

"By the mark that is on the tail of each of us, we swear this. By the white tip that is on the tail of Fox, and all others according to their tailmark, we swear it."

All repeated it slowly and solemnly.

"Now," said Black King, "François will have his work cut out, for we are many against one. For five years he has followed me for my black coat —for five winters I have eluded his traps and his baits and the cough of his iron stick. But one never knows when the evil day is to come. Last winter François trapped on the Hay River. I was there. It is, as you know, a great place for black currants ——"

"Do you eat the bitter, sour berries, Your Majesty?" queried Marten.

"No, Silly; except for the flavour of them that is in the flesh of Gay Cock, the Pheasant. But it is in every child's book of the Fox tribe, that where berries are thick, the birds are many."

"I should like to see François," exclaimed Nekik, the Otter.

"And the Boy," suggested Mooswa. "It's years since I saw a Man-cub."

"W-h-e-u-f-f!" ejaculated Muskwa. "I saw a man once, Nichemous. Did I tell you about——"

"Save me from Owls!" interrupted Whisky-Jack; "that's your stock story, old Squeaky-nose. I've heard it fifty times in the last two years."

The Bear stood rocking his big body back and forth, while the saucy bird chattered.

"But I should like to see more of Man," he continued when Jay had finished. "Tell me, Jack, do they always walk on their hind legs, or only when they are going to kill or fight—as I do? I think we must be cousins," he went on meditatively.

"You ought to be ashamed of it, then," snapped Whisky-Jack.

"They leave a trail just like mine," proceeded Muskwa, paying no attention to Jay. "I once saw a Man's track on the mud bank of the river; I could have sworn it was one of my family had passed—a long foot-print with a heel."

"Perhaps it was your own track—you are so terribly stupid at times," suggested Jack.

"*You* might have made that mistake," retorted Muskwa, "for you can't scent; but when I investigated with my nose I knew that it was Man. There was the same horrible smell

that came to me once as two of these creatures passed down the river in a canoe whilst I was eating berries by the water's edge. But you spend most of your time begging a living from these Men, Jack—tell me if they generally walk as I do, on all fours?"

"Long ago they did, Muskwa; when their brains were small, like yours. Then they developed, and got more sense, and learned to balance themselves on their hind legs."

"What's the use of having four legs and only using two?" grunted Bear with a dissatisfied air.

"You'll find out, my fat friend, if you come within range of the iron stick—what did Nichemous try to do? After that you won't ask silly questions, for François will take your skin, dry it in the sun, and put your brainless head on a tree as a medicine offering to the Hunt Spirit; and he'll take your big carcase home, and the Boy will help him eat it. Don't bother me about Man—if you want to know his ways, come and see for yourself."

"I'd like to, Clerk," said Bear.

"They're going to build a house," asserted Whisky-Jack.

"A lodge!" exclaimed Beaver. "Oh, I must see that!"

"What say you, Black King?" queried Carcajou. "May we all go to-morrow? Think you it's safe?"

"Better now than when the traps are set and the fire stick loaded."

So they arranged to go at dawn the next day, and watch from the bush François and Roderick. Then the meeting broke up.

To be Continued.

ON A MOOSE-RUN.

By W. R. Wadsworth.

"So for once the lakeside vigil where the bull-moose leads the cow."—*Kipling.*

AS we finished that heart-breaking portage and found ourselves once more on the waters of the Namabin River, and therefore on familiar ground, Dick and I indulged in many mental self-congratulations, which took outward form as sighs of relief. The two hundred miles that we had paddled "cross country" through probably the roughest and wildest part of Nipissing District in Northern Ontario, had cost us many an hour of hard work and keen anxiety. By sheer good luck we had succeeded in following the sinuosities of an untravelled hunters' canoe-route, with the doubtful aid of a bewilderingly inaccurate sketch-map. Euphemistically I sum up in the word "inaccurate" a total disregard for distance and direction. But let bygones be bygones; with true Christian spirit I hereby retract all the maledictions that I hurled, as frequent occasion offered, upon the Indian whose inventive genius (and perhaps homicidal tendencies) had evolved that geographical prevarication.

From the day when we started from the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fort Matachewan, traces of moose had been plentiful, but in our anxiety as to our whereabouts we were almost indifferent to them. Though we saw four moose (including a cow and her calf), we did not disturb them, having no way of disposing of the meat. One was a fine bull, which we surprised in rounding a wooded point. That moose had good nerves. He stood for a moment at the water's edge inspecting us, and then withdrew with an air of nonchalance and absence of hurry that expressed contempt in unmistakable terms—evidently thinking we had not

a rifle. Nor did we disabuse him. However, on reaching the Namabin we felt that our troubles were over, and we determined to camp at the mouth of the river for a shot at the lord of the deer-tribe. It would then be barely fifty miles, a day's journey, to the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Lake Temagami, where there is a small Indian village. We therefore felt that we need have no fear of wasting the meat, as the opportunity of getting a supply of "smoked" moose-flesh without having to work for it, is always welcome in the eyes of the unsophisticated red man.

We camped in due course at the mouth of the river, and near a small lake, which my companion had discovered the previous year, while looking for partridge. This we now appropriated as our hunting-preserve. It was little more than a pond—perhaps a mile in length, and a couple of hundred yards wide. The virgin forest that fenced it in was intersected everywhere by moose-paths and deer-runs leading to the water. The lake had fallen, leaving a broad belt of soft mud pitted with countless cattle-like hoof-marks, while around its whole circumference ran a beaten path a foot deep. Nor was it difficult to account for the visits of these many animals, for the surface of the water was covered with the leaves of the water lily—and lily-root is a name to conjure with in Moosedom. Just behind the lake on a small hill we came upon traces of a "moose-yard" of the previous winter, as evidenced by the torn branches and broken bark of the surrounding trees. The very spot from the point of view of the sportsman!

The morning after our arrival, as the stars began to fade, we stole from camp to thread our way through the underbrush to this favoured hunting-ground. Beneath that confusion of interlaced boughs the darkness was almost impenetrable, and we kept stumbling over fallen trees and tripping over an infinity of unseen bushes. We had just reached the lake when unluckily I stepped upon a dry twig. It snapped with a report that broke the silence like a rifle-shot; there was a splash in front of us, and we heard a heavy body lumbering through the shallow water along the shore. Dick rushed out and involuntarily took a flying shot at a large dark object just gaining cover, but evidently missed, for the uncertain light made it impossible to aim. In our disappointment we stood silent for a moment, and then began to hurl mutual recriminations at each other; my companion insisting that my "clumsiness had spoilt the chance of a lifetime," while I meekly retorted that after his shot, which was still echoing among the hills, we had better return to camp. Before we did so, however, we examined in the growing light the tracks of our quondam friend, and—ah, 'twas ever thus—concluded that he was the patriarch of the forest. This conclusion led to a further and even more vehement exchange of compliments.

Experience taught its own lesson, and the midnight following saw us safely ensconced on the shore of the lake prepared for a vigil.

That interminable night! Would dawn never break? The irksomeness of that enforced quiet, that constrained immobility, was becoming intolerable, intensified, as it was, by the chill dampness that penetrated clothing and flesh to the very marrow. Hour after hour crawling slowly and tediously by, had still found us lying, stiff and cramped, hidden in the underbrush beside the little lake. A passing shower had soaked us through and through, and had left tree, bush, fern and blade of grass covered with huge sweat-like drops. However, the Pirate of the Forest, the dread mosquito, no longer issued forth from his marshy fastnesses to levy toll upon the luckless wayfarer, and our cup of discomfort was therefore not quite full. I could hear Dick's teeth rattling like castanets, but even the thought of companionship in misery failed to comfort me. How I longed to move in order to restore my circulation, but dared not lest the rustle of a leaf, the breaking of a twig,

might startle the wary animal for whom we were lying in wait.

On a midnight vigil in the depths of the primeval forest, alone with a single companion two-score miles from a human being white or red, one is strangely "quick to read the noises of the night." With nerves strung high, and every sense on the alert, but few sounds pass unheard. Well it is, too, to be on the *qui vive*, for even the largest and heaviest of the deer-tribe can advance with a cautious stealth that passes belief. From afar comes the plaintive cry of the loon—now a weird laugh, now breaking into the mournful wail as of a lost child. From behind is heard the soft monotonous hooting of a solitary owl. For a moment all is still, then from across the narrow lake comes loud and clear a noise like the echoing blows of a mighty axe, wielded by some giant spirit of the forest. Every drop of the sportsman's blood in our veins is fired, and we instinctively cock our rifles, recognizing the challenge-call of a bull-moose. We peer out from between the leaves of our ambuscade, endeavouring to pierce the darkness of the shadows on the farther shore, but that belt of black is impenetrable. There is a faint crackling of branches, and a moment later the sound of splashing water. Still nothing is visible. How wildly tantalizing is the situation! The splashing ceases—another sound of crackling bushes and another echoing challenge, which is still ringing in our ears, when suddenly from the forest beside us rises a sound on the still night air that momentarily chills our blood—an indescribable, demoniac howl, like a madman's cry of anguish, agonized, long-drawn out—the melancholy howl of a wolf. Again that howl—but only to be cut short by a rattle of short, sharp yelps—the cries of the pack on the trail of some fleeing deer. Poor creature! The sound grows fainter and fainter; then suddenly ceases. We strain our ears, but in vain. Not a sound—silence, deep, intense. Has the deer succeeded in reaching water and safety, or are those white fangs already tearing at the warm flesh? We shiver, but not from the cold. Nevertheless we draw the damp blanket over our shoulders and crawl down once more among the underbrush, depressed with a strange feeling of loneliness, and a sense of impending calamity for which we cannot account.

There we lay shivering till the stars disappeared one by one, and the sky above the eastern end of the lake assumed a grayish tinge which gradually stretched across the heavens, becoming brighter and brighter as it spread. A bird began to chirp in the wood; a raven flapped overhead through the half-light, croaking words of ill-omen. Mist was rising in layers from the warm surface of the water.

The eastern sky turned slowly from gray to saffron, then warmed to orange, then deepened to pink—a moment, and the whole heavens glowed with a fairy wealth of rich hues and delicate tints, heralding the Monarch of the Day, ere he climbed blood-red above the eastern pines. I was intent on watching the vagaries of this huge kaleidescope when I felt my arm grasped and saw my companion pointing down the lake. There in the light of the rising sun was a red-deer, a graceful, lithe, antlered creature standing at the edge of the water. A moment only and then some scent of danger must have reached the timid animal, for suddenly, with a few mighty bounds, he disappeared in the underbrush. His fear was groundless; Dick and I were after larger game.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the newly-risen west wind rustled the birch-leaves overhead and shook down the glistening drops in a miniature rain-storm. We scanned the lake with anxious eyes, for September was well advanced, and it was possible that the animals who had made these countless tracks had already deserted the lakes and rivers and retired to the hills. Till now we had been exhilarated with the thought that at any moment we might get a shot. I could not but think how strangely our hopes resembled the mist that we had seen rising higher and higher, until it had covered the pine-

tops of the further shore with a fairy-veil. And now, like the mist, our hopes were being put to flight by the ever-rising sun. Just as the last wreath of vapour vanished, I sat up and listlessly prepared to unload my rifle. Of a truth, hope deferred maketh the heart sick. But how suddenly my hand dropped from the lever and I became petrified into immobility! Up the shore to the right we heard a single crack, then the faint swish of parting bushes, and the next moment appeared, not fourscore yards away, a huge muzzle surmounted by the unmistakable horns. I felt my heart in my throat. All those weary hours of waiting redeemed in one brief moment! The cautious brute looked up and down the lake, and I held my breath as his eyes fell on our hiding-place. We crouched motionless and the slight breeze blowing towards us was fatal to his powers of scent. At length, satisfied and secure, he stepped out into the muddy arena and stalked slowly down towards the water against which his mighty silhouette stood outlined. In reality no larger than a large horse, our excited eyes exaggerated his size till he appeared gigantic.

What a chance for a shot behind the shoulder! I hurriedly threw down the lever to force a cartridge into the barrel, but Dick had evidently been quicker than I and already had his Winchester to his shoulder. I saw his finger bend, and the hammer fell. Instead of a report came a sharp click—the magazine was full, but he had nothing in the barrel. At the suspicious noise the bull turned half round in our direction, his great ears thrown forward, his nostrils distended. There was not a moment to lose. We both took a hasty aim and fired. As my companion saw the great beast fall in a nerveless heap he rushed out believing all was over. Cough after cough was shaking that huge frame and a crimson stream flowed from mouth and nostrils. Suddenly, and without warning, the moose struggled to his feet, glared round for his enemy and charged madly upon my friend. I longed to fire, but Dick was between me and the animal. His position was thrilling enough to satisfy the most adventurous, for he knew that to get within striking distance of those knife-like hoofs, cutting forward and downward, meant hideous death. Not for a moment did his nerve fail him. Throwing down the lever to reload he raised the rifle to his shoulder, but before he could fire the mighty legs collapsed, and with terrific force the moose struck the ground. As the animal lay struggling, plunging, in a vain effort to raise its head, Dick cautiously approached and gave it the death-shot.

Poor brute! Yet the exultation that one feels on such an occasion is stronger than the pity. I felt too a personal enmity, as it were, against the animal—enmity born, no doubt, of his savage attack upon my friend, though I could not stifle a certain feeling of admiration for its pluck and courage when so sorely wounded. Those two small holes told the tale. Nothing but the strength of madness could have enabled him to gather himself together for that last charge.

As we stood gazing at our quarry, I was conscious that there was taking place a wonderful metamorphosis, one which I had never seen discussed in any scientific work, the transformation of our moose into a "white elephant." Two solitary campers and half a ton of fresh meat! The idea terrified me, for at that time my views were slightly tinged with the heresy of vegetarianism. Dick, too, had evidently seen the process of change, but also a remedy to arrest it. "The sooner," he said, "we strip some birch-bark and smoke that meat the better." "All right, but breakfast first," I replied, pulling out my hunting-knife and proceeding to cut out a couple of steaks. We then threw some spruce boughs over the huge form as a protection against the sun and left it for the time being to the tender mercies of vagabond wolves and the other vultures of the north, while we made our way back to camp to appease our unruly appetites.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

By R. L. Richardson, M.P.

IN this paper I propose dealing briefly with the stocking and bonding privileges granted to railway companies, and with rates and competition.

In addition to the valuable franchises granted to railway companies, it has always been and still is the custom to confer upon them power to raise money by bonding them for amounts vastly in excess of the requirements for construction and equipment. The opportunities and inducements for political debauchery in this condition of matters are obvious. It is my belief that few railway schemes of any magnitude have been free from political corruption. Not only has the country given directly the means of building the railways, but by the stocking and bonding powers which it has given, it has enabled the promoters to load these railways with enormous debts for stock and bonds, the proceeds of which have very largely gone into the pockets of the promoters and others who have made no contribution of any kind towards the enterprise. The enormous grants and endowments given to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company enabled it, notwithstanding the gigantic financial manipulations, to commence operating with a much smaller bonded indebtedness than other lines which had been the victims of similar financial exploitations, but had not been the recipients of the same public generosity. On this account it might be thought that compensation for the great public sacrifices would have been forthcoming in the way of low freight and passenger rates. Indeed, according to the debates when the contract went through Parliament, Sir John Macdonald intimated that, owing to the vast public subsidies being voted, the road would be able to carry freight at one-fourth the rates charged on unaided transcontinental lines. Instead, however, of this expectation and prediction being realized, we find that freight rates on the "national highway" have been burdensome, exorbitant and discriminatory. It would be superfluous to quote the rates in proof of this statement; suffice it to say that the pressure of Western agitation against these rates became so severe some years ago that the Government was obliged to appoint a Commission to inquire into them. The evidence submitted to that Commission, and which is still available, abundantly proved the exorbitant nature of the rates in comparison with those of other lines. On what theory other than the possession of a monopoly could a rate of $3 per thousand feet of lumber from Rat Portage to Winnipeg, while the C.P.R.'s rate from Ottawa to Montreal (practically the same distance) was $1 per thousand, be explained? Mr. Davies, M.P. for Saskatchewan, and who lives in Prince Albert, informed the House in 1897 that he paid the C.P.R. $518 freight bill on a carload of apples that cost him $195 in Seaforth, Ont. It has, as previously intimated in these papers, been the custom of the C.P.R. to cry out against the construction of railways in Canada, if they are designed to connect with the American railway system, as unpatriotic, disloyal and a menace to the "national highway," even though the railways proposed are to be built without any public subventions or exemptions, as was the case with the Kettle River Valley Railway. Without wasting time to discuss this contention of the Company, let us see how the "national highway" treats its American as distinguished from its Canadian pat-

rons, and it will be seen how far the policy of the Company is designed to build up Canadian centres and Canadian trade. The "national highway" was, as I have already shown, built entirely with the resources of the Canadian people and presented to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

This "national" corporation constructed a railway through the States of Michigan and Minnesota from St. Paul to Sault Ste. Marie, whence the road traversed the Province of Ontario to Sudbury over the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The United States portion of the line is known as the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, or the "Soo" line. Not one dime or dimes' value of public assistance from the United States, or from Michigan or Minnesota, that I have ever heard of, was given to assist the construction of this American road, which is of great service to the United States territory served; and yet over this line, built no doubt largely, if not entirely, with money contributed by the Canadian people in high freight rates, the loyalty-loving Canadian Pacific Railway Company carries freight for foreigners at just about half what it charges the Canadians for carrying freight over the line built by themselves in their own country. The distance from Montreal to Winnipeg is equal to that from New York to Minneapolis. Here are the comparative rates taken from recent tariffs:

	Montreal to Winnipeg via C.P.R.	New York to Minneapolis via M. St. P. and Sault Ste. Marie and N. Y. Central.
1st class	$1.98	$1.05
2nd class....	1.70	.91
3rd class....	1.35	.70
4th class....	1.05	.49
5th class....	.88	.42

It will be observed that, whilst in the higher classifications the rates from Montreal to Winnipeg are not quite double those from New York to Minneapolis, on the lower classifications they are more than double. It has only to be remembered that the vast bulk of all freight comes under the fourth and fifth classes, to enable the reader to see that the C.P.R. charges its Canadian patrons more than double the rates it charges its American patrons. To emphasize the injustice perpetrated on the Canadian people, it must be borne in mind that on the haul from Montreal to Winnipeg the C.P.R. retains the entire rate, while on the haul from New York to Minneapolis it has to divide with the N. Y. Central. In view of the foregoing, the reader is in a position to place a proper estimate upon the "loyalty" of the Company and its motive for appealing to the Canadian people on that cry. In the first year of its operations the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie road made a loss of $800,000, and it has never paid expenses since. Is the deficit made good by increasing the rates on that road? Hardly. That is impossible, as the existence of nine other American lines regulates the rates. This large deficit is made good by the unfortunate Western Canadian freight-payer. He must pay excessive rates to enable the Company to reimburse itself for the loss entailed in carrying freight at half the Canadian rates for the Americans, who, happily for them, are fellow-countrymen of the present and recent president of "our great national highway." It would be a mistake to assume that the Western people are the only sufferers from the gross folly exhibited in the transportation policy of Government. Nor is it to be supposed that the Canadian Pacific is the only sinner in the line of discrimination against Canadian and in favour of American producers. That it is the greatest sinner is only because its opportunities have been greater. The difference between it and its rival has only been a difference of degree and opportunity. The Ontario farmer has been the victim of discrimination to an equal extent as has been his compatriot in the Northwest.

It will doubtless take some time yet to eradicate the impression which has so long existed, that competition will cure the evil and bring transportation relief. A study of this phase of the question has demonstrated, *ad nauseum*, that free

competition in railway rates is a delusion and an impossibility. This is now accepted as axiomatic in other countries, and it is only in our own country that we find a few statesmen still wedded to the notion that when you have built a railway and have given it to a corporation which charges exorbitant rates, the remedy is to build another and give it to some other corporation, trusting to the delusive law of competition to have the tolls brought down to a reasonable basis. Competition between private railway corporations is not possible; nor is it desirable or necessary if the transportation business of the country is placed on a proper basis. The duplication of railways for the purpose of securing competition is merely a waste of public resources, and the producers pay for all the extravagance, folly and corruption in the end. If one railway has sufficient capacity to serve a given territory, does it not stand to reason that it is infinitely safer and more prudent in the public interest to regulate the rates upon that line so that while they will produce a fair dividend on capital invested, while working no hardship on the shipper, than it would be to allow the construction of a "competing" line, which, by dividing the traffic, would render both roads non-paying, and thus necessitate the maintenance of excessive rates in order to keep the roads out of the hands of the sheriff? In addition, the people would have to pay the operating expenses of two instead of one railway. Until the public comes to realize that it is the people who pay the piper, no matter what the conditions and manipulations, it will be difficult for them to reach sensible, definite and effective conclusions, and to attain a satisfactory solution of the transportation problem. It is not so much new railroads that are needed, as it is regulation of the existing lines.

The methods of railway finance adopted by our railway "promoters," has been perhaps the most vicious concomitant of a vicious system. A study of the question is all that is necessary to convince one that our Canadian railway magnates have not sat in vain at the feet of the expert manipulators who figured in the great American transcontinental railway enterprises. As in the case of most copyists we have, in making the copy, exaggerated all the worst features of the original. The primary object of railway exploiters was not to furnish communities with transportation facilities, but through the possession of the transportation franchises, of whose value the communities were ignorant, and of the immense accompanying gifts and privileges, to acquire for themselves enormous unearned wealth and to secure a lien on the labours and property of all the future dwellers in the territories affected by their exploitations. The public hears of trusts, monopolies, "watered" stocks, overcapitalization, etc., and it has a vague notion that the existence of these economic phenomena is inimical to its interests, but only a relatively very few have a thorough comprehension of the meaning of these expressions, and of the manipulating processes which they represent; and fewer still have any realizing sense of what corporation "finance," especially when it is exploiting a great public franchise, costs to the people as a whole, and to every single individual of the community. Notwithstanding the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway received in public subsidies sufficient, if properly handled, to build its entire system in Canada, and should not, therefore, be loaded with any indebtedness, it has to-day an indebtedness in bonds and preference stock of about $115,000,000 and its common stock amounts to $65,000,000 in addition. As has been already pointed out, this stock of $65,000,000 which stands as a liability against the property, and on which the settlers are to pay interest in high freight rates for all time, realized much less than half its par value. Of the amount so realized, $21,000,000 was paid in dividends, mostly to the "promoters" before the road was completed or earning dividends. Out of the entire $65,000,000, only about $8,000,000 is

even pretended to have been invested in the work of construction, where it all should have gone; and, as Mr. Blake pointed out, it is not possible to determine, on account of the mystery veiling the operations of the North American Construction Co. (which was principally composed of members of the C.P.R. syndicate) whether any even of the $8,000,000 went into the railway. But the freight-payers have been actually paying interest all along on this $65,000,000 common stock. This stock, which was distributed in large blocks among the promoters at 25 cents on the dollar, has been selling as high as 98 and 99 cents on the London money market.

The following extract from an American writer of a work on monopolies, "The Corporation Problem," serves to illustrate how railway finance is manipulated in order to enrich the promoters, and undoubtedly presents a true picture of what has occurred and is occurring in our own country:

"The early railroad builder, promoter and manipulator was as crafty and manysided in his methods as Ulysses himself. He was skilled in the art of issuing watered stock and bonds. By devices well known to the corporation lawyer, he generally managed, if his road actually cost $1,000,000, to issue $2,000,000 of stock and $2,000,000 of railway bonds secured on the railway itself. He accordingly had $4,000,000 of stock and bonds, and of this amount $3,000,000 was pure 'water.' In the course of time these bonds and stock were sold. They passed into *bona fide* hands. The result was that a railroad, costing $1,000,000, part of which was raised by municipal bonds given to the railroad itself, had obligations outstanding for $4,000,000 upon which it endeavoured to pay interest and dividends."

Another American writer, after describing the "watering" operations in connection with the New York Central and Erie railways, goes on: "A still more notorious and flagrant example of stock inflation is that of the Pacific railways. The public are familiar with the record of this creation of stupendous wealth out of a loan of a Government subsidy and the gift of an empire in land. The story of the construction company, the 'Credit Mobilier,' upon whose stock, the investment in which was normal, the greater portion of the shares and debt of the Union Pacific Railway was distributed as dividends, is part of the record of national politics. It is also well known how the Central Pacific Railway was built. A company of capitalists, whose resources at the beginning of the enterprise were $195,000 with the aid of loans from the city of Sacramento and Placer county to the extent of $550,000, built enough road to draw $848,000 from the United States treasury as the subsidy for the first section, and by repeating the process constructed the entire road. The majority of the Pacific Railway Commission estimate the cost of the Union Pacific at $50,720,000 against a capitalization of $109,000,000, and the cost of the Central Pacific at $58,000,000 against a total capitalization of $124,000,000, showing in each case that all the stock and a portion of the bonds are pure 'water.' The minority report makes the cost of the Union Pacific $38,824,000 and of the Central Pacific $40,000,000, or less than one-third of the capitalization. It is well known that of this capitalization the stock does not represent a dollar of actual investment, that a large portion of the debt was pocketed by the constructors of the road in the shape of contracts which they made with themselves to build the tracks at two or three times the legitimate cost, that the road was almost, if not wholly, paid for by the Government subsidy and that of the $256,000,000 of additional stock and bonds issued upon the properties an estimate that one-third represents invested cash will be too liberal."

These extracts suggest the source of inspiration of our own Canadian railway promoters and financiers. We have seen that the C.P.R. financiers learned all that their Union Pacific mentors knew, and thought out some new de-

vices of their own. The Union Pacific cash subsidy from the United States was not an unconditional grant, but a loan of which the United States Government has compelled repayment with interest. The C.P.R. subsidy, aggregating in cash, completed railway and lands, to an amount estimated at $135,000,000, was an absolute gift.

But to what conclusion do all the figures and data which has been presented, in a form probably too much extended to please the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, but too condensed to satisfy the writer, lead? It must be apparent to all rational minds that the data presented, that the waste, the dissatisfaction, and the immense public loss which Canada has experienced in the Department of Public Transportation have been the result of the private exploitation and control of a business which is, least of any business, adapted to such private control, as it is that the sun is the source of light and heat. The obvious and only efficacious remedy is the ownership and control of the railways of the country by the State.

In dealing with the question of Government ownership of railways, it will not be necessary at the outset to waste any space advancing arguments to prove the feasibility of any new proposition. Government ownership is no theory; it is no untried fad; it is a proved success. In such countries as Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, and the Australasian colonies, the State controls all or most of the railways, and with what success I propose to show, although the data in my possession is not so ample as could be desired. Government ownership of railways is merely the application by the State of the principle of municipal ownership, in favour of which there is a great wave sweeping over our own continent as well as over some of the countries in the old world. If it is found profitable for the people to control their own gas plants, their own water supply, their own street railways, etc., why should it not be in their interests to control their own railways, their own telegraphs and other great franchises out of which private corporations are making fat dividends on watered stocks for the benefit of shareholders who probably did nothing to create the store of wealth from which these vast profits are drawn? What makes a street railway franchise valuable? Is it not the presence of the population? Of what value would a tram car service, say, on King Street, Toronto, be to the stockholders if there were no people living in the Queen City? On the same principle, of what value would the C.P.R. franchise be if there were no people in Canada to patronise it? It is the people that create the wealth, and if there is any profit in the operation of these franchises, they should be operated for the benefit of the people, and the dividends should go to the people. This proposition is so simple and so eminently fair that no man of sense will deny it. Up to the present the Canadian people, led by politicians, not statesmen, have not only been distributing these valuable franchises with lavish hand, but have been in addition heaping hundreds of millions in cash and lands upon the successful "promoters" and exploiters with which to build and equip the roads. I believe I am absolutely within the mark in making the declaration that the people of Canada have themselves contributed of their substance in public gifts an amount equal to, if not in excess of, the value of every mile of railway in the Dominion. If this declaration be correct, what an appalling thing it is, and more especially when we realize that not only do we exercise little or no control over the railway companies, but that we have deliberately and by Act of Parliament, deprived ourselves of the power to exercise any control over the rates of the "great national highway," the dominating corporation, except under certain conditions which a little skilful manipulation on the part of the Company will render nugatory.

While the people of Canada who have given the matter any consideration are reasonably unanimous in the

belief that the transportation situation of the country is bad, and that it must become worse unless some radical change is made, it is doubtful if they have given a sufficiently careful study to the question, and brought to bear upon that study the experience of other countries, to conclude that the fundamental cause of the trouble is the private exercise of a function with the primary object of private gain, which can be properly and safely exercised only by a public authority, exclusively in the public interest. It goes without saying that the railway promoters, financiers, magnates, and all the related classes are, and will continue to be, unalterably opposed to State ownership and control of railways.

The reason for their opposition is too obvious to require explanation. Notwithstanding the experience of other countries where the reform has been successfully tried, these people will continue to declare against State ownership as impracticable and unprofitable. Upon every hand one hears the objection that State railways would cost so much more to build than private owned lines. It is pointed out that owing to political influence and boodling, it would be impossible to keep the cost of construction down to any reasonable limit. In face of the data submitted in earlier papers of this series, it would be difficult to imagine that the cost of construction under public ownership could be greater than under private.

Canada can borrow money at a much less rate of interest and much better conditions than any private corporation. With cheap money we can build railways cheaper than any private corporation; and when built, assuming that the work has been done under capable and honest management, we would have a dollar's value to show for every dollar expended.

The immense "rake off" which under present conditions goes to the promoter, and, if what Mr. Osler tells us is true, (and who doubts it?) to the politicians as well, would all be saved. In so far as the construction of State railways is concerned there is surely nothing to fear. As to the operation of State railways there is surely no reason why they could not be as efficiently managed as is the present privately owned system in the Dominion. Intelligent Canadians will all admit the ability and efficiency that characterize the management of our railway systems. Great prescience has been displayed in selecting the staffs that man the different roads. Does any reasonable citizen think that the same managers and the same staffs cannot be induced to remain in the country and work for the people at the same salary as they now receive from bondholders in Holland and elsewhere if Canada took over the roads? If any danger to the State from political influence should be threatened, the management and control of the system could be vested in a commission to which might be given statutory powers to be exercised apart from Governmental control, and if further precautionary measures were necessary all employés could be disfranchised, thus making it impossible to use the system as a political engine. To boil all down, it simply means that owing to our political system, and the tendency of the electorate to be distracted from the great interests of the country by prejudices, by personal likings or animosities, by stump-speech oratory and little factional struggles, the class of men which, as a rule, is found in control of Government is unfit by reason of want of business capacity and not infrequently of business integrity, to successfully grapple with so great and so complex a question as the transportation interests of the country.

It must be admitted in all honesty that experience with our statesmen seems to justify the popularly expressed fear that "there would be too much politics" in the management, if we had Government ownership of railways. But this could be avoided by adopting the plan I have just suggested. Even if the contention of State ownership

critics were sound, that the railway service would become an engine of political debauchery and would be weighted down with a horde of inexperienced political "workers" and office-seekers, that would not in any way affect the desirability and practicability of State ownership of railways. Must it not be admitted that one of the most urgent reasons for State ownership is the fact that there is already "too much politics" in the pernicious policy which we have so long followed, and to which we are still adhering?

The Fourth and Last Article will appear in December.

A MATTER OF PROSODY.

By Franklin Gadsby.

THAT the name of young Messer Andrea Perotti hath not been handed down as a maker of Florence is due chiefly to reasons I shall set down in this scripture.

When a lusty fellow of fair patrimony winneth a beautiful woman and vengeance of his rival by one shrewd stroke, he is prone to rest content with his happiness, recking little the fame of great achievements. For if love and hate be satisfied while the blood is yet riotous, what incentive remaineth? Wherefore, Messer Andrea, having need to sweat neither in body nor in mind, spent all his days among the bees, birds and flowers of his Tuscan villa, and when he died his wife, Fiametta, closed his eyes and, for a little space, wept daily at his grave until she, too, was borne gently to Paradise to be with him forever.

You may hardly conceive that a man should withdraw himself from the patronage of a great prince like Cosimo de Medici, and from a society interpenetrated with a zeal for learning; yet none other than this did Messer Andrea. Ah, what an age—when prince honoured poet and rescued him from the penury which strangleth great thoughts, when philosophers were full fed and bookworms haughty, when ideas were of as much esteem as ducats, when men were more concerned to furnish forth their minds than their pockets, when a false quantity in Virgil was wont to shake Florence to the foundations! And what an age we have fallen on now, when even the clergy give not the vowels their due! Alack-a-day!

In the loggia of his house at Florence sat Messer Andrea. Beneath him was the public square where the fountain splashed many colours in the sunshine. With the tail of his eye he might see the Arno, like a burnished riband broken into a golden fringe where the water rippled against the bridges. The drowsy haze swayed high or low as the vernal winds listed, and from the eaves the doves called to each other.

In Messer Andrea's breast a fierce fight was waging 'twixt youth and ambition. Whether would he be off a Maying or at home slaving over a musty classic?

"A curse on't!" he muttered. "A curse on't, that my courtly father should so advise me! Cosimo is a scholar, he wrote. In him lies all honour and preferment. Therefore, be

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(NOTE.—The Benedictine Monk, who records this tale in his gossipy chronicles, seems to have been a very human old fellow in spite of his cowl. That he was a close student of the Renascence there can be no doubt. I have done my best to preserve his quaint seventeenth-century style.)

studious, for to be wise nowadays is to be both rich and happy."

Messer Andrea cast a regretful glance at the children prattling and laughing in the square, sighed, and yielded himself to duty. He placed his hand on the manuscript which lay on his knee —a frayed, yellow parchment, unearthed by some clerkly knight from the lumber room of a Swiss monastery. Carefully he raised the battered covers and exposed the brittle parchment whence fled a great blue-bottle fly. It disappeared with a jubilant hum into the palpitating air, whither wended also Messer Andrea's unstable thoughts. In sooth, a spring day is a tricksy season for Florentine scholars, if they be young and full of sap!

"Per Dio!" exclaimed Messer Andrea. "What an eldritch sprite! Mark the sun glister on its wings! Ah, little insect, the grace of thy flight, the freedom, the swiftness! And where hast thou alighted? By the Furies, on the nose of mine enemy, Messer Carlo Aretino! Oh, abominable fly, to settle on such carrion!"

Messer Carlo brushed the pest aside, set his cap aright and arranged his mantle. Such care of his toilet presaged the approach of some fair one, and presently the maid came demurely across the square. And Messer Andrea, watching intently, went black as thunder.

"Now, Heaven send," prayed Messer Andrea irreverently, "that she wends to the Duomo, and not to tryst with Messer Carlo! Ah, Fiametta, lift not your kirtle so high! Yon fish hath no blood in him to leap at sight of a pretty ankle!"

But Fiametta, like maidens ever, was unminded to let any cavalier go unnoticed. So she halted by the fountain and spoke to Messer Carlo.

"Death and Hades!" groaned Messer Andrea. "What sees she in that zany? A clod, a block, a worm, a mole, with naught to commend him but his diligence! A pestilence on Cosimo for robbing his counting house of a clerk because he came upon him conning Horace! Are there not gentlemen enough in Tuscany of whom to make scholars? And yet the rogue hath a style, precise though it be laborious. His Latinity may not be blown upon, though his Greek hath been oppugned."

Just here Messer Carlo stretched forth his right hand and rested it while one might count three, on Fiametta's arm. 'Twas a timid gesture withal, but Messer Andrea saw a thousand meanings in it, and suspected a thousand more.

"So!" he hissed. "That way lies it, Fiametta! Wouldst be coddling palms with that scullion who weareth a beard for that he hath no chin, and moustaches for that he hath a hare-lip, and a long cloak for that he hath bandy legs!"

Messer Andrea scowled while Fiametta continued to hold smiling converse with Messer Carlo. A trivial discourse it was, the latest news of the court, how Pope Nicholas V. had stolen Cosimo's best scholar, and never a word of love, but Messer Andrea could know naught of that.

"Curses on my courtly father," he growled, "who told me to be wise was to be happy! If knowledge increaseth sorrow, it increaseth joy. If 'tis a joy to love Fiametta, what anguish to be flouted by her! And the false minx smiles on yonder grub for that he is in favour with Cosimo! And wherefore? Writes he comely serenades? I can cap him with aubades! Turns he a sprightly quatrain? I excel in dixain! Doth he compose Latin pentameters? I outshine him in Tuscan hexameters! Doth he copy neatly the ode Horatian? My sonnets Petrarch himself would commend!"

And now Fiametta, having drained Messer Carlo of all his gossip, shot a glance upward at Messer Andrea's loggia. It was then she encountered the burning eyes and angry face of her handsome young lover. But Fiametta was moved, not to repentance, but to fresh mischief. She released a red rose from its slumber in her snowy bosom and gave it to Messer Carlo who fastened it in his tunic for a favour.

Whereupon Messer Andrea rumbled curses like the threatenings of Vesuvius. He bit his lip and fingered his dagger.

"I would," he muttered, "that my poignard were tickling his heart! Yet by such a death I make a martyr of him in her eyes! Pshaw! 'Tis the vengeance of a bravo, not of a gentleman and a scholar! I must prick him where it hurteth most—his scholarship!"

At this moment the blue-bottle fly which had seduced Messer Andrea from his studies, settled again on Messer Carlo's nose, which organ, having the aspect of a ripe cherry, was attractive for baccivorous birds and insects.

It clung so stoutly that Messer Carlo, who had some weather lore, cried out, "'Twill be a rainy day, that I doubt not."

"Messer Carlo," quoth Fiametta petulantly, "I was not speaking of the weather!"

Whereupon she pranced around the corner and beyond Messer Andrea's vision. But Messer Carlo, discomfited, stood by the fountain, peering at his own wavering shadow in the water.

"A blessing on thee, little fly!" quoth Messer Andrea fervently. "Thou hast nipped an assignation!"

Thereupon Messer Andrea returned to his manuscript in the hope that exercise of his reason on the crabbed character might slacken the fierce current of his thoughts. Diligently he followed the maunderings of the good monk who wrote, but found naught to whet his fancy.

Of a sudden, however, he came upon a mark where either no mark or another had ought to be. 'Twas a little mark —an accent, so : ῾

But over what word it lay it booteth me not to tell, for the author is no more extant, and the printer, an intelligent man and a skilled, informeth me he hath no font for the Greek.

Now Messer Andrea, a keen Grecian —though he had got the language from the muddy stream of Byzantium—knew that, in all conscience, the proper accent was the circumflex, for, as every grammarian consenteth, two acute accents cannot be upon the same word. Wherefore Messer Andrea bent his brows to the puzzle and thought diligently.

"Is the man an every-day ass like his brothers?" he murmured. "Or is he a Heaven-born philosopher! For once in a while so much lies in a stroke one way or the other. In sooth I had not suspected this drivelling pedant of anything recondite."

It passed through Messer Andrea's mind of the many strange devices by which clever monks had hidden their heterodoxies in their works. And, so musing, his eyes strayed to the roof of the loggia where the great blue-bottle fly was now humming drowsily.

"I have it!" quoth Messer Andrea triumphantly. "Bless thee once more, little fly, for a bright thought hath flown straight from thee to me! I smell reprisals on Messer Carlo!"

And since God, who is love, hath a special care for lovers, even though they be jealous lovers, straightway a chance offered itself which Messer Andrea seized right willingly. For across the square, with beards wagging and voices strident, pottered the four greatest Grecians in all Florence. And they were jangling as was ever their custom, and Messer Carlo, nothing loth, joined in the disputation.

"What ho, gentlemen all, and you Messer Carlo!" called Messer Andrea. "Hither ye philologers and philosophers! I have found something of great import!"

So the five wise men panted up Messer Andrea's stairs and came out into the coolness of his loggia, where they were served with sweet wines to temper their acrimony.

"And what, sirs," quoth Messer Andrea, "was the wrangle? In sooth ye are a testy lot!"

"The matter of our quarrel," replied Messer Georgios Gemistos, "was serious. 'Twas the meaning of the word Logos in the blessed Gospel of Saint John."

"And truly," quoth Messer Andrea with a smile, "ye were like to come to blows over the message of peace!"

"And why not," piped Messer Georgios Trapezuntios, "when for a smaller matter I boxed Messer Poggio's ears in presence of the Holy Father himself, for that he had filched from me the credit of translating Xenophon and Diodorus?"

But here Messer Manuel Chrysoloras interposed, for his brother Grecian was waxing wroth at the memory of the injustice.

"My dear Messer Andrea," quoth he, "what hast thou discovered? A lost book of Livy, a play of Menander, or a new filthiness in Messer Filelfo's writings?"

"None of these!" quoth Messer Andrea, brandishing his manuscript. "Ye have discovered many wonderful things, even the triunity of the Deity in the three persons of the verb! Now read me this riddle! See you this mark? Is't the Feminine Accusative or the Second Aorist? I crave your minds of it!"

And the five scholars were quick to see the force of Messer Andrea's question, and the manuscript was handed about and gravely examined.

At last, Messer Georgios Gemistos, who had himself contrived a most subtle philosophy, said impatiently, "I have no respect of these patristic fellows. Having made their own crass style they may well have devised their own accentuation. Let the point be submitted to the Academy! I pronounce not upon it!"

And after him spoke Messer Johannes Argyropoulos, than whom no greater expositor of Thucydides ever lived. "Your author, Messer Andrea, is not a mystagogue. He hath not the imagination of a grasshopper. I fix myself upon the Feminine Accusative. The accent is an error of the transcriber."

"And I," quoth Messer Georgios Trapezuntios, "would fain deliberate the question overnight. It behoveth us not to deliver hastily on such a point. Rules there may be even for the exceptions."

Now, Messer Manuel Chrysoloras, as good a Grecian as the best, had been scanning the manuscript intently.

"I doubt," quoth he, and here he tapped it with his lean finger. "I doubt if the mark is deep ingrained. It may be but superficial."

But it ran not with Messer Andrea's wishes to have Messer Manuel set this interpretation upon it. So he took the manuscript and passed it charily to Messer Carlo.

"And what saith Messer Carlo?" quoth Messer Andrea, guilefully. "Messer Carlo, whose scholarship is equalled only by his mother wit!"

And Messer Carlo, with the oversureness of youth, delivered a learned disquisition whereby he delivered himself into the hand of his enemy, for he, alone, based himself first, last, and altogether on the Second Aorist!"

"For," concluded Messer Carlo, "if the accent be there, and there it is in plain sight, it follows that it must be the Second Aorist of the verb. Which meaneth that a new system of philosophy is hidden in this germ! A most drastic system, my colleagues! A system which implieth the destruction of all others, and a full revision of our cosmogony, our theology, our theogony, our geography, our astronomy! We must begin our science anew! We must build up our shattered Cosmos! and all through a Second Aorist!"

Now, Messer Andrea was rejoiced at these strong words, but he took pains to clinch the matter.

"And that," quoth he, "is your last word, Messer Carlo?"

"I stand or fall by it! My voice is for the Second Aorist!"

"Well, then, gentlemen all," quoth Messer Andrea, "hearken to me. Heaven forefend that another philosophy should bewilder us, when so many are abroad already! Heaven forefend that all the direful things should happen which Messer Carlo hath predicted! Heaven forefend we should incur the labour of building our Cosmos anew!"

Here Messer Carlo fidgeted, for it seized him that Messer Andrea was laughing at him.

"And more is this to be avoided," quoth Messer Andrea, "for that a tiny thing may breed a troublesome philosophy—a bunion on the sage's toe, a colic, a megrim, an indigestion, a toothache! Such a man, they say, hath a bee in his bonnet! And if a bee, why not a fly! And if a fly invade the delicate convolutions of the brain, doth he not leave his mark on the page where the philosopher setteth his thoughts?"

Here Messer Andrea spread out the manuscript, and his middle finger, a shapely one with a nail like opal, lay on the disputed point.

"Messer Carlo," quoth he, "hath found that which would shatter all others. Thus do I shatter Messer Carlo!"

Whereupon Messer Andrea flicked the accent with his nail, and immediately where a mark had been, appeared only a smudge, like the shadow of an eyelash, or the ghost, perchance, of a fly speck—so: *o*.

And just then the blue-bottle fly settled once more on Messer Carlo's cherry nose.

"A plague on the fly!" quoth the discomfited scholar, and his words were full of meaning.

And by evening all Florence was laughing at the clever jest. And Fiametta laughed, and thereafter loved only Messer Andrea.

PADMAJA: THE LOTUS-BORN.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE POET SILENZIO DE AMORE.—DEDICATED TO THE PRINCESS GIOVANELLA CAETANI.)

Muthyala Sarojini Naidus in The Indian Review.

"PERCHANCE, from the land whence thou dost come the gods have departed and speak no more with men."

I.

As I sit in my garden once more listening to the song of the nightingales among the laurels that shut away the white sea from my eyes, I cannot tell whether it was but the phantasy of a vision, or the experience of actual life; for I am a poet, a dreamer, and for me the recollections of the world of dreams merge so subtly into the realities of the tangible world that I myself know not where lies the faint line of boundary between the two.

Some years ago, in the weariness of a great revolt against the complex and disturbing trivialities of an age that had achieved an unessential greatness, I had buried myself in the immemorial magic of the East; conceiving that in the profound beauty of its philosophy, literature and legend, I might recover the fountains of lost wisdom, sprung from the very core of the Universe. And more especially was I drawn by all the subtle necessities of my imagination towards India, where the spiritual life had attained the perfect flower of eternal beatitude.

The longing grew upon me with so irresistible a power that, before I could realize it, I was ploughing through the foam of alien seas towards the land of my desire.

Intoxicated with the enthusiasm of a spirit longing to lose itself in the supreme bliss of *Nirvana*, I journeyed, a fiery-souled pilgrim, from place to place, choosing rather the more remote and inaccessible spots, where the breath of modern life had not desecrated the primeval legend of the people's life.

I wandered for a year, seeking in vain for the fulfilment of my heart's

desire. The poetry of life was still alive, indeed, still fresh, still fragrant with the dew of antique ages. I was perpetually enchanted with the simple, moving idylls of daily life; and the lyric incidents of daily custom; the bright sky, troops of maidens, all musical with silver anklets and radiant in coloured robes, returning from the river at dawn, with shining vessels of water poised on hip, head or shoulder, the stalwart crowds of bare-bodied peasants sheltered against the noonday sun in the shadow of a banyan tree breathlessly listening to some chanted epic of gods and battle from the lips of a wandering minstrel; the quaint music and poetic rites of the temple at sunset time, and the swift conflicting streams of pilgrims coming down and going up the path by the temple-tank with hurrying feet and vivid faces, carrying tributes of cakes and honey and lotus-flowers for the altars.

Yes; the poetry of life was still fresh, still fragrant, but it was only a blossom plucked short from the glory of the past. Had the roots of it, indeed, perished with the perished race of gods and heroes?

The bitterness of a heavy disillusion was upon me; my pilgrimage had been of no avail. "Wisdom and the ecstasy of life have departed from this land," I cried in sorrow.

In this mood I wandered away from a little village, where I had stayed over-night, and found myself on the borders of an immense forest. Allured by the mystery of its primordial gloom, I penetrated the labyrinthine darkness of its groves, lit only by the flame of a hanging blossom or the sudden gleam of a wild bird's wing that flashed through the perpetual midnight of some buried lake.

"This forest, coeval with the gods, remains; can the gods be dead?" I cried. A sudden joy smote my spirit, and my fancy peopled the ancient silence with the phantasmal echoes of old song.

The leaves above me quivered with the poignant anguish of Seetha's cry, "Rama! Rama! Rama!" as she trod the pathless forest pining for her lost lord. I heard the triumph song of Savitri, who strove with Yama, relentless lord of Death, for her lover's life, and conquered him with the divine sublimity of her passion; and the radiant wings of the birds of Sakuntala encircled me with trembling music.

Entranced with the illusive melodies of my own invocation, I had strayed too far into the intricate heart of the forest; and the more I endeavoured to find my way out of its mazes, I but involved myself in a deeper perplexity of thicket and grove. I wandered on and on, till overcome with fatigue and hunger, I flung myself down on a bed of wild red lilies, not knowing whether I was still in the inmost depths of the solitude or on its margin. Soon I fell asleep and dreamed a marvellous dream of the flame-walled courts of Indra, and he heard the celestial song of Sri Krishna on the sacred battle-field, the Song of the Lord.

I know not how long I slumbered before I was awakened by the cadence of a slow, solemn incantation that rose like dim incense into that pristine stillness. I thought it but an echo from my dream; but I rose, and piercing through a dense belt of trees I found myself in an abrupt hollow, all shadowy and golden with mellowed sunlight, and holding in its bosom a small pool of singularly pellucid waters decked with white lotus-blossoms, and shining all round its brink with the gleam of small, blue creeping flowers known as the flowers of Vishnu. By the pool sat a young maiden with mystic eyes, and three white mystic marks upon her brow, swaying to and fro to the rhythm of her chant.

A sudden fear fell upon me. Did I still dream, or had I in truth evoked some goddess or immortal woman from the centuried sleep of forgotten legends?

I listened spell-bound, and my fear grew upon me.

When her invocation was ended, she rose and dipped a small silver vessel into the pool, and gathering three

lotus-buds, she laid them on a small silver dish, half-filled with cakes and fruit. Then covering the vessel with the plate, she lifted it steadily on to her head and turned to depart from the grove.

Some instinct, half fear, half reverence, made me approach her and prostrate myself at her feet—little bare feet like the petals of a *Champa*. By the sudden-startled look in her eyes, I knew her for no goddess, but an exquisite maiden, and my courage revived within me.

"Lady," I began in a tone of mingled entreaty and hesitation, "I am a stranger and belated."

"Follow me!" she interrupted briefly, and her voice was strangely chaste and clear like the waters of the pool—

"My father will give thee welcome. He is a *Yogi*, and all men are his sons."

A moment later her accents grew soft with womanly pity. "Stay, perchance thou art over-weary with want of food." She took a lotus-leaf, and laying on it a cake and luscious plantains, she bade me eat, while she sat apart.

How shall I describe her?—the grace of her figure, slim and golden-brown as the reeds among which she sat, clad in some fragile stuff, exquisitely indefinite of tint—so ethereal a rose dreamed through its luminous white; or the beauty of her face that seemed to float and illuminate the grove like a subtle glory.

There are many kinds of beauty among women:

There is a beauty, virginal, radiant, blithe—like the cool ambrosial light of dawn, and the call of translucent springs from thymy headlands.

There is a beauty of noon-tide splendour, full of voluptuous langour, fierce desire, and heavy scent of crimson flowers.

There is a beauty with the pale, illusive glamour of the twilight and of shadowy waters.

And there is a beauty of high passion and great dreams, touched with the ecstasy of starry silences and the mystery of night.

But hers was none of these; at once virginal, seductive, illusive and mysterious, it was not a bodily beauty, but rather like the far-off light from the forehead of a god.

I had finished my slender meal some time, and sat waiting for her to speak, but she seemed unconscious of my presence. She was gazing into the waters with parted lips and dilated eyes, as though she beheld an unutterable vision. I sat still and watched her; and a disquieting sense of some imminent crisis overpowered me, some moment of revelation or fulfilment; and yonder mystic maiden seemed an essential part of inevitable fate.

At length, she turned and rose, and coming towards me poured some water into the hollow of my hand, murmuring, "Blessed are they who drink of the waters of the holy well of Vishnu, and from the hands of Vishnu's bride."

Then once more she said, "Follow me; my father will give thee welcome; he is a *Yogi*, and all men are his sons."

II.

Silently I rose and followed her, my sudden unquiet fear still upon me. But much I marvelled who she might be, this beautiful maiden, so free, so fearless, so unprotected, who disturbed every tradition, and my own experience, of the women of her race; how shy, how self-conscious, how carefully protected!—the very beauty of their faces, the very grace of their movements, full of an exquisite appeal against the touch of the wind and the eyes of man.

She seemed to read my thought and answered it.

"The invisible hosts of Vishnu are ever about the feet of Vishnu's bride."

She lifted her eyes to my face; wonderful eyes, whose ecstasy I could not fathom.

"Thou art a stranger and knowest not the legend of my birth."

In her lyric Eastern way she narrated the miraculous story of her life.

"Seventeen years ago, when the time was near for me to be delivered from the womb of my mother, she and my father were returning homewards from a distant pilgrimage, and their path lay throught this forest. When they had arrived at the grove of the sacred well of Vishnu, my mother bathed in the blessed waters and forthwith drowsiness overcame her like a sudden darkness, and she slept. Like a great tempest of light, with flame-crowned forehead and bearing a lotus in his hand, the terrible god, Vishnu, appeared in her sleep and spoke to her in a voice like the sound of many rivers :

"'This day shalt thou bring forth a child who shall be named the Lotus-born, sprung from the breath of my desire, and shall be called the bride of Vishnu ; and the invisible legends of my kingdom shall compass her, till I return once more and absorb her into my Being, from whose breath she sprang.'

"He touched her with his lotus-wand, and vanished in a shining vapour. With a loud cry of fear my mother awoke and told her dream to my father. In that hour her travail came upon her, and I was born.

"Raising herself, she cried, 'Hail to thee O Lotus-born! O chosen bride of Vishnu!' and fell forward on her face. And the dark hosts of Yama bore her away in a cloud of incense. My father fell prostrate with a widowed heart; and the voices of the gods spake with him, bidding him renounce desire and vanity of mortal life, and enter into their essence.

"Clasping me in his arms he purified himself in the holy waters, offering up sacrifices and many vows. Renouncing the world, he built himself a small building on the border of the forest, where he lives, having attained the ultimate beatitude."

"And then O Lotus-born?"

"I await the fulfilment of my destiny. At dawn and at sunset I go to bathe in the divine waters of the well of Vishnu, and make offerings of fruit and blossoms, singing invocations to the immortal god till he shall come riding on the wind and uplift me into his Being whose breath I am."

A strong wave of sheer human pity mingled with my awe for this god-born maiden, whose youth was so desolate with the touch of supernatural doom. Some irresistible impulse made me cry out, "O Lotus-born ! alas for the lofty sorrow of thy doom, that thou must needs forego the sweet common fate of woman—of love, and joy, and tears, and endure the intolerable rapture of a god's desire."

She struck me with the arrowy lightning of her wrath.

"Thou knowest not what thou speakest. Beware lest the gods smite thee with perpetual silence for thy blasphemy !"

But instantly her eyes melted with a pity that was wholly womanly.

"Perchance, from the land whence thou dost come, the gods have departed and speak no more with men."

"Lotus-born," I answered, full of humility and sick with the truth of her words, "Lotus-born, from the land whence I have come, the gods have in sooth departed, and the race of god-like men is no more. Therefore, have I fled hither, if, perchance I might hear their voice and learn their wisdom through the lips of some holy sage." Sadly I continued, "I have journeyed from city to hamlet, through mountain and forest, seeking in vain, and my spirit is faint within me."

"Be not grievous of heart," the Lotus-born replied, "thou shalt find here what thou dost seek."

As she spoke, we entered a narrow path of oleander and *Champa* trees, about whose roots grew sacred basil and wild jasmine. In a moment we came within sight of a small mud-walled dwelling with a low-raised terrace before the entrance. On a white mat, with his legs crossed before him, sat a man, dressed after the manner of *Yogis;* a pale russet cloth about his loins, a garland of dried berries and the sacred brahminical thread across his bare breast, and three white symbols on his brow. His thick tang-

led hair fell about his passionless grand face. As we approached he looked up, but there was no surprise in his calm prophetic eyes.

"Whoever thou art, welcome!" he said gravely, and motioned me to a place beside him. But I bent low, touching his feet with my eyes; for I was blinded by the ineffable radiance that seemed to emanate from his august ascetic presence; and rising I sat myself on the bare floor.

The Lotus-born who had disappeared within the hut, soon returned with water for my feet, and sandal oil for my head, bidding me cleanse myself of my weariness. Then she brought a brazen lamp lit with three wicks steeped in oil, and setting two plantain leaves before us, and two drinking vessels filled with milk, she served us with cakes, and fruit and honey.

Again the sense of unreality stole on me. I was half-afraid that the Lotus-born and chosen bride of Vishnu should wait on me with such sweet meekness of service after the custom of the women of her nation.

The old *Yogi* lifted up his hands and eyes to the brooding heavens, uttering a slow, sonorous invocation—

"Om! Om! Om!"

"As milk and honey enter and sustain our bodies, so enter Thou and sustain our souls, Eternal Milk and Honey of the Universe, that we might grow in knowledge of Thine Immortal Substance and enter into the peace of Thine Imperishable Essence."

Then turning to me he said, "In the name of the Universal Giver, eat, my son, what the gods have set before thee."

While we ate, the Lotus-born sat a little apart with a riotous brilliance of leaf and blossom before her, weaving garlands for the temple. In that halcyon twilight how merely woman she seemed, as her soft fingers sped in and out among the blossoms with a deft sense of the delicate reticences and subtle revelations of harmony and contrast in the mingling of colours. In some inexpressible manner it comforted me with one familiar touch of everyday humanity.

Like a black panther the quick Indian night sprang over us, and out of the swift darkness rose the slow splendour of the Indian moon, and the voice of the Lotus-born in brief incantations:

"A caste-mark on the azure brow of heaven,
The golden moon grows sacred, solemn, bright;
The winds are dancing in the woodland shrine
And swooning at the holy feet of night;
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing,
And make the gods their incense-offering."

She rose and sprinkled a few grains of incense into a pot of fire beside her father. The perfumed smoke rose like a prayer into the night. No word was spoken. I know not how long we may have sat thus; my senses reeled, an awful terror paralyzed me; it seemed to me that the face of the Lotus-born had been transformed into a white lotus-bud, and was about to vanish in one winged breath of fragrance; that the occult eyes of the *Yogi* were dissolving my flesh by some inscrutable sorcery; and that the curling smoke of incense was in truth the melting trail of my ascending soul.

O! the insupportable anguish of that silence! At last the Lotus-born stirred and sighed faintly, as one who wakes from a dream; and the old *Yogi* slowly turned his beatific face towards me: "Wisdom is not of time, or place, or circumstance; and the true *Nirvana* thou containest within thyself. For the Supreme Spirit, the all-pervading and ever-living Essence, hath spoken, "*I am the self-seated in the heart of all beings.*" Ere thou canst *be*, thou must *do*; return into the world once more and re-enter into the life of men. Annihilate thyself absolutely into an immeasurable compassion for humanity and grow one with its multitudinous sorrow. Thus, having by perpetual deeds of love and sacrifice attained the first *nirvana* of Universal Humanity, mayest thou attain to the ultimate *nirvana* of Universal Deity."

He stretched out his hands towards the stars and cried aloud in a voice that swept me into Eternity:

Om! Om! Om!

THE RECENT AND PAST ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

By Thomas E. Champion.

THE English General Election has just been brought to a close with this result, the Salisbury Government has been maintained in power. This is the first General Election since that of 1865 when the British electorate has pronounced at the polls twice consecutively in favour of the same party.

Let us, for purposes of comparison, go back to 1859, when, on May 31st, the Derby-Disraeli Ministry met the House then just elected. The Ministry had "appealed to the country," and as the result, on the assembling of Parliament, found themselves confronted by a hostile majority. This majority carried a vote of want of confidence, and the Ministry resigned.

The majority in the Parliament of 1859 was Palmerstonian Liberal. It was dissolved on July 6th, 1865, Lord Palmerston being Premier. The general elections followed immediately, their result being that the new Parliament had a nominal majority of Liberals over Conservatives of about fifty. Lord Palmerston's death occurred in October, 1865; then Earl Russell became First Lord of the Treasury with Mr. W. E. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

But with the death of Lord Palmerston a "change came o'er the spirit of the scene," and it was soon most plainly apparent that the great mass of Palmerstonian Liberals were simply Whigs at best, and many more of them Tories pure and simple, with a very thin veneer of Liberalism. What followed? The Russell-Gladstone Ministry brought in a Reform Bill, the provisions of which were so mild, so intensely conservative, that the Radical party, though prepared to vote for it, denounced its authors for their pusillanimity, for lacking the courage of their convictions and for the general inadequacy of the measure.

But what did the so-called majority of the Liberal Parliament do? They cried out that it was "a revolutionary measure," rang the old cries with which the ears of Reformers had been greeted for generations as to the evils of democracy and the ills the measure would bring upon the nation. "The House of Lords would be swept away, Church and State would be disassociated, nay even the crown would not be safe!"

What happened then?

The House defeated the measure and a genuine Tory Government came into office. The sequel is yet more strange, for it is hard to realize that this same Ministry with the Earl of Derby as Premier and Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, not only passed a Reform Bill far more sweeping in its changes than the measure they had assisted in defeating proposed, but they gloried in their tergiversation.

Lord Derby cynically remarked when taxed with his conduct that "he had dished the Whigs," while Mr. Disraeli, with a touch of the contempt he really felt for ultra-Toryism, said sarcastically, "We have educated our party."

One word must be said here for Lord Salisbury, who was at first a member of this Ministry. He was no party to this shameless abandonment of principle and resigned his seat in the Cabinet rather than acquiesce in it.

Do not let it be supposed that any exception is meant to be taken to the extension of the voting franchise granted by the Tories. The measure was a good one. What was to be condemned was the conduct of the men who obtained power by opposing a much less drastic measure.

Then finding they had egregiously blundered, that the country demanded reform, they retained their seats by out-bidding their political adversaries.

However, this conduct gained them

no votes at the polls, for on the appeal to the country made by Mr. Disraeli (who had then become Premier) in 1868, this first Whig, then Tory Parliament was swept away and supplanted by a Radical House with a majority over its Conservative opponents of 70 votes.

Then followed the "Golden Era," as it has been described, of modern English Liberalism. The first step in the direction of perfect religious equality was achieved by the disestablishment and disendowment of the Anglican Church in Ireland. Following this came the Ballot, Education, and Abolition of purchase in the Army Acts. Besides these great measures, all of untold usefulness, all religious tests were abolished at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and a stringent measure of reform was effected in the licensing of taverns and in the laws governing the sale of intoxicating liquors.

"Surely," any ordinary observer would remark, "this Parliament's work was endorsed by the electors." Not at all. Mr. Gladstone, who had been the Prime Minister throughout all these great changes, dissolved Parliament on January 26th, 1874.

To his utter amazement and to the chagrin of his followers, the country rejected the Liberal party and expressed no gratitude for the boons which had been bestowed upon them. With what the Radicals deemed the "basest political ingratitude," the electors returned the Conservatives to power with a very large majority in the House.

We need not dwell long upon the events of the Conservative regime of 1874-80, excepting to point out that in that space of time was initiated what is now known as the Imperialistic policy, then designated by a section of the Liberal party as "Jingoism,"* and the Transvaal was annexed. This Parliament was dissolved March 23rd, 1880.

Again the electorate swung around, and once more placed Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party in office. The new House met on April 29th, 1880, with a clear majority of Gladstonian Liberals over Tories and Home Rulers combined. Only one feature, yet it is a very important one, of this Parliament's legislation need here be referred to, that was the "Retrocession of the Transvaal" after the defeat of the British at Majuba Hill.

We may only glance at the career of the subsequent Parliaments, elected in 1885, in 1886 and in 1892. The country in no case endorsed by its votes at the polling booths their policy. In that of 1885 the Home Rulers held the balance of power; in that of 1886 the Liberal Unionists held the scales. In 1892 the Gladstonians were again in the ascendency, even without the aid of the Home Rule vote, and this state of things came to an end in July, 1895.

Then, at the general election the Conservatives were returned to power with a small majority over all the other parties, and with a majority, by the aid of the Liberal Unionists, of more than 150 over Liberals and Home Rulers combined.

In the elections just concluded, this majority has been all but fully maintained, the policy of the Government in South Africa has been emphatically endorsed, and the fame and statesmanship of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain enhanced to a degree unprecedented in the political annals of the now fast closing century.

Great Britain's electorate, as well as that of a great part of Ireland, has spoken with no uncertain sound. There is no question of what they mean. They mean that the integrity of the Empire must be and shall be maintained; that the Cape Colonies in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada are integral portions of the British Empire, and that any assailant of the one is an assailant of the whole.

*This term originated from a Music Hall ditty entitled "We Don't Want to Fight." The chorus was:

We don't want to fight,
But by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we have the men,
We have the money too.

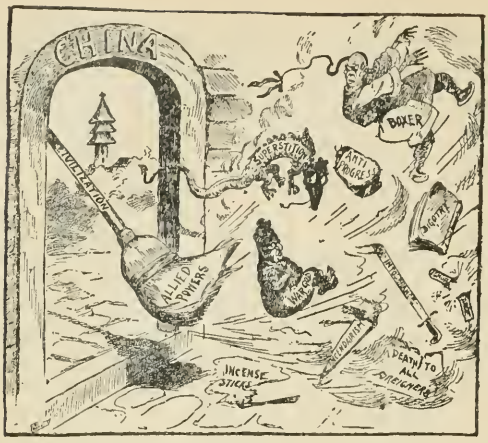
Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

IT is as a study in the ways of diplomacy that the Chinese question has been chiefly interesting during the past month. As such it is very interesting. Nothing could more clearly reveal the uncertainty and suspicion with which the allies regard each other than the, in most cases, tentative and timid nature of the proposals which their diplomats have been making. To a plain man who likes plain language and prompt decision, the diplomats of Europe, on the subject of future action in China, may well seem bewildered and incompetent; but we cannot judge the business ability of these statesmen by the wording of their notes without taking into account the very difficult conditions with which they have to deal. Any such co-operation among a number of nations as we have witnessed in China is a very new thing in the history of the world. Eight ambitious and selfish individuals could wind up the affairs of a common debtor and divide the assets, or agree to extend credit and let the firm continue in business, without much difficulty and in very brief time. But they have experience, custom and law to guide and control them. Eight ambitious and selfish nations, confronted by a similar problem, have little experience, and nothing that can be called custom or law for their guidance, and are only controlled by their fear of physical force. It is, therefore, an exceedingly difficult thing to arrive at a preliminary understanding. No Power would be allowed to act alone and each is afraid to let the others act without it. The method adopted by the diplomats for arriving at this understanding is to draw up a note or memorandum and send it to all the Governments interested. At first these notes must be as vague as possible and must do no more than suggest certain principles of action. They must not appear to commit anybody to anything. The statesmen of the Powers to whom a note is addressed consider carefully whether the plans they have in mind can possibly be considered as coming under the general terms used. If so, they express their assent to the note. If not, they say a few polite words and prepare a note of their own. In this way the diplomats have been spending weeks and they are not yet ready to take hold of the real business of settlement. It may appear like trifling or word-splitting in the presence of momentous issues, but it is the only practicable method of preparing the way for the co-operation

COUNT VON WALDERSEE.

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in China.



THE OPEN DOOR THAT CHINA NEEDS.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

of such jealous and divergently ambitious units as are the great powers of to-day; and it must not be forgotten that it is probably more important for the world that the practice of co-operation should be confirmed and its methods worked out, than that the best solution of the particular problem presented in China at the present time should be adopted. At least, mistakes or crimes have been, or will be, committed in China, but of the possible gains for the world such a confirmation of co-operation would be, perhaps, most important.

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On August 25th the Russian note suggested that the Powers should withdraw their embassies and forces from Pekin and let the Chinese Government come back before negotiations should begin. This note also made certain statements as to Russia's intentions in Manchuria, which left Russia free to follow her own inclinations. The suggestion of withdrawal did not suit the views of the rest of the allies, so they said a few polite words and stayed. Then Germany drew up a note suggesting that before diplomatic relations could be opened up with the Chinese Court the ringleaders of the anti-foreign movement should be delivered up, and that the representatives of the Powers at Pekin should be asked to furnish a list of those whom they had good evidence to believe were the ring-leaders. This proposal was hailed by the British press, and to a less extent by the press in other countries, with a cordiality of approval that was somewhat surprising, for it was open to several serious objections. The first objection was that if an effect upon the Chinese people was desired that effect should be produced by compelling the Chinese Government to do the punishing, and not only to deliver up certain parties for foreign nations to punish. Another objection was that the list furnished by the representatives might not be complete or in all respects accurate; and the third objection was that it was certain that the Empress Dowager must be considered a party to the uprising, and probably more responsible for it than any other single party, and it would be quite out of the question to ask her to deliver herself up; and yet, if this was not done, both the allies and the Chinese Court would recognize that there was something of mere formality about it, and not an intention to do strict justice. Indeed, it would seem that the fact of the matter is that the movement was a national one, and as such it is impossible to do justice by meting out punishment to only a few. Although the press was enthusiastic over this note, the diplomats smiled and said nothing. A nation cannot admit it was wrong, and so Germany pretended that she had barely hinted at certain general principles in this note, and proceeded to work them up in a little more detail in another note dated October 4th. In the meantime the Chinese Government, perhaps alarmed lest the allies should really draw up such a list, issued an edict which degraded Prince Tuan and other Boxer leaders, and handed them over to one of the Imperial courts for punishment. The new German note suggested that the Powers should instruct their representatives in China to report whether the list of those thus treated by the Chinese Government

was a complete list ; whether the punishments were adequate ; and in what way the Powers could control the carrying out of the penalty. These suggestions were made " in furtherance of the procedure proposed " in the former note, but it is clear that they were entirely different from the former proposals, which contemplated the handing over of the criminals to the allies; but this fiction of continuity is one of the ways of diplomacy. Germany's second note seemed to meet a more favourable reception. Then the French Government drew up a note dated October 10th, which was much more specific than the others. In addition to suggesting that the Powers insist on the punishment of the guilty persons who might be designated by their representatives, and that the representatives should suggest additions to the list of those already degraded by the Chinese Government, this note dealt with the continuance of the interdiction against the importation of arms, with indemnities for governments, corporations and private individuals, with a permanent guard for the Legations at Pekin, with the dismantling of the forts at Taku, and with the military occupation of two or three points between Tien Tsin and Pekin. But some of these latter proposals were going a little too fast for the rest of the Powers, and again they smiled politely, and set to work to think again. These are the ways of diplomacy.

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In the meantime, what has been happening? Events do not always wait for diplomats. The allied forces have been establishing themselves at Pekin, and clearing the road between it and the sea. Russia has acted upon her own suggestion and withdrawn her legation from Pekin, and the United States has withdrawn all its forces with the exception of a strong legation guard. Punitive expeditions have been undertaken in one or two directions, but there is nothing to show that the situation has been materially improved. Indeed, there is much evidence that a very formidable movement is preparing in the Southern portion of China, and the great significance of this movement is that it is not only anti-foreign, but anti-Manchu. The Chinese Court has so far refused to return to Pekin. There are other capitals even more sacred than Pekin and with greater advantages. Indeed, Pekin is comparatively a modern capital, and was selected chiefly because it was nearer to the centre of Manchu power in the North than for any other reason. Although several times the capital before that date, when control fluctuated between the Manchus and the Chinese, it has been the permanent capital of China only since 1403. The oldest metropolis of the Empire and the seat of Government under four dynasties is a city in the Province of Shen-si, the name of which is spelled in some half-dozen different ways. The one prevailing in the press reports is Singan. It is a more populous city than Pekin, and a greater centre of trade. It has also great strategic advantages, for it is surrounded on three sides by mountains and a river runs past on the fourth side. From it great roads lead out in all directions, and it has also, through the great canals and the Hoang River, water communications with all parts. In addition to these advantages, another very decided one

THE BEAR THAT HUGS LIKE A MAN.

The Empress: "Tighter, Bruin, tighter."
—*Minneapolis Journal.*

is that it is 750 miles inland, and it would be practically impossible for the allies to keep their communications open, even if a force should succeed in reaching it; and as the water communications could be so easily blocked by the Chinese, there would be no chance of reaching it by water. If the Chinese Court will not come to the allies, and the allies cannot go to the Court, what will be done? We must wait to see.

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In the Anglo-Saxon world election contests have been the principal events. The United Kingdom, the United States, Australia and Canada have been concerned with the problems of national elections. It is interesting to note that national expansion, which with varying admixtures is called Imperialism, has been the chief subject at issue. In the United States the parties are clearly divided upon this issue. In the United Kingdom the issue has not been so clearly drawn, for the reason that a large number of Liberals, including many of the ablest men in the party, are avowedly Imperialists, and among the rest of the party there is more opposition to particular methods than to the general principle of expansion. In Canada the issue is still more confused. There are the elements of a conflict between Imperialism and anti-Imperialism here, but the issue has not been clearly drawn as between the parties. In the United Kingdom the results of the elections are just about what was expected. The Conservatives have been returned to power by an exceedingly large majority. Mr. Chamberlain has been more prominent than any other man in England, and the results of the elections must be regarded as to a considerable extent a personal triumph for him. Perhaps no man in English politics has more enemies than Mr. Chamberlain. Unfortunately, no one of these has ability of an order high enough to meet Mr. Chamberlain upon anything like equal ground. The result is that he is constantly being baited by men of medium ability, instead of being met by equals. These men he can lash into silence for a time, but they inevitably renew their stinging attacks at the first opportunity. Several of the most prominent of these enemies have been defeated during the elections, and there is little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain used all his influence to secure their defeat. This is one way in which the elections have been a personal triumph for him. But another effect of the baiting he has received, from men who have been able to establish and maintain nothing, has been a certain rallying to him of a class which might not otherwise so warmly have supported him. Then, again, the campaign was fought upon the issues created by the war in South Africa, which was a matter handled in its earlier stages, at least, by Mr. Chamberlain. For the country to sustain the Government upon these issues was for it to sustain and endorse Mr. Chamberlain. On the other hand, however, several things must be taken into account. In the first place, the Conservative majority is not so large as it was at the last election. In 1895 the Conservative majority was 152, and at that time the Liberal party was certainly not so weak

THE DINNER PAIL IN U.S. POLITICS.

FULL DINNER PAIL—"HOLD UP, TEDDY, YOU'RE WORKING ME TOO HARD."
—*Rochester Herald.*

and disorganized as it is to-day. The Government, therefore, have not done so well this time as they did last time. But as against this it might be noted that alternation of parties has been the rule in English politics for the past thirty years, this being the first important break.

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Before this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers, the detachment of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, which left Cape Town on Sept. 30th direct for Canada, will undoubtedly have arrived and will have received the first of that series of welcomes which awaits them in this country. The men of the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, have performed good work in South Africa. They took part in some forty engagements and covered in straight marching 1,000 miles. It has been pointed out that Canadians may be inclined to overestimate the work of their fellow-countrymen. This may be so if comparisons are made with other regiments, but we do not need to say that the Canadians did better than any other soldiers at the front in any particular respect in order to represent their work as worthy of the highest praise. The Canadian Infantry, for example, probably did no more than any other regiment in the 19th Brigade. Its casualties were heavy, but certainly not so heavy as those of the Gordon Highlanders; but the chief point is that the Canadians could do, and did do, everything the tried regiments of British regulars in that Brigade could do. The record of that Brigade, which between Graspan and Pretoria marched 620 miles and fought in 37 engagements, without a single defeat, is a proud record for every regiment in it.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, K.T., G.C.M.G., FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

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The appointment of the Earl of Hopetoun as the first Governor of the Commonwealth of Australia recalls attention to the fact that Australian federation is an accomplished fact. On the first of January, 1901, it is expected that the new constitution will go into effect. Lord Hopetoun, who is just forty years of age, has already had experience in Australia, having been Governor of Victoria from 1889 to 1895. He has occupied many other important official positions, and is now Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household. It is said that he possesses tact, geniality and high character. With these qualities he should successfully fill his position. Canada extends congratulations to its sister commonwealth.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

To our readers, and especially to all women workers—greeting, happiness and good success.

These pages are to be your pages, and therefore their Editor will always be glad to receive criticisms and suggestions from you, for she desires through your co-operation and interest to make this new department as varied and as useful as is woman's sphere in this Canada of ours.

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ONE was forcibly reminded of King Solomon's picture of the excellent Woman, "who looketh well to the ways of her household," when listening to the many clever addresses, and bright discussions, on the varied aspects of good home-making at the recent meetings of the National Household Economic Association of the United States, which were held in Toronto. Verily the responsibility of the housekeeper is great in these days. No longer is it sufficient that she can darn a stocking, have a light hand for pastry and a discerning eye for dust, for within the reach of her who desires to be a good homemaker is the scientific knowledge of the economic and hygienic value of foods, fuel and clothing, and she may, if she will, acquire an intelligent knowledge of correct plumbing, drainage, ventilation, and the best methods of sanitation for her home. The wonderful spread of such knowledge in the schools in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, the United States and other countries makes one feel a little jealous for the coming homemakers of Canada who are deprived of this "Higher Education," as it is called in Germany, except in a few of the most up-to-date schools. An important address was that given by Mrs. Florence Kelly, of New York, who strongly urged the responsibility of women purchasers to ascertain that the garments they buy are made under good conditions, holding them equally guilty with the seller for the evils that always follow from underpaid labour, and the manufacture of clothing amid insanitary surroundings. Some of the discussion brought out keen bits of humour that were much enjoyed. Mrs. Helen Campbell's description, for example, of an elaborate salad "that was fearfully and wonderfully made, and that looked like someone's last summer hat," caused a hearty laugh. In the matter of the problem of domestic service the general opinion seemed to be that new conditions having arisen the old order will have to change, and that trained service, regular hours, and a definite business-like agreement as to the work to be performed will alone prove the solution of the difficulty.

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WOMEN WORKERS.

The National Council of Women of Canada are to be congratulated upon the handbook of women's work, and interests which, at the request of the Dominion Government, they compiled for the Paris Exposition, in order that the life and work of Canadian women might be properly presented to the world. The almost insuperable difficulty of getting the full information required for the able essays, and carefully compiled statistics which this book contains, in the short time at their disposal, made the work of the Conveners and Committees of the several departments into which the book is divided extremely onerous. The task of final editing fell principally

to Mrs. George Drummond, of Montreal, and to Miss Teresa Wilson, Corresponding Secretary of the Council, to whom special praise is due. The preface, which was written by Mrs. Drummond, concludes with these words :—

"This book goes forth from the women of Canada that it may tell something of the building up of this youngest of nations ; how, not alone by material prosperity, but also by 'the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners,' and, above all, 'by the power of conduct,' it is growing to its full stature. And, lest some should think from the title and contents of this book that it is our desire to separate or to place in rivalry the 'life and works' of women and of men, let it be understood that our classification is only for convenience, but that our hope is rather in that growing sense of mutual need which is drawing men and women into closer companionship, and is sending them out, not singly, but together, for the help and salvation of the world."

As the result of the patriotic addresses which were given by Miss FitzGibbon at the receptions tendered to the National Council delegates in the various cities on their way to Victoria in the summer, four Historical Societies of women are now being formed in the West, and steps are being taken in Charlottetown with the same object in view.

The Woman's Art Association of Canada continues to do capital work in many directions, as was shown by the reports from Toronto and from the branches in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, St. Thomas, Brockville, Portage la Prairie and other places, which were presented at the annual meeting on Monday, Oct. 1st. Ceramic Exhibitions, Sketch Exhibitions, Loan Exhibitions of Industrial Arts, Courses of Lectures and Open Studio days are some of the ways by which this energetic Society seeks to promote the cause of true art in the lives of the people. Particular attention is paid to the study of Applied Design by the members, especially in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, and they are encouraged in this respect by the fact that manufacturers are offering prizes for work of this class.

The W.C.T.U. are organizing a strong crusade throughout Canada against the sale of cigarettes, and monster petitions will be drawn up to that effect. These will also contain the opinions of leading Educationists and others as to the deleterious effect of cigarette smoking.

The reports received by the Provincial Board of the Church of England Women's Auxiliary to Missions show that over $40,000 has been contributed during the year through the various funds, exclusive of Diocesan Missions, and that 645 bales of warm clothing have been sent to needy missions during the same time.

The Interprovincial Golf Match between the golfers of Ontario and Quebec was a great success in every way, and besides being a great incentive to skilful play on the part of the ladies, also helped to promote a unity of interests between the women of the two provinces that is very much to be commended from a national standpoint.

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MRS. TWEEDIE.

A ring at the telephone, and an invitation from a well-known Ottawa man to dine with his wife and himself at the Rossin, Toronto, were the means whereby I enjoyed the pleasure recently of renewing an acquaintance, made at the International Council meetings last year, with Mrs. Alec Tweedie, one of the best known women-writers in old London, who was passing through Canada on her way to Mexico. Mrs. Tweedie is a handsome, graceful woman in appearance, with large, dark eyes, and her manner is particularly bright and animated. She it was who first introduced her old friend Dr. Nansen to English society, and it was at her pretty house in Regent's Park, which, since then, is full of Arctic curios, that he took his farewell dinner the night be-

fore he left England on his journey o discovery to the North Pole.

In her book, entitled "A Winter Jaunt to Norway," Mrs. Tweedie gives this clever pen-picture of another famous friend of hers, Henrik Ibsen, as she saw him in his home for the first time :—"The Doctor is a small man, thick-set—one might almost say stout —in build. His head is splendid. The long white hair is a tangled mass of glistening locks. It is brushed straight up from an unusually high forehead, and stands out as a sort of frame to the face ; indeed, the face is completely framed by white hair, for Ibsen wears whiskers, and a beard under the chin, the chin itself and the upper lip being clean-shaven. By this arrangement the mouth is clearly visible, and it is a very curious mouth. The upper lip is so short, and the mouth so thin and decided, that the top lip hardly shows at all. The mouth is very determined, with a pleasant smile when talking. He always wears glasses, and whether from their use or from short-sightedness, the eyes themselves are somewhat sunken, and much hidden by the shaggy eyebrows. It is a keen face, not actually handsome, but impressive, and denotes power and penetration. He wore a complete suit of shiny black cloth, with a double-breasted frock-coat, a few of the buttons of which were somewhat the worse for wear. In manner he was quiet and reserved, and spoke very slowly and deliberately, although he is a perfect master of the German tongue. He is undoubtedly a shy man, and consequently does not shine in society, but he enjoys it all in his quiet way, nevertheless, and is always extremely polite and courteous. At the same time he is anything but chatty, and is really a far better listener than a talker. He prefers being amused to amusing others, probably from his diffidence with strangers. He is a great admirer of the other sex, and more affable with them than with his own. Indeed, he has a keen appreciation of a pretty face, and says so."

In Hamilton—That the Fessenden Court of the Daughters of the Empire intend to present new colours to the 13th Battalion, to replace those that are worn out.

THEY SAY

In Montreal — That the scheme of Associated Charities is working most satisfactorily, and is proving a great help and benefit to all the charities of the city.

In England—That the Queen was pleased to have the Lady Marjorie Gordon presented to her on her arrival in Scotland, where Her Majesty was received by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of the County.

In Guelph—That there are one hundred thousand Christian Endeavourers in Canada, more than half of whom are women.

In Toronto—That the meeting of the Local Council held this month was thoroughly enjoyed by the crowded audience.

In Ireland—That the women of that country intend to present Lord Roberts with a jewelled sword when he returns home from South Africa.

On the Golf Links—That they hope there will be no snow before Christmas.

In Prince Edward Island — That there are over a thousand women farmers in that Province.

E. C.

THE MAKER OF MEN.

IT seems impossible for man to get away from primary principles. History portrays our grandmothers in short dresses, pinafores and sleeves well rolled up, standing on a chair beside the kitchen table making bread for the household. That period of domestic economics and household industry was followed by the regime of the baker, while our mothers sought the intricate by-ways of physical sciences or endeavoured to thread the labyrinths of mental and moral philosophies. To-day our sisters have heard the cry of the hungry, the dyspeptic and the neglected, and by way of the cooking school are again establishing the art

of bread-making in the kitchens of our homes.

At least this is what we are promised by the National Household Economic Association, which held its eighth annual session last month in this city. In describing her work, and that of the women of her class, while on the prairies where men were many and women were few, and when the raw materials for cooking were chiefly flour, dried apples, tea and pork, Miss Fitz-Gibbon said that, despite their other attractions, men always gravitated to the women who could bake the best bread; thus proving, said she, that bread is the staff of life for man, and bread-making the chief source of attraction in a woman. But the most startling statement at this convention was made by Mrs. Helen Campbell, who said, "Man is absolutely what woman makes him. She can train her child to appreciate and enjoy simple, wholesome food, and to know when he has had sufficient, thus developing a strong, rugged constitution, and a man with will-power and self-restraint. Or, on the other hand, she can pamper his appetite and spoil his digestion so that she has nothing but a peevish, wilful weakling. The need of the hour is pure, wholesome, simple food, prepared in the neatest, cleanest, simplest way."

He would be a bold man who would deny a modicum of truth in these eloquent words of this wide-awake woman who roundly abuses the waste of time and energy consumed in making indigestible compounds and in rendering complicated service, but the point that chiefly interests us is the word "absolutely." It may startle many to realize in this intellectual age when so much is said of heredity, environment and evolution, to hear that the epicure in man has still the controlling influence, and that she who selects, makes and serves the epicure, is able, with a show of truth, to say that she can "absolutely" make or unmake man. The thought may be worthy of careful consideration, and may prove a bitter truth, though the Good Book says, "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet."

E. Ryerson Young, Jr.

EXTENSION LECTURES.

THE Canadian Household Economic Association, of which Mrs. J. L. Hughes of Toronto is President, and Miss A. Chown of Kingston is Secretary, has prepared a series of extension lectures. Any association willing to make local arrangements and pay travelling expenses may secure speakers to discuss the subjects which have been chosen, as follows:

The Social Significance of the Family.—Mr. A. Shortt, Professor of Political Science, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

The Family and its Region.—Mr. James Mavor, Professor of Political Science, University College, Toronto, Ont.

Educational Aims and Agencies.—W. S. Ellis, B.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, Kingston, Ont.

Foods and Their Nutritive Value.—Miss N. C. Ross, B.A., Graduate of Toronto Y.W.C.A., Ontario Normal and Chautauqua Schools of Domestic Science.

Adulterations of Food.—Miss E. M. Curzon, School of Practical Science, Toronto.

Sanitation.—Mrs. Jean Sinclair, Montreal, Que., Pupil of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., and Technical Institute, Liverpool, Eng.

The School of Domestic Science and its Field in Education.—Mrs. A. Hoodless, President of the Ontario Normal School of Domestic Science, Hamilton, Ont.

Art Applied to Interior Decoration and Furnishing.—Feb. 5th to 10th, 1901. Miss Lilian Vaux Evans, pupil of Mr. Dow, Pratt Institute.

Kindergarten Lectures.—Miss Edith A. Anning, President of the Ontario Kindergarten Union, Belleville, Ont.

The Association, though young, is working very vigorously, as this programme shows.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

MILLIONAIRES with a feverish desire to make more millions out of building and running railways are driving us to advocate Government ownership of these trade servers. Mr. Harmsworth, the millionaire proprietor of the London *Daily Mail*, is now endeavouring to buy the London *Times*, the most stable organ of public opinion in the world. Mr. Harmsworth and his imitators, for he is sure to have imitators, must be careful or Government ownership of newspapers will be a live topic. Already the signs point that way. Democracy is suffering from the irresponsible and unreliable daily papers which, like strong drink, tend to inflame men's passions. Some people in London are proposing that the British Parliament shall pass legislation providing penalties for the publication of incorrect and unreliable and extravagant news. This is the result of the publication in London of sensational stories from China which never came over the cable.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF NEWSPAPERS.

Apropos of this, it is said that a certain Canadian daily paper published some half-dozen cablegrams from its war correspondent in South Africa, which the correspondent declared, on his return, to have been forgeries. Another Canadian daily is in the habit of publishing "expanded" cablegrams from foreign storm-centres which have not always been based upon genuine cablegrams. If punishment follows in the form of a new kind of censorship, the newspaper publishers will have only themselves to blame. A reaction against foolish sensationalism, and the steady growth of education among the common people, may however cause a reaction rendering such legislation unnecessary; but the indications do not point that way.

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The election of Mr. Gilbert Parker as representative of the riding of Gravesend in the British House of Commons is a tribute to Canada and to Mr. Parker. It is a tribute to Canada because Mr. Parker is a Canadian, and to Mr. Parker because as a Canadian he was able to win the approval of a British Ministry and of a constituency. So, to some extent, is the election of Mr. Brown, a son of the late Hon. George Brown, in Edinburgh.

CANADA AT WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Parker is an Imperialist who has lived in Australia, Canada and in London. He has seen the Empire at the outposts and at the centre. He believes that the Empire has a great work to do, a high duty to perform, and that in these functions the whole of the Empire must co-operate under an Imperial system. He will be a friend to colonial self-government and an advocate of colonial co-operation. When any question concerning Canada arises, the presence of Mr. Parker and Mr. Brown in the British House will be of considerable value to this country. When general colonial questions are to the front, the presence of such men in that House will ensure more thorough consideration. That the electors of Gravesend and Edinburgh have been broad-minded enough to elect colonials is an evidence that the position of a colonial is by no means an unenviable one and that the people of Great Britain are not unmindful of the services and the possibilities of the colonies.

It must not be forgotten that there are three other Canadians in that House —the Hon. Edward Blake from an Irish constituency, General Laurie from a

Welsh riding, and Lord Milton, Unionist member for Wakefield.

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The International Peace Congress in Paris has protested against this backing up the missionary with the military power. The point is well taken. If the missionary desires to penetrate into China, let him do as the Master and His Apostles did—risk his life in the same way as any other soldier.

MISSIONARY VS. CITIZEN.

Let this question be asked of any British soldier—commissioned, non-commissioned, or rank-and-file: "Do you like the task of penetrating into China to save missionaries?" and the answer will throw some light on a great question. Ask Lord Salisbury and President McKinley whether they are pleased with the opportunity of sending armies into China to rescue the daring Christians who have gone in there to teach John Chinaman, and the answers of these statesmen will give more light on this burning question. Ask the world of journalists, publicists and business men what it thinks of this backing up missionaries with the civil and military power, and more light will be gained.

The folly of sending missionaries from Canada where only one-half of the population attends divine service, and where there is ten times as much work to be done as the church is able to compass, is apparent. The ridiculousness of the Canadian foreign missionary movement is so patent that to go into the numbers of criminals, jails, penitentiaries, brothels, gambling dens, policemen, police magistrates and so on would be a sheer waste of good argument. And yet our leading divines go on collecting coppers for this purpose from our innocent women and children.

Some of these missionaries are fanatics. Most of them are in earnest. Some of them cannot be praised so highly. One, by name Miss Douw, landed at San Francisco the other day and is reported to have said: "There is no use of talking settlement until we have the heads of Prince Tuan and of the Empress-Dowager." This woman reminds one of another female who prevailed upon her daughter to ask an indulgent and generous monarch for the head of John the Baptist. Surely the women of to-day are less bloodthirsty than those who lived eighteen centuries ago, and this missionary girl has misrepresented her sex! A man who would make such a statement would be deemed a stern man, but what of a woman and a missionary?

A leading Methodist divine has recently said that China's greatest need is more missionaries. My opinion, expressed in all humility, is that in the interests of humanity the missionary should be given a Government job which will keep him at home.

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According to the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, which met in Ottawa last month, manual training is "a capitalistic scheme to crowd the already glutted labour market." This is delightful nonsense. The labour market can never be glutted until the world is overpopulated, and that condition will not obtain for some years yet. In the second place, it is not a capitalistic scheme, being too generous and too high-minded for any person who could be labelled a "selfish capitalist." It is an educational movement stimulated by those who believe that the body and the mind should be developed at the same time, and that certain knowledge can be best transmitted to the mind through the hands and the eyes. The labour delegates have misunderstood its purpose, and when they are better informed they will think differently. They might as well condemn the teaching of drawing and kindergarten work, for manual training is only a higher form of these. Manual training will make better lawyers, better doctors, better architects and better workmen, and is just as necessary to the one class as to the other. Tech-

MANUAL TRAINING MISUNDERSTOOD.

nical education, on the other hand, is intended only for the improvement of workingmen, and herein it differs from manual training.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF BUSINESS.

Not long ago a leading Canadian publisher, in speaking to an author who desired to introduce some radical features into a book which had been prepared for that publisher, remarked: "The task of educating the public is too great for me. I am willing to keep just ahead of them, but I am not fool enough to wreck my business in trying to educate them."

A professor in Toronto University, a few years ago, remarked to his students: "The most successful man is the one who can most readily and most fully adapt himself to the circumstances in which he finds himself."

These incidents are set down here because they sum up modern business philosophy. Let the young man who wishes to succeed in life ponder their lesson. The individual who sets out in life to accomplish a great reform, to bend the world to his ideas, may succeed. If he does he will be one of the few truly great. He is taking large chances, though. It is better to bend than to break. The surest way to success is by bending. Notice the politicians; they bend almost double. Notice the acrobatic actions of the successful business man; they are the result of a long course of physical culture. Start out by accepting things as they are and then proceed from that point. Ideals may be followed, but the bending must be done every other day, sometimes every day.

By way of illustration, look at modern journalism. Is there a daily paper in the world that is not bending and salaaming in every column? The people who use its advertising pages are supple acrobats. Those who write the society news have special double-elastic backs. The news-editor who writes the big headings for the telegraph and cable news, gives the reader just what he wants—something sensational to catch his eye; the men who write the editorials—but these men sometimes have ideals and sometimes follow them closely. It may not be apparent always, but then you must go behind the scenes to get at the real merits of the editorial writers.

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MANITOBA'S NEW PREMIER.

Manitoba has, in capacity for constitutional government, gone a long way past the days when Sir Adams Archibald, the first Governor, invited men to join or retire from his Cabinet, assisted his Ministers in drawing their statutes, dictated their appointments and ran affairs in general. Those were the boyhood days; but Manitoba is now thirty years of age, and a civil service and a political experience have removed most of the crudities in its system of self-government. Mr. R. A. Davis took up the work which Governor Archibald had started, and the Hon. John Norquay and the Hon. Thomas Greenway completed the task of organizing a Provincial Government competent and constitutional in all its branches.

The Conservative party in the Manitoba Legislature has decided that when the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald resigns the Premiership of that Province he shall be succeeded by Mr. Redmond P. Roblin. This gentleman was born in Prince Edward Island and educated in Ontario, but has long been a resident of the new Prairie Province. In the early part of his political career he sat on the Liberal side of the Legislature, but changed to the Conservative side and became one of their leaders. He is not a professional politician but a successful merchant, and is thus the stamp of man who should be of supreme service to a Province which requires business-like governing.

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After several months' illness, the Hon. F. G. Marchand, Premier of the

QUEBEC'S TYPE OF PREMIER.

Province of Quebec, passed away on the evening of September 25th, in his sixty-ninth year. His father was a merchant of St. John's, and the son practised law in that town during the greater part of his life. He was first returned to the Legislature of Quebec in the year of Confederation, and has sat continuously since that time. He became leader of the defeated Liberal party in that Province in 1892, and led it to victory in 1897. He was a writer of considerable power, and is the author of three comedies and a vaudeville. Among his honours was that of being President of the Royal Society of Canada in 1897.

Quebec has had a number of very excellent premiers. The Hon. Mr. Chauveau, afterwards Speaker of the Dominion Senate, was the first of these, and he did a great deal for the new Province of Quebec. He was a prototype of the Hon. Mr. Marchand—lawyer, editor, scholar, statesman—a type perhaps higher than that obtaining in any other Province of the Dominion. The Hon. Mr. Ouimet, the second Premier, who is still living, is of the same type, being even "Officier d'Instruction Publique," by the decision of the rulers of France. So is Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, fourth Premier of Quebec, and present Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. The Hon. Mr. de Boucherville was of a different stamp, as his collision with Lieutenant-Governor Letellier showed. He more nearly resembled Sir Adolphe Chapleau, though falling short of the latter's brilliancy. The Hon. Mr. Mousseau and the Hon. Mr. Ross were not remarkable men, and they filled the lull which precedes the storm. The storm appeared in the person of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, and the electrical display was magnificent, even if the tax-payers are still paying the bills. After this disturbance the Province was glad to rest under Taillon, Flynn and Marchand—all modest, cautious, anxious to govern in the best interests of the people, preferring solid performance to showy externals, and effecting economies as though it were not the most hum-drum and unpleasant of all political tasks.

In spite of a too high appreciation for political trickery, and in spite of a certain taint of continental mediævalism, the Province of Quebec is destined to be one of the most prosperous in the Dominion. Her agriculture is improving, her railroads are increasing in length, and the manufacturer has invaded her quiet districts. The Quebec of 1920 will be as different from the Quebec of 1880, as noonday is from dawn.

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FOREIGN MONEY.

Writing to a Toronto daily paper ot the Canadian habit of accepting United States paper money and the United States habit of rejecting Canadian paper money, an English visitor says: "The Canadians, I find, in my brief experience of their beautiful country, are as a body much too fond of eating humble pie at the hands of Uncle Sam. If that distinguished gentleman will not accept your bills, decline on every occasion to accept his —reciprocity will follow.

"Assert your nationality with firmness, but at the same time with courtesy, and be a bit less fond of flaunting the Stars and Stripes all over your streets and in your shops.

"I was some weeks in New York, and never once saw a British flag flying, except at the masthead of a British vessel."

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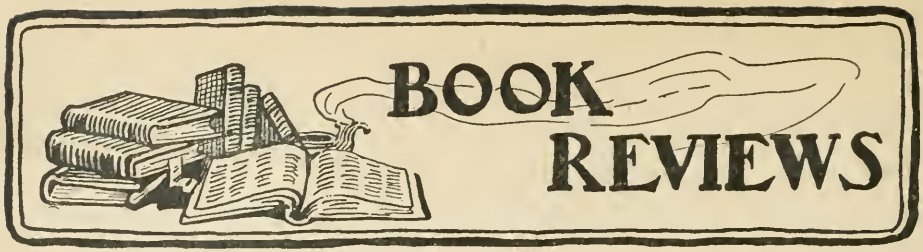
GENERAL ELECTION.

On November 7th the General Election will decide the fate of two sets of politicians, but it may incidentally decide or throw light upon other questions. The most important of these is: To what extent is the independent voter gaining ground on the machine voter? This is a most interesting and important question. The answer to it will tell whether, in political methods, we are drifting towards the British or the United States standard.

John A. Cooper.



THE MASTER CHRISTIAN.

THE superior critics condemn Miss Corelli. They find that she is shallow, and that her art is bad. Despite these severe censures her books sell by the thousand, while the able works produced by writers whom the critics approve groan upon the shelves. The voice of the people may not be the voice of God, but we doubt if any living novel-writer would sacrifice a sale of ten thousand copies in order to secure the praises of the literati.

But there must be some rational way of accounting for Miss Corelli's success without concluding that her readers lack taste and sense entirely. There is not the least difficulty in determining the causes of the popularity of "The Master Christian."* It is an arraignment of the ecclesiastical system and modern Christianity, as typified mainly by the Church of Rome, and partly by the Church of England. There is always an audience for that sort of thing. Dickens laid himself open to much misconception by satirizing in "Barnaby Rudge" the No Popery riots of 1780, and he gave great offence by presenting Sir John Chester as a champion and leader of orthodox Protestantism. The movement against Ritualism in England has stirred up a strong Protestant feeling, and this has doubtless led to the writing of books like "The Master Christian" which appeal—over the heads of historians, philosophers, and cynics—to the mass of the people. Dickens made no headway with his satire against the No Popery cry. Similarly, criticisms of Miss Corelli, Mr. Hocking, and others who invoke the *odium theologicum*, are simply so much breath wasted. You may be doing your duty to sound standards of literary art by pointing out their errors, but the reading public will not want to stop and listen to your protest unless you make it entertaining. They are too much occupied in reading the book.

In "The Master Christian" Cardinal Boupré typifies the simple-minded and saintly son of the Church, while Abbé Vergniaud and nearly all the other ecclesiastics in the tale are either wicked or worldly or both. The good Cardinal adopts a foundling, the narration of whose actions borders nearly upon the impious, but who is introduced in order to give the Pope the "setting out" which a Cardinal, even a saintly one, could not be expected to give. The Cardinal has been present at a service in a Paris church during which the immoral Abbé is nearly murdered by his own natural son. The Abbé's confession of his sin, and acknowledgment of his child, give great offence at Rome whither the Cardinal is summoned. The chief persons in the tale all go there, on one pretext or another. There is Aubrey Leigh—an American actor, author and moralist—who is deeply pained at the pride and wickedness of modern churches. There is the Cardinal's beautiful niece, Anglea, who has painted a wonderful picture which ultimately brings her under the ban of the church. In fact, that is the fate of most of the characters in the book, who, however, settle down with complacency to extend the teachings of the True Church, which appears, as far as one can gather, to be the Church of Corelli. The good Cardinal—the only natural and pleasing figure in the book, and one drawn, too, with a loving and careful hand—is too old or too wise to

*The Master Christian: a Question of the Times, by Marie Corelli. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

carry out the Corelli dispensation, and dies. It is evident that the book is not lacking in bright qualities, in a certain measure of wit, of shrewd satire and vividness, but in many places it is stagey, rhetorical and incoherent. The passion and the sensationalism suggest Blanche Amory, who declared so piteously "*Il me faut des émotions*," and there seems to be a great many readers in Canada and elsewhere who are in exactly the same condition.

SONS OF THE MORNING.

There is an altogether pleasant atmosphere about Mr. Phillpotts' new novel.* We seem to feel the breeze from the Devonshire moors, to smell the flowers, to see the rabbits and the squirrels, and to hear the quaint dialect of the labourers. The book is redolent of Devonshire, and the peculiar humour of the author enlivens many a page. Whether Honor Endecott is a type of a large class we know not, but surely the situation in which she finds herself is exceptional among women. Honor is a bright and healthy woman with a large nature, and gifted with a sense of humour. Her days are passed on the farm of which she is the mistress, and an outdoor life tends to develop character and temperament in the right way. Two men compete for her smiles, and the generosity and depth of her nature is such that she loves them both. The author actually reconciles us to this point of view, and makes us agree with Honor, that as the proprieties of society and the ideas of human nature prevent her from marrying both, she will remain single. She breaks off her engagement with her neighbour, Christopher Yeoland, a lazy, irrational, good-humoured fellow, whose patrimony has dwindled away to small dimensions, and who has no ambition to restore the family dignities. Towards her cousin, Myles Stapledon, grave, calm and deep, she gradually inclines until respect warms into love. The serious side of the girl's nature responds to Myles, while the keen, impulsive and happy qualities of her mind find their greatest solace in Christopher. Yet the girl is not changeable, flippant or shallow. Hers is simply an unusual nature, deprived by circumstances from meeting a man who could fittingly mate with her. It is hardly fair to the reader to reveal the course of the tale. Both men are unselfish and anxious that her happiness shall be the first consideration. Each is willing to efface himself, and each in turn does, but we must trace the story with care to appreciate Honor's difficulty, and to realize that a woman of her calibre may occasionally make her appearance on this earth. The pictures of lowly Devonshire types which enliven many of the chapters are presented with much skill and liveliness, and those who like a story of English country life, without any of the glare of modern luxury and magnificence, will keenly appreciate this one.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

It is appropriate that a Canadian edition of Miss Joanna E. Wood's last novel should appear.* "A Daughter of Witches" was published serially in this MAGAZINE, and our readers do not require to be reminded of the charm which the story exercised over those who appreciated its fresh humour, its vivid insight into the feminine nature, and its real dramatic power. Miss Wood has the talent for taking pains without its imparting to her craftsmanchief a single blemish. The study of Vashti—a woman whose passionate and undisciplined temperament is probably incomprehensible to commonplace minds—is one of the strongest pieces of work in recent fiction, and the effect is skilfully heightened by her being drawn in striking contrast with the poetic amiability of her husband. Miss Wood, in this and other books,

* Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

* A Daughter of Witches. By Joanna E. Wood. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

exhibits complete sympathy with the various moods of human passion, and is able without apparent effort to mingle light and shade so that the tragic does not oppress and the comedy does not jar. "A Daughter of Witches" with some local colour in the Canadian country scenes, with which the authoress is so familiar, would have been even more successful.

ONE'S OWN LANGUAGE.

The educational system has broken down in attempting to make Canadian boys and girls write English correctly and well. Few young people can write a good letter. They cannot express themselves clearly, much less elegantly, so that we are put to shame in having to confess—as the President of the University of Toronto did lately—that our schools are far from what they should be. This fact is all the more humiliating, inasmuch as our French fellow-Canadians can often write and speak English better than we do. The explanation is simple. They study the best models. When they finally acquire a knowledge of our language, their expressions are based on the style of the masters of diction, of Swift and Dryden, of Steele and Addison, of Arnold and Ruskin. A French-Canadian who spoke English with a simple directness and a quaint purity which imparted an interest to even commonplace remarks, declared to the writer that he learned English by long and careful study of the writings of Bunyan. Any book that will encourage young scholars to pursue their studies of the English language in the right way, should be received with a cordial welcome, and the work for school use which Dr. Sykes has just issued,* strikes us as particularly needful and appropriate at the present time. The rules of composition given in the book are neither tedious nor intricate. An extract is given, and a number of intelligent and useful comments made upon it. The pupil is expected to acquire grammatical rules by practice rather than precept. The grammar of a language like ours is mystifying and wearisome. It is far better that the pupil should be taught to compose sentences after the mode of good writers than that his time should be taken up by the study of rules which are, in English, chiefly remarkable for their exceptions and by the conjugation of verbs, the inflections of which bear no resemblance to the regularity and rhythm of Latin, or any of the languages derived directly from Latin. Several pictures are given as the basis for descriptive essays, yet nowhere do we find any explanation of how to read a picture. To read and understand a pictorial composition is no less valuable than the power to read and understand a literary art-product, and is certainly not less rare. The author has missed an opportunity of which he might very properly have availed himself.

In the matter of punctuation there are many inconsistencies for a work that devotes so much space to the subject. In the poetic selections for memorization, the greatest liberty has been taken with the original punctuation of the authors as found in standard editions. And one fails to find any reason for twice inserting Collins' beautiful Ode, "How Sleep the Brave" (pp. 63 and 83), unless it be to illustrate more completely this inconsistency in punctuation. But the selections for memorization occur not only with wholly different punctuation and capitalization, but also with changes in the text for which, we fear, there is no authority.

For a volume by a Canadian, printed by Canadian publishers for use in Canadian schools, there is a surprising amount of space devoted to the productions of authors native to the United States. Something more fitting could easily be found for Canadian pupils than Emerson's "Concord Monument." Goldsmith's "Lines on the Death of Wolfe" at least rival it in sentiment and surely surpass it in

*Elementary English Composition. By F. H. Sykes, M.A., Ph.D. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

patriotic appropriateness. We should have preferred to see our own authors much better represented, and we fancy that Dr. Sykes is well enough acquainted with native literature to furnish from it selections the equal of those which, from a Canadian standpoint, lessen the value of the neat little volume before us.

LITERARY NOTES.

KNOX MAGEE, a young Torontonian, has ventured into the field of fiction, with an historical novel dealing with the same personages and the same period of time as Shakespeare's Richard III. There are some differences in the plot, some new characters, and some incidents which Shakespeare did not use. The style of "With Ring of Shield" is archaic and forceful, and the author has certainly given promise of great things. The volume is to be beautifully bound and well illustrated. The Canadian publisher is Geo. J. MacLeod, but there will also be a United States edition.

"Eben Holden" has been very popular in the United States, and has added much to Irving Bacheller's reputation. Uncle Eb is a sort of David Harum, and the book is full of bright and witty sayings. The plot is laid in New York State and includes the hero's experiences in the civil war. The Poole Publishing Co., Toronto, are publishing the Canadian edition.

"Representative Democracy," by Prof. John R. Commons, is the title of a valuable pamphlet published at 25 cents by the Bureau of Economic Research, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Social Reformers will find it a valuable addition to their collection.

Mr. William Robins, of Walkerville, Ont., has received much praise for his clearly reasoned monograph, "The Truth About the Transvaal." It has been exceedingly well received in England. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co.

"The Roman D'une Pussie Chat." This is the title of a new story, the scenes of which are laid in New Ontario during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and in the cities Mieanburg, Pussieburg, Catburg, etc., in the Land of the Grimalkins. The story pictures Canadian life and character at that early period, and is intensely interesting. One of the illustrations is a map of the Land of the Grimalkins which shows the above-named cities, the Catawaull River, etc. The author is Mr. Frederick Rogers, D.C.L., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. The book is nicely bound in green cloth and has a silver illustration of "Elfie," Queen of the Grimalkins, on the front page of cover. Detroit: The American Publishing Co., 23 Adams Ave., East.

The Dominion Publishing Co., Toronto, has issued a large, natu-type portfolio of Canadian views, which is a superior article in the way of bookmaking.

"My Book Record and Guide," issued by the Mutual Book Co., Boston, is a valuable aid to the reader and possessor of books.

J. W. Lyon, of Guelph, is the publisher of a very valuable book on the war. The Canadian part contains a history of the Canadian contingents by John A. Cooper, Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, official lists of the officers, the killed and wounded, and a large number of Canadian illustrations. The volume contains over 800 pages, and the first edition now being distributed is said to be 25,000 copies. The title is "The Story of South Africa."

IDLE MOMENTS

EARLY RISING AND VIOLENCE.

IN Chicago the domestic servant question has taken on a new phase. A lady, who is described as a fashionable modiste, had in her service a girl named Hannah. Monday was the washing day, and the girl was asked to rise at three o'clock in the morning and begin the process of purification. Her voice, like that of the sluggard in the poem, was heard to complain "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again." She turned over, and was in the midst of a dream about a machine by which an indefinite number of clothes could be washed by merely pressing a button, when the mistress "charged in with a supply of eggs, intended for the morning's repast, and commenced a fusilade."

It is needless to say that Hannah was taken at a disadvantage by the surprising character of the attack. The use of eggs as a means of arousing a domestic from her slumber is irregular and without precedent. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, the swallow twittering from its straw-built shed, the cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn, are all recognized aids to the alarm clock, but classic literature contains no reference to eggs. The only precedent for the use of eggs as missiles is in making a de-

THE MINISTER: "I'm sorry tae hear, Jock, that you're a' on strike doon at the auld toon. I'm surprised at ye. Dinna ye ken that the Apostle Paul says 'Servants obey your masters in a' things?'"

THE ELDER: "Aye, I ken, but that's jist where me and the Apostle Paul dinna agree."

—*Moonshine.*

monstration against the utterance of unpopular opinions.

The supply of eggs being exhausted and the fury of the modiste abated, the victim made her way to a police station, and declared that she had been the object of a murderous assault. Large quantities of eggshells were removed from her hair, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the assailant. The moral to be drawn from this incident seems to be the danger of a fanatical zeal for early rising. There is a large quantity of literature of a most pernicious kind, showing how large fortunes have been amassed and scholarship and fame acquired by rising with the lark. There is no such relation between a man or woman and a lark as calls for their leaving their beds at the same hour. If there were, it would seem proper not that the lark should set the pace, but that he should wait respectfully for the man or woman, as belonging to a superior order of creation. The proverb that the early bird gets the first worm is equally irrelevant. The acquisition of worms is a matter of no consequence to anyone but a fisherman, and for purposes of bait there is no reason to suppose that the first, second or third worm is any more attractive than the last. Nor is it proved beyond doubt that the practice of early rising makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise. There are large numbers of wealthy men who do not reach their offices until ten o'clock, and who, by making profitable deals in pork, easily overtake those who have been down town for two or three hours. There are also persons who ascribe their robust health to getting up when they feel like it. It would appear that the lady in this case had been poring over the literature of early rising until her brain became disordered, and she imagined that she could further the movement by violence. Let us be warned by her example not to be too ready to believe and act upon proverbs and conventional maxims of all kinds.—John Lewis in The Toronto *Globe*.

A NEW ENOCH ARDEN.

THE large manufacturing cities of Akron and Canton, Ohio; the hop fields of Palouse; the cosmopolitan seaports of Vancouver and Victoria; the inhospitable desert of the distant North, where the sight of a white man's face and the sound of the English speech are things to be treasured in memory for days and for weeks—these are the shifting scenes in the story of a new Enoch Arden, the tempestuous, tragic tale that is woven about the adventures of James Chapman, Klondike millionaire and unhappy man.

Eighteen long years ago, Chapman was engaged as book-keeper and traveller with the Whiteman & Barnes Manufacturing Co. at their Akron house, and a prominent worker in the Congregational Church. His home life was not particularly happy, and he eventually decided to go to Alaska as a missionary among the Indians. His wife consented and agreed to care for their children, Chapman transferring a house and lot to her, with his bank account, ere he took his departure.

Time passed and the husband did not return. Letters from him came regularly for a time—they then ceased altogether, and after a year or two of waiting his wife concluded that he was dead.

Fourteen years later, or just two years ago, she was married to Charles K. Ives.

Meanwhile Chapman had gone from Vancouver to Juneau, and thence into the Alaskan interior, where following out his original intention he became a missionary to the Indians—living and working among them—even losing his identity to white men and as a white man.

When the Klondike discoveries were made, his Indians brought the news to Chapman, and he joined the rush of the first stakers on Bonanza and El Dorado. Fortune favoured him and this summer he came out with fifty-three thousand dollars in gold dust and Bank of Commerce drafts.

His heart had through all the years of absence and silence treasured the

images of wife and children, as he had left them in smoky Akron in the years ago. Yet he feared to write or telegraph them lest there come back a message of death. He would give them a glad surprise, and in the pretty home to be provided by the treasure wrested from the Arctic snows, the past would be all forgotten and happiness come again.

A ticket was bought for Akron, and a week ago last Tuesday the wanderer found himself ringing the bell at the very door from which he had turned his steps northward eighteen years before. It was opened by his wife—he knew her in a moment despite the lines by time imprinted on her face. To her, however, he was an utter stranger.

"Don't you remember me?" the wanderer asked with little concealed eagerness. "Aren't you Mrs. Chapman?"

She did not remember—and Chapman was the name of her "first husband."

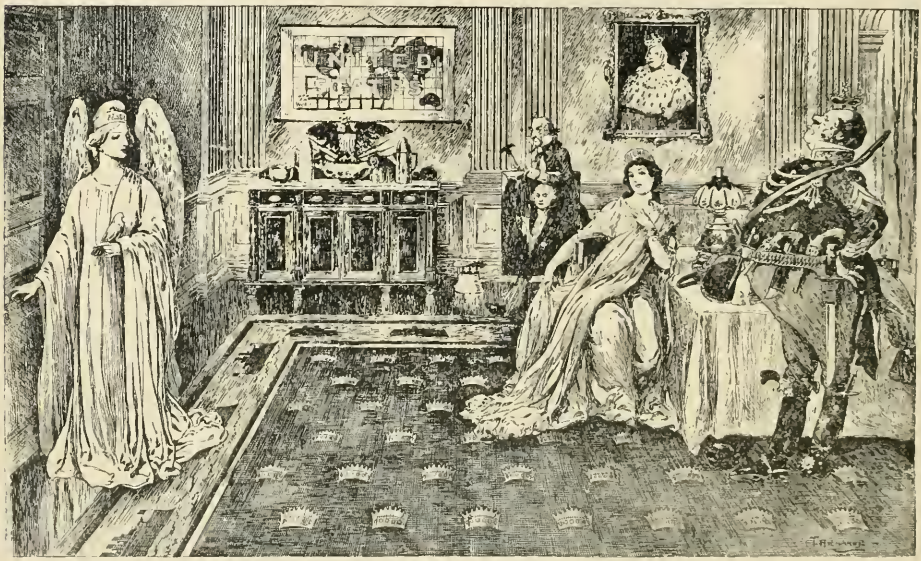
In a moment the truth flashed upon the bearded man of the North.

With scarce a word he turned and left the home that once had been his.

Just as it had been eighteen years before, his face was set toward the North.

Business keeps him in Chicago this week, but by next he will be here or in Seattle to take the steamer up to Skagway.

From there it will be but a short journey back into the solitudes of nature, where the very air is eloquent with a myriad of mystic tongues and the flickering, phantom lights of the aurora flutter and fade as do the hopes and dreams of life.—*The Vancouver Province.*



FROM "LIFE," NEW YORK. THE ASPIRING FAMILY.

COLUMBIA: "We are sorry to have you go, but I don't think you could ever get on with the new man."

ILLUSTRATING "THE PEACEMAKER." FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE INTERPRETER.

"Cinders listened as one under a charm. Her heart ached with the sweetness of the sounds, for the violin spoke a language she understood. It told her the same things as the rain that pattered on the roof, and the wind that blew about the house on wild nights."—Page 129.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI DECEMBER, 1900 No. 2

THE GREATEST BANK IN AMERICA.

By J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B.

IT is one of the curious reversals of human judgment that the very business which to-day, beyond cavil, holds the highest place as to dignity and influence in the world of commerce had its origin in obloquy, and was at the outset regarded as fit to be carried on only by the despised and ill-treated Jews.

They were the first bankers—they drew the first bill of exchange, and to them we unquestionably owe that marvellous system of banking and exchange which during its steady growth from small beginnings has contributed more than any other cause to the development of the world's resources.

Exposed as they were to the envy, malice, and hatred of the people, and to the conscienceless cupidity of financially embarrassed sovereigns, the poor Jews had to walk very warily, and to keep their capital in the form least likely to attract attention, and most easily convertible into money. But, as the times grew more enlightened, and this persecuted people came to enjoy equal rights with their Christian brethren, they rapidly extended their operations from being mere money-changers and pawnbrokers to the actual conduct of banking. In this they had, of course, many imitators, and thus it came about that the business of money lending and transmitting grew to such importance and honour as to be deemed worthy the active interest of the best men in the land.

The financial history of Canada can hardly be called a lengthy one, but it has many points of interest, beginning as it did with the simplest conditions of barter, followed by so crude a currency as moose and beaver skins, not to mention brandy, thence developing through the card-money of New France and the Army Bills of the British conquerors into a bank-note system practically similar to what is now in vogue.

The retirement by the British Government after the close of the war of 1812 of the Army Bills issued to meet the expenses of that war, which had

JOHN GRAY, ESQ.
First President Montreal Bank 1817-1820.

proved so great a convenience, was the direct cause of the establishment of the Bank of Montreal, which accordingly enjoys the double distinction of being the oldest as well as the largest financial institution of the Dominion.

It was, presumably, early in May, 1817, that a number of the leading merchants of Montreal entered into articles of association for the formation of a bank. These articles were published in the Montreal *Herald* of May 22nd, but as no copy of that paper is now obtainable, no copy of the articles was supposed to exist. About two years ago Mr. Jas. Bain, jr., of the Toronto Public Library, picked up a small pamphlet containing them. This is the only printed copy known to be in existence. Unfortunately there is no date on the book, and the record was thus incomplete. During the present year, through the researches of the editor of this magazine, the original articles and stock book were discovered in the archives of the Bank, though the book was thought to be lost. This valuable book, the first page of which is reproduced herewith, as well as the first page of the newly discovered printed pamphlet, shows that the stock lists were opened on June 23rd. As the articles required that thirty days' notice should be given in four provincial newspapers before the subscriptions could be accepted, we have the second piece of evidence showing that the original articles must have been drawn up in May.

Articles

OF

ASSOCIATION

OF THE

MONTREAL BANK.

To All to whom these Presents shall Come;

BE it known and made manifest, that we, the Subscribers, have formed an Association or limited Co-partnership, and do hereby agree with each other, to conduct Banking Business in the manner hereinafter specified and described, by and under the name or style of

The Montreal Bank;

And we do hereby mutually covenant, declare and agree, that the following are and shall be the fundamental Articles of this our Association and Agreement with each other, by which we, and all persons who at any time hereafter may transact business with the said Company, shall be bound and regulated.

A *First*

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF PAMPHLET CONTAINING ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION AND RULES AND REGULATIONS OF MONTREAL BANK. THIS WAS PRINTED ABOUT AUGUST, 1817, AND THE ONLY COPY KNOWN TO EXIST IS IN POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

It will be noticed that the articles of association in the original were signed by nine men. The first of these is John Richardson, of the firm of Forsyth, Richardson & Co. This firm is the first in the list of subscribers taking twenty shares for themselves, twenty for John Richardson, twenty for Inglis, Ellice & Co., of London, England, and ten for William Allen, Esq., of York (Toronto). The second signator is George Garden, of Maitland, Garden & Auldjo, the firm taking twenty shares, and each of the three partners as many more for himself. The third signator is George Moffatt, who, judging from the sub-

Articles of Association of the Montreal Bank.

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Last

John Richardson
George Garden
Thos. A. Turner
Robert Esmond
Henry Gates
John C. Beek
Austin Bonsfield

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF BOOK ENTITLED "ORIGINAL ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION AND SUBSCRIPTION" RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL. THIS BOOK CONTAINS THE ORIGINAL STOCK SUBSCRIPTIONS, NEARLY THREE HUNDRED NAMES IN ALL, AND THEIR DATES, PREFACED BY THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. EACH OF THE TWENTY PAGES OF THE LATTER IS SIGNED BY THE SAME NINE GENTLEMEN.

HORATIO GATES, ESQ.
Third President 1826.

THE HON. JOHN MOLSON.
Fourth President 1826-1835.

scription list, was acting in this matter for Gerrard, Gillespie & Co. Samuel Gerrard of this firm was the second President. The fourth signator, and, according to the lists, an important gentleman, was Thomas A. Turner. The fifth and sixth, Robert Armour and James Leslie, do not figure strongly in the lists. The seventh, Horatio Gates, was equal in importance with the first four, and afterwards succeeded Mr. Gerrard as President. John C. Bush and Austin Cuvillier were not heavy subscribers. It would be interesting to know just what circumstances and what ambitions drew these nine men together.

The capital was limited to £250,000 currency*, divided into 5,000 shares of £50 each. The stock-book opened on June 23rd, as has been stated, and on that day 1,227 shares were subscribed. The subscriptions came in very slowly after that, and it was not until September 20th that the last of the 5,000 shares was taken. On Monday, November 3rd, the bank opened for business with £87,500 paid up. It was no small undertaking in those days to float a Canadian company with a capital of £250,000. A considerable portion of the capital was subscribed in Boston, New York, Middleton (Conn.), Walpole (N. H.), and some also in Glasgow and London.

The first meeting of the directors was held on August 7th. The minutes of this meeting are still in the possession of the bank.

The first location of the bank was in a building on St. Paul Street, where a modest suite of offices was rented for £150 per annum, and a staff of three, cashier, accountant, and teller, installed to meet the demands of the public. John Gray was the first president, and Robert Griffin the first cashier.

How greatly the mercantile community needed the facilities afforded by the bank, and how admirably it provided them, is made clear by the wonderfully rapid growth of the paid-up capital.

Starting with $350,000, in two years it had to be increased to $650,000, and the next year to $750,000. In 1829 it rose to $850,000; in 1841 to $2,000,000; in 1855 to $4,000,000; in 1860 to $6,000,000; and in 1873 to $12,000,000, at which it now stands, being

* In Canadian or Halifax currency the pound was equal to four dollars. This currency was established for the Province of Canada by an Ordinance of 1767.

THE HON. PETER McGILL.
Fifth President 1835-1860.

T. B. ANDERSON, ESQ.
Sixth President 1860-1869.

the largest possessed by any bank on the American continent.

Although thus organized and in operation in 1817, it was not until 1821 that the Legislature granted the charter for which application had been made without delay, and a year later still ere the royal assent was given.

But the solid men of Montreal did not allow formalities like these to stand in their way. They went right in for business at once, and as the rapid growth of paid-up capital mentioned above shows, the commercial public made haste to avail themselves of the advantages afforded.

Of course, the Bank of Montreal was not allowed to have the field to itself very long.* The Quebec Bank, still a staunch and prosperous institution, was founded in the following year, and a little later other banks were established, in Upper Canada, at Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton; while in the Maritime Provinces, Halifax and St. John did likewise, so that within the next ten years the country was fairly well supplied with banks.

The charters granted to these banks were very similar in their provisions. That granted to the Bank of Montreal may be taken as the type of them all. Indeed, very many of their provisions were subsequently included almost verbatim in the General Banking Act passed after Confederation.

Among the principal provisions of the charter of the Bank of Montreal were the following:—

1. The charter was to continue for ten years.

2. The directors were to be British subjects; to hold not less than four shares of stock; not to engage in private banking, and to be remunerated only by vote at the annual meeting.

3. The directors were to appoint the officers of the bank, and to take surety bonds for faithful performance of duty. They were to declare dividends when profits were earned, as often as half-yearly. They must not in paying dividends encroach on the capital. They were obliged to submit a detailed statement of the bank's position to the

* It is interesting to note that the Bank of Montreal, at an early stage in its history, realized the advantage of having direct representation in Upper Canada, but being legally incapable of establishing an office of its own there, it arranged in 1838 to purchase The Bank of the People, which had not been a particularly prosperous institution, and worked under its name until the restrictions against direct agencies were removed.

E. H. KING, ESQ.

Seventh President 1869-1873—General Manager 1863-1869.

DAVID TORRANCE, ESQ.

Eighth President 1873-1876.

shareholders at each annual meeting.

4. The bank might receive deposits, deal in bills of exchange, discount notes, buy coin and bullion, etc., but might not engage in other business than banking.

5. It could not lend money directly upon real property, but could take such as further security for loans already made. It could not lend money to a foreign country.

6. It could issue notes to circulate as money up to the general limit for all such obligations.

7. The Government might require at any time for the protection of the public a statement under oath of the position of the bank.

As has been pointed out by a well-informed writer on our Banking System, it is not difficult to understand how it came to pass that Canadian banks followed United States models rather than the English, since the commerce of early Canada was for the most part intimately connected with that of New York.

The banks at the start were largely employed in financing the lumbering and fur industries, which were then the principal items of the export trade, and it was not long before the chief importing merchants began to gather at Montreal. As the settlement of the country progressed, these merchants were the suppliers of the traders and storekeepers in the country districts, who in their turn provided for the wants of the settler, having to allow him long credit and take their payment not in money but in the produce of the farm and the forest. This produce was then forwarded to Montreal in settlement of the trader's account, and the city merchant shipped it across the ocean or the border to the best market.

It was these merchants who made the business of the Bank of Montreal in those early days. They drew bills of exchange on England against their shipments. They remitted through the banks payment for the goods which they imported, and they borrowed from the bank ready money wherewith their customers, the traders, might pay cash to the farmer and lumberman, and thus facilitate the progress and development of commerce.

At an early period in its history the Bank of Montreal, by opening a branch in Quebec, inaugurated the policy which has been so successfully pursued of establishing branches throughout

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN.
Ninth President 1876-1881.

C. F. SMITHERS, ESQ.
Tenth President 1881-1887—General-Manager 1879-1881.

the country at important or promising points, until now the total of such branches falls little short of fifty. In addition thereto the bank has agencies outside of Canada, having opened one in New York in 1859, in Chicago in 1861, and in London, England, in 1870, in order to meet the need for direct representation at those strategical financial centres. These agencies do a considerable business and facilitate the handling of that portion of the Bank's Reserves carried outside Canada.

This branch system, which may be called a distinguishing feature of Canadian banking in general, has undoubtedly proved of signal service in the development of business as well as highly advantageous to the shareholders of the banks, furnishing, as it has done, complete banking facilities to places where a local bank could hardly have been founded.

LORD STRATHCONA.
Eleventh President 1887-1900.

It is pleasing to know that the enterprise of the founders of the Bank of Montreal did not have to wait long for a tangible reward, as in the first full year of its history (1819), a dividend at the satisfactory rate of 8 per cent. was declared, and from that time forward, with the exception of the years 1827 and 1828,*

* "The colony was extremely dependent upon the Mother Country, and when crises or commercia disturbances occur

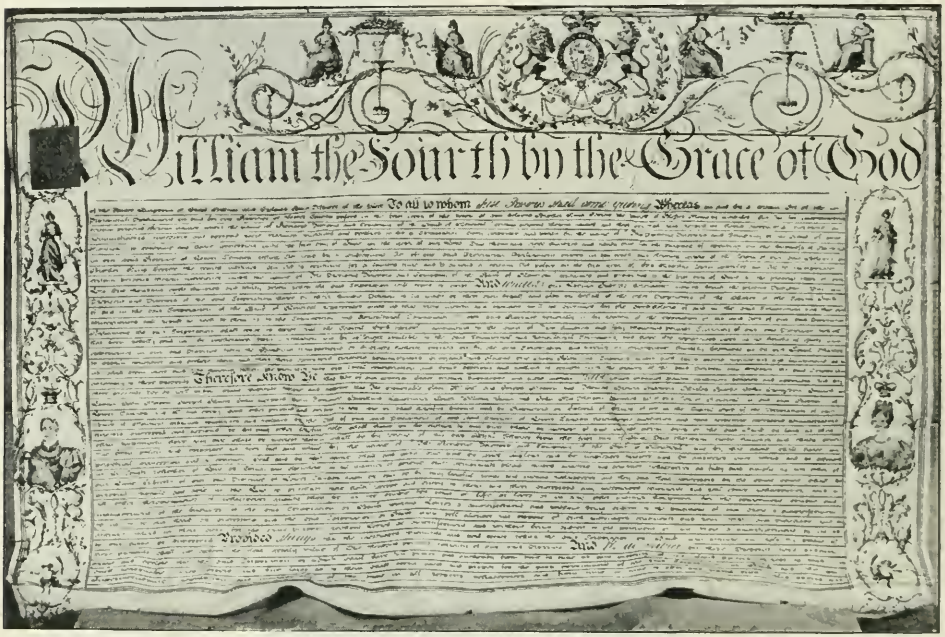
dividends ranging from 6 per cent. to 16 per cent. have been paid until the past few years when the regular rate of dividend has been 10 per cent.

The far-seeing financial wisdom of the founders of the bank is illustrated in the fact that concurrent with the payment of dividends began the accumulation of a Rest. The fluctuations of this Rest or Surplus, constituting as it does so much additional capital whereon no dividends have to be paid, but which, nevertheless, has the same earning power as the actual capital, reveal in an interesting way the ups and downs inseparable from the experience of a financial institution, for we find the figures rising from $4,168 to $107,084 and then falling to $31,360. After 1860, however, when $740,000 was reached, there has been no decline, and it now stands at the handsome total of $7,000,000, not including nearly half a million dollars of undivided profits.

The advantages of the Rest have been many and great throughout the history of the bank. It has stood the institution in good stead during times of depression, and with its present vast proportions now constitutes the best of all barriers against the possibility of financial impairment.

The remarkable prosperity which the Bank of Montreal has enjoyed almost without a break, and its long-continued immunity from anything approaching disaster cannot, of course, be considered in the light of luck, but rather as convincing evidences of the signal ability and caution with which its affairs have been administered.

Mr. John Gray, the first President, who held office from 1817 to 1820, began well, and the careful regime he



BANK OF MONTREAL—A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST SHEET OF THE ROYAL CHARTER GRANTED BY KING WILLIAM IV. IN 1837.

red in England Canada suffered sorely. A striking indication of this dependence is the fact that for two years after the disastrous English collapse of 1825 the Bank of Montreal was obliged to pass its dividends owing to losses in merchants' exchange incurred in the panic year."—*Breckenridge's Canadian Banking System, p. 37.*

inaugurated was faithfully carried out by his successor, Mr. Samuel Gerrard, who filled the presidential chair until 1826. Mr. Gerrard was emphatically one of the foremost men of his time, among the honourable offices held by him being those of President of the Savings Bank, Treasurer of the Hospital, Director of the Montreal Library, reign of the Hon. Peter McGill began which lasted until 1860. Both Mr. Molson and Mr. McGill were men of much prominence in public affairs, who rendered invaluable service to their city and country. Mr. Molson was actively interested in the beginnings of the steamship enterprise. His son, of the same name, was President of the

BANK OF MONTREAL—TWO OF ITS EARLIEST BILLS—THE FIRST WAS SIGNED ON OCT. 10TH, 1817, IS NO. 1154 AND IS THE OLDEST BILL NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE BANK. THE SECOND, ISSUED IN 1861, SHOWS THE CHANGE FROM "MONTREAL BANK" TO "BANK OF MONTREAL," AND ALSO SHOWS THAT THE LATER BILLS WERE STAMPED IN POUNDS AS WELL AS DOLLARS, WHILE THE FIRST BILLS WERE NOT.

President of the British and Canadian School Society, and President of the Bible Society.

After Mr. Gerrard came Horatio Gates for a brief period, and then the Hon. John Molson, in whose capable hands the direction remained until 1835 when the even more prosperous first railway opened in the Province, and in 1853, in conjunction with his brother William, founded The Molsons Bank.

Mr. McGill, whose real name was McCutcheon, the change being made at the instance of his uncle, Peter McGill, had a wide reputation as a statesman

FIRST BUILDING. SECOND BUILDING.

BANK OF MONTREAL—A REPRODUCTION OF A CELEBRATED PAINTING OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL'S FIRST AND SECOND BUILDINGS, BY KREIGHOFF.

and philanthropist, as well as a merchant and banker, and filled many honourable positions. He was the first chairman of the first railroad company, viz., the St. Lawrence & Champlain, of which Mr. John Molson, Jr., was afterwards President.

But, of course, it would not be just to ascribe the whole credit for the prosperous growth accomplished to the President. The Cashier of the Bank played no unimportant part in its management from the first, and as the years passed his influence increased until at length the chief responsibility came to devolve upon him.

Mr. Robert Griffin, who was the first Cashier, held office until 1827, when Mr. Benjamin Holmes succeeded him, and remained for nearly twenty years, being followed by Mr. Alexander Simpson, who had previously shown his ability by his management of the Quebec branch of the bank.

On Mr. Simpson's retirement in 1855, Mr. David Davidson—good Scotch names these—having made a reputation as manager of the Bank of British North America in Montreal, was persuaded to change his allegiance, and it was at his suggestion that seven years later the designation of the Chief Officer of the Bank was, by Act of Parliament, changed from Cashier to General Manager.

Mr. Davidson was a financier of signal ability, in whose character far-seeing enterprise and canny caution were singularly blended. He is described as being a man of commanding presence, slow of speech, and with a reserve of manner not easily penetrated. The respect which he inspired was intensified by his decision of character. It was understood that his "no" to a customer meant an unalterable refusal. Under him the working of the bank was thoroughly reorganized according to the Scotch system, a head office being

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SON.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL—HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

established altogether distinct from the Montreal office, which thenceforth became a branch, bearing the same relation to the head office that the branches in Quebec and elsewhere did.*

It was well for the bank that it had so able a hand as Mr. Davidson's at the helm, for the country just then was feeling the strain of long-continued commercial depression, and the dark shadow of general disaster hung over all its financial institutions. The crisis came in 1857 when the dull times developed into a panic which threatened to lay prostrate the whole edifice of business.

Then did Mr. Davidson's courageous policy and firm grasp of the situation prove equal to the gravity of the crisis. Guided by his counsel and aided by the bank, the merchants of Montreal were enabled to weather the storm, the trade of the city was saved, and the position of the bank rendered pre-eminent beyond peradventure.

After nearly eight years of equally successful management Mr. Davidson resigned to accept the treasurership of the Bank of Scotland, and Mr. E. H. King was thereupon promoted from being manager of the Montreal branch to the general managership of the bank In his biographical sketch in the *Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association* Mr. George Hague says that then Mr. King's powers developed in a remarkable degree. He thoroughly understood what was good banking, realized the requirements of business

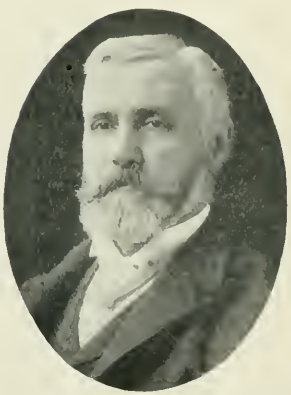
* The first manager of the Montreal branch was Mr. E. H. King, who had followed Mr. Davidson from the Bank of British North America, and who took charge in January, 1858.

and had a keen insight into the ways of men. He never scrupled to act, when action was required, no matter who might be in his way. He had great influence with the Government of his day, and contributed largely to the moulding of its banking policy. At one time he strove hard to put the Bank of Montreal in the same position as that occupied by the Bank of England, but the opposition of the other banks was too strong for him.

The new incumbent rapidly won for himself the reputation of a brilliant financier and for the bank very handsome profits upon the deposits. He greatly extended the scope of the bank's operations, particularly in New York where an enormous and exceedingly profitable business was done during the Civil War when gold commanded so high a premium, and if, perchance, some of the more conservative folk were inclined to look askance at his undertakings, they certainly had to admit that the success attained went far towards justifying the risk, and that the resultant strengthening of the bank's position and substantial increasing of its dividends, amply entitled Mr. King to the high honour paid him of being elevated to the President's chair in succession to Mr. T. B. Anderson, whose term of office ended in 1869.

MR. BENJAMIN HOLMES.
General Manager 1827-1846.

MR. DAVID DAVIDSON.
General Manager 1862-1863.



MR. R. B. ANGUS.
General Manager 1869-1879.

On Mr. King's promotion, Mr. R. B. Angus was appointed general manager, but this did not mean the former's withdrawal from giving his exclusive attention to the affairs of the bank. In fact, so long as the two men were associated there was practically a joint management, the bank thus enjoying the advantage of their united ability and wisdom.

In 1873 Mr. King retired, and Mr. David Torrance was elected President, the entire responsibility of the management then devolving upon Mr. Angus, who proved quite equal to the task, and who alone of all those mentioned remains in connection with the bank; for although he withdrew from the position of general manager in 1879, he is at the present moment one of the most active members of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Torrance was President for three years, and to him succeeded Mr. George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen), who took so prominent a part in the gigantic enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

At the time of Mr. Angus' resignation the commercial horizon had again become clouded over, the country was passing through another period of depression, and it was felt by the directors that ability, experience and pru-

dence in no common degree would be required to meet the emergency. The agent of the bank in New York was Mr. C. F. Smithers, who, like Mr. King, had in 1858 followed Mr. Davidson from the Bank of British North America. As inspector and local manager he had been eminently successful, and now he was rewarded by being called to Montreal to assume the duties of General Manager.

So fully did Mr. Smithers satisfy all expectations that after only two years' service in that capacity he was elected President in succession to Mr. Stephen, and filled that honourable position, devoting his whole time and energy to the interests of the institution until 1887 when he died in harness, profoundly regretted by all who knew him, and by none more than his associates in the bank. His successor was Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who for five years had been vice-president.

On Mr. Smithers' elevation, Mr. W. J. Buchanan, who had been steadily rising in the service since 1853, was appointed General Manager, and on his retirement in 1890 Mr. E. S. Clouston, the present incumbent, was installed.

Mr. Clouston* had already been on the staff for nearly thirty years, climbing upward from position to position, and thereby becoming thoroughly acquainted with each department, so that he has a perfect mastery of all details, and has proven himself a steadfastly successful manager, his most notable achievement, perhaps, being to secure for his bank, in 1893, the Financial Agency for the Dominion in Great Britain, the bank having been the Government's Financial Agent in Canada since 1863.

Mr. Clouston is fortunate in having the co-operation of Directors not to be surpassed by that of any institution in the country—Senator Drummond, Messrs. A. T. Paterson, E. B Greenshields, Sir W. C. Macdonald, R. B. Angus, A. F. Gault, James Ross, and R. G. Reid, all being men of the very highest standing in the financial and commercial world. He has also the advantage of most able and experienced assistants in Mr. A. Macnider, Chief Inspector ; Mr. W. S. Clouston, Inspector of Branch Returns ; Mr. F. W. Taylor, Assistant Inspector, and Mr. James Aird, Secretary.

Having thus in a necessarily imperfect way outlined the development of the Bank of Montreal, and made mention of the men who may justly be considered the architects of its good fortune, it remains for us to touch upon some of the general characteristics of the institution.

In the first place, as to its policy. From the outset this has been remarkable for a rare blending of daring enterprise with far-seeing prudence. Of this many examples might be given were the officials willing to be communicative, and unquestionably some thrilling stories, far surpassing in interest the highest flights of the fictionist's imagination, could be constructed from the apparently prosaic records of transactions.

But the bank authorities feel no responsibility for the entertainment or instruction of the curious public. They do not even concern themselves to give their side of certain matters concerning which altogether erroneous or distorted notions may have got abroad. They simply keep their own counsel, and continue to administer affairs so that the dividend rate is maintained at an eminently satisfactory figure.

But if the officials of the bank are exceedingly cautious and reticent, let it not be forgotten that from the junior deputy-assistant clerk to the General Manager they are courteous beyond cavil, and this not simply at the head office, but even to the remotest branch.

We wot of banks in which a certain brusqueness of demeanour would seem to be sedulously cultivated by the gentlemen behind the glistening grilles or polished desks, where the patient public are attended to apparently under protest, and given to understand that

* A biographical sketch of Mr. Clouston was published in the issue of this Magazine for March, 1899.

the greatest possible favours are being conferred upon them.

This is not the spirit that distinguishes the Bank of Montreal. Courtesy and promptness prevail throughout its immense system, and the customer whose requests are within the bounds of reason can confidently count upon transacting his business in a comfortable, pleasant fashion.

MR. W. J. BUCHANAN.
General Manager 1881-1890.

As one would naturally expect, so eminently successful an institution looks well after those in its employ. The Bank of Montreal pays liberal, though not extravagant salaries to all who do good work, and furthermore holds out the inducement of an almost ideal pension system as a reward for long continued satisfactory service.

The details of this system are not of course for the general public, but it may be said that in some respects it resembles that in force in the Civil Service at Ottawa, possessing, however, many advantages not contained in the Government plan.

It began in 1861 with the Annuity Fund Society, which had only eighty-five members, and it is now known as the Pension Fund Society, duly incorporated, and having over five hundred members.

When the bank opened for business it was in a building belonging to the Armour estate that stood on St. Paul Street between St. Nicholas and St. Francois Xavier Street. This was destroyed by fire in 1820, and then the bank erected its own building on the site now occupied by the present Post Office. But the accommodation being inadequate to meet the demands of the rapidly extending business, the present solid, ornate and commodious structure was erected.

This too, however, has been out-grown, and by the purchase of property in the rear, provision has been made for such an addition to the premises as will ensure ample room for the future.

Bearing in mind the modest surroundings amidst which the bank began its career—a single hired room in an unimposing building—there is special interest in the fact that to-day this remarkable institution owns nearly two score fine buildings scattered over the Canadian continent from Halifax, N. S., to Victoria, B. C., each structure in its substantial elegance being no less a credit to the bank than an ornament to the city in which it is situated. They amply substantiate the title of the Bank of Montreal to be considered the premier financial institution of the Dominion.

MR. E. S. CLOUSTON.
General Manager 1890-1900.

The Bank of Montreal Token Coinage

By R. W. Mc Lachlan

HOW can we make change, or what shall we do with our surplus change? were questions that alternately troubled the merchants of this country during the first part of the nineteenth century. Tills were at times altogether bare of copper change and at other times loaded down with it. In the present satisfactory state of our currency we can hardly conceive of the difficulties in this direction with which our predecessors had to contend.

The answer to the question, What caused this alternating famine and surfeit? will lead us back to the days of the early settlements, when all kinds of money were scarce and were constantly sent out of the country as remittances. Then the notion prevailed that raising the nominal value of coin acted as a deterrent to its export. In accordance with this notion, an ordinance was passed, in 1777, by the Province of Quebec, raising the nominal value of the guinea to £1 3s. 4d., and the silver coins in like proportion; but there could be no such proportional advance in the value of the copper halfpenny without making an unaccountable fraction; consequently the export of British halfpence—the only legal copper change—became a profitable transaction. Hence a famine for such change. A similar Act was passed in 1808, by the Legislature of Lower Canada, more clearly defining the old ordinance, but it made no provision for the dearth of copper change except by adding a clause, making it a crime to import or manufacture "base brass or copper coin."

This did not help to mend matters, so the Canadian merchants undertook the remedy themselves by importing old copper coins recently withdrawn from circulation in the old land. While thus making provision for necessary change they were not adverse to turning an honest, or rather a dishonest, penny, for when the supply of discarded coins became exhausted freshly struck coins were ordered. These were anonymous and so light that the profit realized from their importation was doubled and even trebled. The desire to secure this profit led to an enormous increase in the quantity imported, which made such a plethora of coppers that they ceased to be accepted as current coin.

In 1817 petitions were presented to the House of Assembly by "divers inhabitants" of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, asking that steps be taken to relieve the people from this intolerable copper nuisance.* But although the rational remedy was proposed by the petitioners! "that such coins be of a certain stamp and be of a known weight," nothing was done save that

*Journals of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada for 1817. Pages 68 and 114.

FIG. 1—FIRST TOKEN ISSUED BY THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

FIG. 2—SECOND TOKEN ISSUED AND FIRST TO HAVE WORDS "BANK OF MONTREAL."

the law was more stringently enforced.

Following this was another copper famine, when merchants were again at their wits' end for small change. Old hoards of rejected coppers were brought out, but the supply proving insufficient the merchants again undertook to supply the remedy, not as before, by importing, as that avenue had been stopped, but by establishing private mints. From these mints, as the business proved most profitable, large quantities were turned out. Thus money was made by coining money. These home-made coins were not by any means works of art. Some were simply barbarous, being rough imitations of worn British halfpence, or of the more popular trade tokens then in circulation. In many cases they were imitations of imitations, and bore no other design than a faint outline of the head of George III. for obverse, and of Britannia or a harp for reverse. There was no inscription. At last, even plain flans or discs cut out of sheet copper were issued. The story is told of a bibulous blacksmith who, when he felt inclined to gratify his appetite, would manufacture two or three shillings' worth of coppers and then set out with sufficient funds for a regular bout.

The natural result was another surfeit, which the people although long-suffering, could not further continue to endure. Almost the whole currency consisted of coppers, and merchants oftentimes when making up their sales had as much as fifty or a hundred dollars of such change to count. Balancing cash was a slow process in those days.

Suddenly certain of these coppers were rejected as if by mutual consent. Coins that one day were accepted as good, on the next were no longer received, and that, too, without any special reason. Who were the censors of the currency that commanded such general respect? Not the Government officials, nor even the principal merchants, but the market women. Their fiat became law. What these ignorant hucksters accepted was received as money, what they rejected became nothing more than copper junk. This state of affairs continued for some time during the years 1835 or 1836, until the Bank of Montreal offered to provide a remedy and received authority from the Governor-in-Council to issue copper tokens for circulation as change. This is confirmed by an ordinance, passed by the Special Council three years later, which states that:—"Provided always that all coins imported or manufactured as aforesaid, shall have the same relative value to the British penny or halfpenny, with those recently imported by the Bank of Montreal under sanction and authority of the Executive of the Province."[1] Here was the only rational solution of the difficulty, the Government having all along declined to become responsible for a coinage of its own.

FIG. 3—FIRST HALFPENNY PIECE STRUCK FOR BANK OF MONTREAL, 1837.

This authorization partook of the nature of a bank note, redeemable on demand, as is shown by an Act passed by the first Parliament of the Province of Canada. "No permission shall be granted.....for the importation or manufacture of any copper or brass coin or tokens.....unless such coin or tokens be stamped with the name .....of the body politic or corporate, and.....[they] shall be.....redeemable on demand.[2]

The first token issued by the Bank of Montreal (Fig. 1) did not bear the name of the bank, as it was inscribed simply "Bank token, Montreal," with the value "Un Sous" within a wreath. The reverse had the inscription "Trade

[1] Ordinance of Special Council of Lower Canada, 1839, Vol. IV., page 30.

[2] The Provincial Statutes of Canada, Vol. I, 1841, page 99.

and Agriculture, Lower Canada," with an emblematical bouquet. In the value, by some mistake of the engravers, the plural "sous" was used. This new coin was not popular on account of being anonymous, so another one was issued shortly afterwards, with the inscription changed to read "Bank of Montreal token" (Fig. 2). La Banque du Peuple also issued two varieties of the un sou tokens, one struck in the United States and the other in Montreal. The latter is known as the Rebellion token; the engraver, a Frenchman who sympathized with the patriots, having inserted a cap of liberty and a star on the obverse of the coin.

FIG. 4—FIRST PENNY PIECE STRUCK FOR LOWER CANADA. ISSUED IN 1837 BY BANK OF MONTREAL.

FIG. 5—THE FIRST SIDE-VIEW HALFPENNY, 1838. THIS COIN IS NOW WORTH $10 TO $20.

These, the first authorized copper coins struck for the Province, had not been long in circulation before imitations, imported for the most part from Belleville, New Jersey, by a man named Dexter Chapin, were introduced; others were struck in Birmingham, while one or two varieties were made in Montreal. To such an extent was the new importation carried on that nearly forty varieties of the imitation un sou tokens are known. They are not very close imitations, being inscribed simply "Token, Montreal," while the value, "un sou," is correct. When the market for such change again became overstocked and the unauthorized tokens ceased to be current, it was by the error (the final s in "sous") that the genuine Bank of Montreal sous were distinguished from the false by the illiterate hucksters.

This flooding of the Province with private un sou tokens so discredited the authorized issue that a new coinage altogether different in design was decided upon, and issued towards the close of 1837. It consisted of penny and halfpenny pieces, the first of the former denomination struck for Lower Canada (Figs. 3 and 4). The design on the obverse, a *habitant*, or French-Canadian farmer, is the most characteristically Canadian of any Canadian coin ever issued. The costume, once universal in the country parts although now rarely met with, consisted of a *tuque*, a frock-patterned overcoat of *étoffe* or homespun, with Capuchin, a sache (*ceinture fléché*), beef moccasins (*soulier de bœuf*) and a whip. From this the coins are called "Habitant pennies," but among the French Canadians, "Papineaus," because the Hon. L. J. Papineau, the leader of the patriots,

FIG. 6—THE FIRST SIDE-VIEW PENNY, 1838. THIS COIN IS NOW WORTH FROM $15 TO $25.

FIG. 7—THE 1839 HALFPENNY—RARE.

affected this costume. The inscription is French as well as the design, and reads "Province du Bas Canada, un sou," or "deux sous." The reverse had the arms of the city of Montreal, which are also those of the bank. But it was undoubtedly for the latter reason they were adopted. The inscription "Bank of Montreal" on the ribbon confirms this. The ribbon on the city arms is inscribed "Corporation of Montreal." The three other banks of the Province participated in this coinage, having their names, City Bank, Banque du Peuple and Quebec Bank, inscribed on the ribbon in place of that of the Bank of Montreal. The inference is, that at first the Bank of Montreal alone was granted authority to issue this coinage, but the other banks having strongly urged their right to participate, they were permitted to inscribe their names on the ribbon of such part of the issue as was accorded to them. The fact that coins issued by the Quebec Bank bear the arms of the city of Montreal confirms this.

There are pennies and halfpennies (Figs. 5 and 6) of the Bank of Montreal dated 1838, but as few, if any, are found in circulation, it may be asserted that none were issued by the bank. As the two denominations occur, besides one or two slight die varieties, there is no doubt that a regular coinage was intended. This coinage was not issued because the bank suspended specie payment that year. The design was changed; a view of the bank building displaced the habitant, and "Bank of Montreal" and the date the French inscription. The reverse remained the same, except that the date was omitted. As the view of the bank is a three-quarters one, showing the side of the building as well as the front, these tokens are called "side-views." They are very rare; the penny once readily sold for forty dollars, and on one occasion, at an auction in New York, as high as eighty; but now, on account of a number having been found among collectors in England, the price has declined. The penny now sells at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, and the halfpenny for five dollars less.

There are also pennies and halfpennies (Figs. 7 and 8) dated 1839 of the same design. Occasionally specimens, especially of the halfpenny, have been found in circulation, but like the coins of 1838 they are rare. A variety of the penny has Banque Peuple on the ribbon (Fig. 9), which would indicate that that bank was to have participated with the Bank of Montreal in the proposed coinage for 1839; but owing no doubt to the ordinance permitting suspensions of specie payment having been continued for another year no coins were struck for circulation. The pennies sell for about the same price as those of 1838 or slightly less, but the

FIG 8—RARE PENNY OF 1839, BANK OF MONTREAL ON THE RIBBON.

FIG. 9—RARE PENNY OF 1839, BANQUE DU PEUPLE ON THE RIBBON.

halfpennies seldom bring more than ten dollars.

Under an Act passed in 1841 by the Parliament of the united province of Canada, the old authority granting corporations permission to strike coins was continued. The Bank of Montreal issued a coinage in 1842, which as usual consisted of pennies and halfpennies (Figs. 10 and 15), current over the whole of Canada. The design on the obverse is again changed. A front view of the building is shown and the inscription reads "Province of Canada, Bank of Montreal." The reverse is the same as that of 1837.

A penny with this obverse having the ribbon inscribed "City Bank," and dated 1837 (Fig. 14), was occasionally met with in circulation. This shows that in striking the coinage of 1842 one of the dies of the 1837 tokens was used through mistake. All these tokens were struck at the Soho mint, Birmingham, owned by Boulton and Watt. The establishment, which was quite extensive, was abandoned about forty or fifty years ago.

FIG. 10—1842. FIG. 11—1844. FIG. 12—1845. FIG. 13—1843.

In 1844, halfpennies alone were coined (Fig. 11). There was no change in the design from that of 1842. But there is a rare variety in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa dated 1843 (Fig. 13), on which the head of Queen Victoria, with the inscription "Victoria Dei Gratia Regina," replaces the arms on the reverse. This is probably what is called a "mule," made after the breaking up of the Soho mint, by striking a coin from the obverse die of a Bank of Montreal token "muled" with that of one issued by the Province of New Brunswick.

It would appear that a coinage was proposed in 1845, for a specimen bearing that date was purchased in England some time ago by a Canadian collector. It had remained unknown up to that time and is consequently very rare, although on account of its similarity to the common dates (1842 and 1844) it would not sell for as much as the "side-views."

With 1844 the issue of Bank of Montreal tokens ceased, because, no doubt, there was no further demand for copper change. With the removal of the threatened danger, the vigilance of the self-constituted censors was relaxed when the old copper tokens rejected in 1817, in 1834 and 1835, and again in 1837 crept back into circulation. The supply of copper change was thus so ample that no further coinage was required for some years. After 1849 the seat of Government was removed from Montreal and the Government account withdrawn from the Bank of Montreal. The further coinages of bank tokens were therefore issued by the Bank of Upper Canada in 1850, 1852, 1854 and 1857, and by the Quebec Bank in 1852.

Although the decimal coinage was adopted by, and the first regular Government coinage issued for Canada in 1858, the bank pennies and halfpennies, together with other coppers, continued to circulate, to the exclusion of the cents, until 1870, when the Govern-

FIG. 14.—PENNY OF 1842, DATED 1837. FIG. 15.—THE COMMONER PENNY OF 1842.

ment undertook to retire the old coppers. The penny and halfpenny tokens of the Bank of Montreal and the other banks were not retired but raised in nominal value to one and two cents respectively, and they have continued to circulate ever since. Although now scarce an occasional "habitant" or "front-view" turns up to remind us of the means adopted by the Bank of Montreal to provide an authorized copper currency when the country needed it.

THE PRICE.

O ARDENT youth who covets truth,
And follows its decrees,
Remember this: Whatever bliss
Awaits thee, 'tis not ease;
No, ne'er shalt thou find ease.

O loving heart, where'er thou art,
The tumult in the vein
And in the soul is not the whole
Of life. For thee is pain.
No love but hath its pain.

O ye who strive, the fates that drive
You forward in your quest,
Will give in strife your deepest life
And not in empty rest.
No joy for you in rest.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE YOUNG IDEA IN JAPAN.

By Alfred Edmonds.

AT the present moment, when so keen an interest is being taken in everything which appertains to the magical East, and when we are on the threshold of a deeper insight into the life of the remoter Orient than we ever possessed before, it may be amusing as well as instructive to turn one's attention to the younger generations of those far-off climes—the little people who, when they become "children of a larger growth," will inherit the inestimable advantages following in the train of the Western invasion of thought and manners that is now taking place.

Someone has said that—

"Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere divine—"

and we must be generous enough to believe that the children of the West do not entirely monopolise the celestial gift. When allowance is made for hereditary differences, very young children are much the same all the world over. From the black pickaninny, right up through the varying gradations of colour, to our own children, who seem destined in process of time to be the rulers of the human race, there is not a soul among them who has not some beautiful attribute, capable of being directed into channels of higher development.

A GAME OF BALL.

From a native print.

Of all the children who dwell in the strange countries of the Far East, there are few, if any, whose life is more interesting or picturesque than that of the children of Japan, that wonderful island which has rightly been called "the England of

A TYPICAL NURSE.

the Pacific." But though the sturdy Japanese race, through the successful manner in which they have copied our systems of government and education, have now a number of characteristics in common with European nations, the child-life of the country differs from ours to a marked extent. The little Jap knows nothing of the tender love and the all-absorbing adoration that the Western baby exacts from all around it and regards as nothing more than its lawful right. There is a two-fold reason for this. In the first place, they do not need such careful nursing in the early years of their lives, a fact largely to be attributed to the equable climate of Japan, a climate that knows but little of the violent changes with which we are unfortunately only too familiar in this country; and in the second place, nowhere in the East is to be found that passionate love of children which makes the European and American mother the saintliest, gentlest, and truest friend that God ever gave to humanity.

For the first two years of its life the child in Japan is a veritable "Old Man of the Sea," as, during the day-time, it is strapped to someone else's back—the nurse, mother, or sister having to perform the part of the unfortunate Sinbad. Its legs are tied to its bearer's back by a sash, another sash being passed under its arms and around the neck of the carrier.

Its general condition in this stage of its existence is one of somnolence, and when it does wake up it is to smile contentedly from out the corners of its diminutive lozenge eyes, which are

READY FOR HER FIRST RECEPTION.

BABYLAND IN JAPAN.

more like two tiny curved lines of glittering ebony than anything else. It is too lethargic and apathetic in disposition to be unduly troublesome; but there are times when it will give vent to its injured feelings in tones as loud as those emitted from the lungs of the most boisterous Western baby. It does

not like being kept still for any great length of time, for the sashes by which it is bound to the nurse tighten around its little legs and back, and cause it a great deal of discomfort. Indeed, its chief indictment against its nurse is the proneness of that functionary to stand gossipping for an unconscionable period, and when at length the delinquent domestic is aroused to a sense of her duty by the cries of the mite on her back, she gently shrugs her shoulders to relieve the strain on the child's

LITTLE PEASANT GIRLS AT WORK.

limbs, makes a waddling movement with her little clogged feet, and speedily lulls the infant back to its normal state of contentedness.

When Japanese children emerge from babyhood into childhood, they are of course (under the new *régime*) made to go to school, and there are few prettier sights to be seen in that land of spectacular beauty than a schoolful of girls with glossy black hair, and decked out in their dainty *kimonos* of brilliantly coloured silks or crepes, with gaudy *obis* or sashes tied round their waists and fastened in immense bows behind.

When they enter the schoolroom they remove their clogs and make a profound obeisance to the teacher. Their studies are not as yet made irksome for them. The Education Department in Japan deprecates a policy of "cram," and the girls are permitted to take their lessons in the quiet, easy, leisurely fashion in which they take their play. The Empress is a keen educationist, however, and she is particularly desirous of establishing a sound system of higher education for girls, whereby they may become mentally as efficiently equipped as their Western sisters; but her enthusiasm is not shared by the nation, and the day seems far distant when the girls of Japan will be as intellectually vigorous as English girls.

Except in matters of etiquette no

DANCING GIRLS.

great amount of importance is attached to their training, and in this respect they are much more neglected than the boys. They are early taught to regard themselves as inferior to their brothers, and invariably to defer to the latter. Ever since the reform movement took hold of the country and elevated it to a Power to be reckoned with in Eastern waters, no efforts have been spared to train the boys to the highest state of efficiency, so that they might be able to discharge those multifarious duties to the State which the new conditions of life demand from them. But with the girls it is different. It is impossible to

convince the Oriental mind that women are justly entitled to the same privileges as men. They would be the last to subscribe to the belief that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

It must be confessed, however, that, despite her educational and social disadvantages, the Japanese girl comports herself with quite as much dignity as the English girl; indeed, some go so far as to say that she excels her Western sister in this respect. But in justice to "Miss Romp" of England, it is only fair to state that "Mdlle. Chrysantheme" has fewer difficulties to contend with in the way of efforts after decorous conduct. A rigid etiquette is early inculcated in her, and becomes so much a part of herself that she finds it difficult not to do the correct thing at the proper time and in the right place. Then, again, she has no white pinafores to spoil, no dainty shoes to get besmirched with mud, and few articles of furniture to upset. It should be mentioned that the entire furniture in the average Japanese room consists of some small tables, not half a foot high; an orthodox fire-box, in which fine charcoal is burnt, and which is called *hibachi*; a few cushions on

GIRLS PEARL GATHERING.

which to sit, and some beautifully painted silken scrolls, which are as a rule very fine specimens of Japanese art. Of course there is often a quantity of dainty *bric-à-brac* about, but the fingers of the children are so deft that they seldom break them.

The chief advantage, however, which the Japanese girl has over the English girl is that she is able, for the best part of the year, to be out in the open air, breathing the balmiest of atmospheres, under the serenest of skies, and amid languorous odours of the cherry-blossom, the graceful wistria, the loveliest of irises, and the glorious summer roses, to say nothing of the chrysanthemums of every size, shape and hue, which make Japan a dream of autumn glory. She is not called upon to suffer those long weeks of weary imprisonment indoors which the difficulties of our climate impose upon our children, but with her battledore and shuttlecock passes long, happy hours in the sunshine and among the flowers.

At one time the only instruments Japanese girls were expected to learn were the simple native ones, which, with the exception of the *koto* (which is not unlike the European dulcimer), are not difficult to master. The favourite instrument was the *samisen*, which is constructed like a banjo, and from its strings are emitted a weird series of sounds in a minor key, which are peculiarly depressing. But all this is being rapidly changed nowadays, and the Japanese girls are striving hard to become accomplished performers on Western instruments. At their School of Music they have some good European teachers, and some of the girls in Tokio are becoming really able performers on the piano, and more especially on the violin. Yet at the same time they are strangely deficient in what one may term "musical soul"; their playing is about as mechanical as it is possible for it to be. Yet to watch them playing one forgets all that, being so absorbed in the wonderfully graceful appearance they always present when playing.

In the matter of games the children of no country are better off than are the little Japs. Nearly all our street games have their counterparts in Japan and the inventive genius of Japanese children continually create others. There are toys of every description, though the average little Nippon generally prefers a game calling into play both the mental and physical powers, and toys are therefore not the most popular form of amusement. In no phase of their picturesque life do these children present a prettier sight than on the occasion of a public holiday, of which there are many throughout the year. The daintiest silk *kimonos* are then taken from the family chest, and the hair has especial attention bestowed upon its dressing. Myriads of paper lanterns are suspended in streamers from house to house, and the weirdest of kites are flown.

Some of these holidays are regarded specially as children's festivals. Then the shops all blossom out with any amount of cheap toys and little miniature articles suited to a doll's house, and the youngsters buy cakes and sweets, paper flowers and toys, sham ornaments, and fancy combs, gaudy sashes, or little clay animals made by a travelling showman, spending infinitesimal sums of money to their little hearts' content.

THE PEACEMAKER

By Virna Sheard

Pictures by S.C. Simonski.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

LIFE was a series of abbreviations to Lucinda Ellen, even to her name, which in the beginning had been cut down to Cinders.

The only things she appeared to have been given ungrudgingly were eyes and hair. The eyes made one think of that dog in the old fairy tale who had optics like saucers, they were so big, yellow-brown, and pathetic. The hair matched in colour and was unsubduably curly.

Time for Lucinda Ellen was a succession of weeks, filled in by blue Mondays—with no holidays, jolly Saturday afternoons or peaceful Sundays to leaven the lump. The world's population she insensibly divided into two classes, with one crowned head: boarders who paid, boarders who didn't, and Mrs. Stogers.

Her dream of luxury was the front parlour, and her ideas of art were bounded on the right by a portrait in oils of the deceased Stogers, and on the left by some wax vegetables and feather flowers under glass shades in the same room. The antimacassars which strewed the unyielding parlour furniture were mysteries of exquisite handicraft to Cinders, and created in her a wild desire to duplicate their knotty stitches. Her surreptitious attempts to copy these unlovely things resulted in a few puckered, begrimed specimens of crocheting and many tears, but they proved beyond question that the feminine instinct to make something useless, under the impression that it is ornamental, was strong within her.

Six years before, Mrs. Stogers had taken the child from one of those homes for orphans where all the little children wear clothes made of the same material, cut by one pattern; and six years—when a person is but thirteen—to look back upon is practically always.

During that time Cinders had washed dishes, battled with dust, and run endless messages on small, weary feet, till "the trivial round and common task" had done their best to sandpaper away the intense feelings and vivid imagination which live in almost every child and are its birthright.

That they had not succeeded was a sort of miracle.

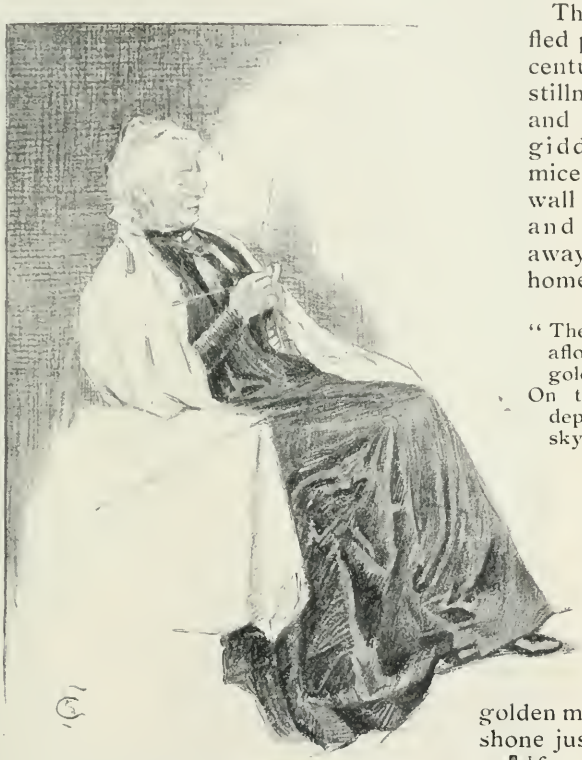
Love had never come her way. Yet it did not follow that because nobody loved Lucinda Ellen, she did not know what love was. Far from it. She had always loved something, if it had been only a rag doll, and upon this object, whatever it happened to be, showered a positively abject devotion. It was the way she was made. At present her heart's delight was a diminutive one-eyed cat, whose size was no indication of youth, for he was popularly supposed to be enjoying his ninth life, there being those who testified to having seen him at least eight times ready for burial. In colour this animal rivalled the ace of spades. In voice and temper he commanded respect from both man and beast.

To Cinders alone was shown the soft side of his nature, and he would follow her about tirelessly, making a sound in his throat like a small steam piano.

When night came, and the last dish had been shelved, the kitchen swept, and the stove garnished till it satisfied the soul of Hanna—Mrs. Stogers' prime minister and, incidentally, cook—the child would go wearily up the many stairs to her own room under the roof with its one tiny, slanting window looking upward at the stars.

The cat always followed warily, eluding with a vigilance born of knowledge the all-powerful Mrs. Stogers. And when Cinders curled herself up on the chair that stood beneath the window, he would spring to the back of it and say, in his own fashion, all the nice things he could think of to the forlorn little maid. He would even tap her face with his soft black paws and toozel the bronze tangles of her hair. Cinders would rest there, her wondering eyes watching the stars, twinkling so far off in the mysterious sky, her mind possessed by many strange thoughts; and the weird black cat would keep her company.

DRAWN BY S. C. SIMONSKI.



"One crowned head—Mrs. Stogers."

One evening early in November she had come to her room very tired. It had been a Monday of deepest indigo, and the spirit of the child rebelled against fate. A fierce hatred of Mrs. Stogers and Hanna possessed her, and filled her eyes with hot tears. The heavy drops splashed down upon the cat in her arms and disturbed him. He did not like or understand tears, they were wet and uncomfortable; but looking into the troubled face he saw its unhappiness, so gazed upwrad sympathetically with his one blazing eye and purred his loudest.

Cinders stroked him with her hard little hand and gradually the tears stopped. She was not given to weeping or self-pity, but was of a sunny nature that sought, like a flower in a dark place, for the light.

It was very quiet in the attic. The deep muffled purring accentuated the stillness. Now and then some giddy young mice behind the wall squeaked and scuttled away to their homes.

"The moon was afloat — like a golden boat,
On the sea-blue depths o' the sky."

The child gazed at it entranced. It was so rarely beautiful, that golden moon, and it shone just as much for her as for the rest, she thought. Not the rich people, or Mrs. Stogers, had more right to it. It was God's moon, and He just lent it to the world. And so it was with the sunshine, and the wild flowers, the waving trees, the blue of the sky and the sea and the air, all these best things in the world were made for her, Cinders, as much as for anybody.

There was comfort in the thought, and balm for her bitter little heart.

Suddenly there floated through the room a sound so sweet, so thrillingly sweet, she sprang half afraid to her feet, clasping the cat tight as a protection.

Some one was playing on a violin, but that the child did not know, and a fancy came to her that an angel had slipped down into Mrs. Stogers' attic on a bar of moonlight, and had brought his harp with him.

Her breath came fast, for she did so love music.

The street pianos were her chiefest joy, and a German band, no matter how broken-winded, had hitherto filled her with ecstasy; but this was different. Mrs. Stogers' walls had never echoed to such sounds before.

The music went on, a tender simple melody with a minor undertone through it, and it was played by a masterhand.

Cinders stole out into the hall and listened. The door of the next room whence the sound came was ajar, so she pushed it open quietly.

A man stood there, his violin tucked under his chin. A lamp, fastened against the wall, shone down on him, showing he was young and very good to look at.

He stopped playing after a few mo-

DRAWN BY S. C. SIMONSKI.

"It's one tiny, slanting window looking upward at the stars."

ments, and as the child moved to go, saw her.

"Hello!" he said, smiling, "who are you?"

"Cinders," she answered, drawing a long breath. "Oh! you do play lovely, sir."

He gave a short laugh. "Come in," he said, tuning the violin. "Come in if you'd like to. I'll play again. It's refreshing to be appreciated, its charming. A new sensation in fact. It's what we all want, don't you know, to be appreciated." Then, as she sidled into the room half shyly, "Are you appreciated, little one?"

"No sir," she said, her mouth drooping; "Oh, no sir, I ain't."

He raised his eyes and saw the small maid standing in the full light.

"Great Ceasar!" he cried, with a soft whistle. "What a regular little witch! Is that your familiar spirit? Where did they ever get you?"

"From a Home," said Cinders, "an'—he aint a spirit—he's a cat."

"I see he's a cat," returned the young fellow. "Oh yes, decidedly a cat, and a bad-tempered one, to judge by the waving of his tail. Do you remember what George Eliot calls a cat's tail, or it may have been a dog's tail?"

"No," she answered, her great eyes alight.

"Well, it's rather good. She calls it 'The appendage whereby he expresses his emotions.' What's your friend's name?"

"'Phisto," she said, soberly.

"Mephistopheles, possibly?"

"Yes, sir; that's what Hanna named him 'cause she says he's a perfect divil, an' that's the name of a divil she saw in a play."

"Hanna has a sense of the fitness of things. But you, you were never christened Cinders in a Christian land?"

"Oh, no sir; my name's Lucinda Ellen, only Mrs. Stogers says life's too short to call me that."

"I retract the compliment I paid Hanna. Any one possessing an idea would have turned Lucinda Ellen into Cinderella. Don't see how they could have missed it."

He touched the violin string softly, then dropped the bow.

"What do you do with the cat when you ride out on your broomstick?"

"When I do what, sir?"

"When you take your midnight airing in your peaked cap and red cloak and that kind of thing. Where do you leave the brute, Mrs. Witch? Or do you take him along as a mascot?"

"I aint a witch," said the child, gravely.

"Come, come," answered the young fellow, smiling; "you're not Cinderella, so you must be the witch. Besides, they always have eyes like yours and just such hair, and there's the black cat. He's convincing. Why the *tout ensemble* is perfect."

"Well, I aint a witch," she replied again. "I wish't I was; then I'd change Mrs. Stogers into a cow, an' Hanna into a monkey, an' I'd turn things to gold, an' live in a castle. An' I'd never do anything but listen to music, like you played, an' I'd have fairies bring me ice-cream on little trays every hour, an' I'd buy a real diamond collar for 'Phisto, an' I'd marry a prince."

"Like me?" he asked, looking amused; then, as she did not answer, he began to play.

Cinders listened as one under a charm. Her heart ached with the sweetness of the sounds, for the violin spoke a language she understood. It told her the same things as the rain that pattered on the roof, and the wind that blew about the house on wild nights. When the passionate notes ceased, her curled lashes were wet and her face white and eager.

"You have a soul, you queer little thing," said the man.

"Everybody has a soul," she replied softly, "only cats."

"Do they? Well, perhaps, but not the same kind. No. If people felt my music as you do, I would have my pockets full of gold, little Cinders, instead"—He stopped abruptly, then went on. "Where's your mother?"

"I hav'ny any—nor a father—nor nobody."

"We're in the same boat then," he answered. "But you have friends?"

"Only him," she said, stroking the cat. "I sort of belong to Mrs. Stogers. I should think you had friends, sir, lots of them—you're so big—an' beautiful looking."

He gave a short laugh. "I have an aunt, an aunt who thinks she owns me body and soul."

"Like Mrs. Stogers does me?"

"Yes, probably. But this aunt of mine has a mortgage on me, unfortunately. I have lived with her. I owe her everything. She is still liberal. She says I may be rich going her way, with the alternative of being poor going my own. It can be seen," with a shrug, "which I have chosen. It was the one possible way; a man can't be brow-beaten."

"Like Mrs. Stogers brow-beats me?" she broke in sympathetically. "No, of course not—but—but—what if your aunt loves you? Wouldn't that make it different, sir?"

The boyish face, looking down at her, darkened. "There is love," he said, "and love. Yes there are those who might think she loves me, little one. If so, it's a parody on love. I say—a blind, selfish, domineering thing is not worth the name." He was talking to himself now.

"I must go," said the child, drawing a long breath. "Mrs. Stogers wouldn't let me be bothering you."

"Oh, you haven't bothered, you have flattered me. I find I can move an audience to tears."

"Do you play—for—for money, sir?" she asked diffidently.

"I am glad to say I do. To-morrow night I take my position, second violin in an orchestra. It has been no money and semi-starvation; now it will be second fiddle and the affluence of Mrs. Stogers' attic. But there's the future."

"Will you play some other time?" she asked wistfully.

"I will."

"Thank you, an' good-night, sir," said Cinders, closing the door.

When he was alone the man stood thinking. "I feel better," he said, half aloud, "much better; not so light-headed and shaky. Knocking around so long alone took the courage out of me. It's a good thing to talk to somebody when one's down on one's luck, if it's only to a child."

As for Cinders, the melody she had heard sung itself to her till it put her to sleep. It was not a bad way to be put to sleep, a far better one than counting sheep jump over a fence, or watching with the mind's eye that ever-falling water of Niagara.

But it would not be a possible way with all of us—for not on all does God bestow his gift of the love of music.

One law of His is the law of compensation. Where many blessings have been withheld from a soul, He gives it in exchange some wonderful thing that gold cannot buy, some wonderful thing that makes its happiness.

And happiness, like beauty, or the love of a child, cannot be bought, which is well, for, if it could, the rich would probably have it all.

Every evening before Dan Thorald went to the theatre, he played on the small brown instrument, and Cinders and the cat listened.

When he returned late, the child lying awake on her little bed close under the roof, would sometimes hear the music that charmed her again.

Through the days, after rehearsals, Thorald stayed in his room writing, as though life depended upon it.

If Cinders had a spare moment she would look in at him quickly to make sure he was there.

When the man chanced to see her, he called her in. She invariably refused the invitation, though the black cat, who was her shadow, always accepted with alacrity.

Thorald was strangely attracted by the odd child, and would talk to her on such occasions in his half-earnest, half-whimsical fashion.

"I forgot to dust when you were out, sir," Cinders remarked one day, standing at the door.

"Don't trouble," he replied, smiling. "Somebody, very æsthetic, once said, 'Remove not dust, it is the bloom of the ages.'"

The child looked puzzled. "It couldn't have been Mrs. Stogers said it anyway," she replied. Then, her tone changing, "Oh, you do write a lot; isn't it pretty cold to be writing in there so long?"

"You forget the stovepipe," he answered.

"The stovepipe!" she said, scornfully. "Ye don't think that gets yo' warm?"

"Assuredly—else what its mission?"

"There aint any fire in the stove its catched onto. I asked Mrs. Stogers to have a fire into it, but she won't."

"Thanks, but don't bother," he replied.

"I 'spose you think I've troubles o' my own," she said, quaintly. "Well, I forget 'em when I hear your music, Mr. Thorald, and if I'm angry, the wickedness jest goes right out o' my mind. Truly it does."

"There was a King once, named Saul," said Thorald, "and one played to him upon the harp—but I don't suppose you know the story."

"No," she answered, wistfully shaking her head.

"I'll tell it to you sometime, not now. I must work. When this opera is finished my troubles will be ended, Cinders."

"What's a opera?" she questioned.

"Music," said Thorald. "Music and more music, set to words. This is going to New York. To make my fortune—or——"

"Or what?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is going—for all the world to hear, that's all."

"I'm glad," she answered, radiantly. "All the people will clap their hands and call fer you, like Hanna says they do at the theatre."

"They may," he answered.

"Oh! they will," said the child, wisely. "An' I am glad—for you—but," passionately, "when you get rich—I won't never hear you play again."

"Yes you will, I won't forget you, Cinders, if that time comes."

"Won't you?" she cried. "Oh! won't you, Mr. Thorald?"

"Not I; you're such an uncommon, odd little piece. I couldn't if I tried."

"Maybe you'll go back to your aunt," she suggested.

"Certainly I will—when I get rich. It's only when a fellow's poor he don't go back, you see."

"Yes, I see," she said, nodding. Come on, Phisto, we must go."

Thorald heard her slipping down the hall in shoes that had probably served Mrs. Stogers faithfully. On the stairs one fell off and bumped to the bottom.

The man smiled, then grew grave. "By-and-by," he said, "I'll look after that child a bit."

He finished his work and sent it away. Then tried to put in the time practising, but the weather was frosty, and his fingers could not handle the bow.

Cinders fretted at the thought of him in the cold room, where he sat reading, his overcoat buttoned to his throat.

December came in with heavy snow and a biting wind from the North.

Then the child grew desperate. "Please, Mrs. Stogers, won't you give Mr. Thorald the little room where the stove is?" she said timidly.

"Won't I what?" cried the landlady.

"Won't you let him have the empty room, an' a fire in the stove?"

"Well, I never! That I won't! He don't pay enough for what he does get. I've no use fer proud ones like him—poor as poverty, an' holdin' their heads above them that has seen better days."

"It's awfully cold," said Cinders; "awfully, awfully cold, Mrs. Stogers."

"One 'd think this was the North Pole, 'stead of Canada, to hear you. Goodness me! it's only seasonable and pleasant. You'r complainin' of yer own room."

"No," cried Cinders, her eyes flash-

ing; "Oh no, I'm used to it, but he isn't. He's a gentleman."

"Or thinks so!" retorted the woman, "a-carryin' round a dress suit in that swell leather case o' his. A dress suit, my gracious! I don't care whether he goes or stays. I'm tired to death of the noise he makes on his fiddle."

Cinder's red mouth set itself firmly. There was no use in talking to Mrs. Stogers, she thought. A person who called music "*a noise*"—no—no use.

When the landlady was busy elsewhere, she fled to the woodshed, gathered her skirts full of wood and toiled up the back stairs noiselessly.

She fastened the door of the empty room, and started to light the fire.

A few minutes later Thorald, on his way to the attic, heard sharp screams as of a child in terror. He thought of some children who lived in the house, and often played about the halls, and sprang up the stairs towards the sound. As he reached the landing Cinders rushed towards him, her short tindery dress ablaze.

To catch her and rub the flames out with his hands, against his coat—any way—was the work of a moment, and soon she lay in his arms a rumpled, frightened little heap, but safe.

"You've burnt your hands," she sobbed; "Oh! I know you have, I know you have."

"Are you hurt much?" Thorald asked, his voice rather shaky. "I think you must be hurt, Cinders."

"No," she said, "I don't b'lieve I am. My clothes are all woollen but that dress. I jest got caught on top like, like Hanna's pies does sometimes," with a queer little laugh. "I guess I'll be kind of brown like them, but"—pushing back her curls—"but you've burnt your hands, Mr. Thorald."

"Yes, rather. Not very badly. I'll send Mrs. Stogers up and then see to them. Cinders," he said, "it's a good name for you after all. You tried to make it fit this time."

"I was lighting the fire in the room under yours," she said in a half whisper. "Jest wait till Mrs. Stogers knows, that's all."

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the landlady's voice greeted them.

"Who's been settin' the house afire an' yellin' so?" she cried, coming into view, but stopped short, her eyes falling on the still trembling child and her unsmiling lodger.

"It wasn't the house," Cinders explained rather faintly; "it was me. I lit the fire, and caught my dress. Mr. Thorald put me out, the flames you know, and he burned his hands."

There was never a heathen who raged as Mrs. Stogers did then. No thought of sympathy entered her mind, and as nothing could stop the avalanche of words, Thorald went out. When he returned his hands were bound up, and his spirit was rebellious, for he knew it would be two weeks before he could touch his violin. Yet he was not without hope, so long as his manuscript did not fail him.

If the opera was received, he would go home for Christmas victorious, and show the woman who thought she ruled his destiny, that he was able to do his own work in the world, in his own way. Yes, if he succeeded he would go home, but——

Oh! these awful "buts" that turn us off at right angles from our heart's desires.

What Thorald did not count upon was illness—that thief in the night.

One morning, two weeks before Christmas, he did not come down to breakfast, and Mrs. Stogers mounted the steep stairs to ascertain the reason. No answer was given to her knocking, so, the door being unlocked, she went in.

Her lodger was tossing his head to and fro on the pillow. He called Mrs. Stogers "Aunt Emily," and she said afterwards the way his eyes stared gave her chills, so she sent him to the hospital.

Cinders watched the ambulance take him away, then she rushed to her room and flung herself down on the floor.

She did not cry, for it had got past crying with Cinders. "If I knew where that old aunt lived I'd find her," she said, sitting up and gazing with melancholy eyes at Mephistopheles. The cat rubbed a ribby side against her dress for answer.

"There might be a letter or something in the leather case," she went on thoughtfully. "I don't like lookin', but I guess I must."

She stole into the deserted room softly; the emptiness, the stillness, was unbearable, and in a fever of hope and fear she searched quickly.

In a pocket of the dress suit, despised of Mrs. Stogers, was a letter directed to "Miss Emily Thorald." Then followed the name of a town Cinders had heard mentioned often, for it was not far away. She smiled as she spelled it slowly over.

"I'll write," she said, rejoicing in the accomplishment, which had been acquired with infinite pains in the odd moments that had been given for conscience' sake to what was called her "education."

"Yes," she said again, "I'll write, an' get the money from my bank for the paper an' stamps."

This bank was a tin building kept by Mrs. Stogers in her own room. Any coin of the realm that the little maid chanced to receive she was condemned to deposit therein.

Now, she abstracted this building from the site it had so long occupied, and shook out enough coppers to make her purchases, then wrote as follows:

MISS EMILY THORALD:—

Your nefu is took ill with a fitt of sickness. If you don't come to him he will dye. There aint nobody cares if he does or not, but me. He is at the Hospittle, and is out of his head. Hana says the Hospittle is orful.

With Resspec,

LUCINDA ELLEN.

This Cinders posted. Then waited. More than a week went by. She escaped once and went to the hospital. The porter told her Thorald was very ill, that no one had come to see him.

The child made up her mind on the way home that she would go for Thorald's aunt herself. There was a desperate pain at her heart that made inaction impossible.

About dusk she slipped out of the house unnoticed. The tin bank was clasped to her breast. The cat followed, scenting adventure on the air.

The city looked gay and bright at this dusky hour. The great buildings were trimmed with the snow's ermine and the frost's lace, as in honour of the approaching feast-day. Lights winked at the lonely little girl from friendly-looking houses.

There was cedar before the shops, and bunches of glistening holly behind the windows.

She passed the market where rows and rows of turkeys, all butchered to make a Christmas holiday, hung stiff in death, and where pigs of cheerful countanance, adorned with paper roses, and holding lemons in their mouths, appeared to rejoice in their fate.

On and on sped her light footsteps, for she knew the way. Her starry eyes saw the beautiful city, and it seemed as a city in a dream. Silver sleighbells rang on the frosty air, but she did not know she heard them.

The man at the wicket in the station stared as she asked for her ticket and handed him the tin bank.

"Break it open," said Cinders, "an' take out the money, please. I think there's enough. I tried to get it open, but I couldn't."

So far her faith in humanity had not been corroded.

The official wrenched the box open, took the needed amount and handed back the rest with the ticket. He looked amused, but he was kind.

People were all kind, she thought. The guard who put her aboard the train, the conductor, all of them.

Perhaps it was because the Christmas spirit was abroad in the land, or else that the serious little face, framed in its bronze brown hair, the eager, appealing eyes, and tremulous red mouth were hard to resist.

The train sped on through the white country, and Cinders waited; the cat,

who had escaped all pursuit, purring triumphantly beside her.

At the station she got out, carrying Mephistopheles, and stood alone on the empty platform.

An ancient cab was awaiting possible passengers. Cinders went to the driver and asked him if he could take her to Miss Thorald's house.

"I want to get there very quickly," she said, "and here's the money," handing him the balance on hand.

"All right, lady," he answered; "get right in; ye'll be there in a jiffy."

If it had been daylight he wouldn't have called me that, thought the child.

As to how she should return she did not trouble. No thought of Mrs. Stogers disturbed her. No fear, though the hour was late and the place strange. One idea alone held her mind.

After a little while the horses drew up before such a house as Cinders had seen in pictures.

The old cabman told her they had reached the place she wanted, and he watched the small figure with curiosity as it confidently mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

A man answered the door, a stiff, wooden-looking man.

"I want Miss Thorald," Cinders said eagerly, "an' I want her at once, if you please."

The servant led her in and went for his mistress. The child waited in the great hall calmly, as one who had come on a mission—as one unswayed by any thought of self.

In a few moments a woman came towards her—a stately woman, very beautiful, who did not look either old or young, but something of both.

Cinders sprang to her with outstretched hands.

"Why didn't you come?" she cried, reproachfully. "I told you how ill he was. Are you so angry you will let him die all alone?"

The woman grew white and caught her breath strangely; with one hand she unfastened the lace at her throat.

"I don't understand. Who are you, my child? What have you come for?"

"The letter," Cinders said incoherently. "The letter, you know. I waited for you to come."

"I know nothing of any letter!" answered the other. "Sit down and tell me what you mean."

Little by little Cinders told her story. Of the man in his attic room; of the music she loved, and the opera that had been sent away; of the cold, cold days, and the unfortunate fire she had started. It was a childish tale, much mixed in the telling, but the listener understood at last.

"If they took his opera in New York he was coming home for Christmas. When people are successful they come home. When they aint, why they don't," Cinders ended, gravely.

"My proud boy," said the woman, her lips quivering; "My proud boy!"

Then she kissed Cinders softly, passionately. "That might have made me harder still," she said. "I had other desires for him—but now—oh! you good little thing—you poor little thing, you shall take me to him at once, at once."

"It is very queer to be kissed," Cinders thought, as she fell asleep that night in a small white bed in one of the big beautiful rooms. "Very, very queer indeed."

It had not been possible to reach the city till next morning. At noon Miss Thorald entered the hospital ward and found the one she sought. But it was not that day he knew her, or the next. She listened to him talking—of the hours spent in the cold, lonely room—of his work—of Cinders—the only one who had seemed to care.

"You are a little witch," he repeated often; "you see into the future with those solemn eyes. Yes. And the black cat. He knows too. I charm you both, though—with the music. There was a king named Saul and one played to him upon the harp. But you don't know that story. Some day I will charm the whole world, so——"

The woman prayed as she listened.

As for Cinders, Miss Thorald kept the child with her. Never, never was she to go back to Mrs. Stogers. For there are ways of settling things when one has a friend rich and determined.

It was Christmas Day that they went together into the ward where Dan Thorald lay. He would know them, the nurse said. They might stay for a little while.

"Why, it's Cinders and Aunt Emily!" he cried weakly, as they came near.

Cinders dropped down by the bed and hid her face against it.

Presently she looked up with tear-filled eyes, but smiling lips.

"I guess you don't know it's Christmas," she said.

"Christmas! No, but I might have, I've got such a lot of presents. Aunt Emily, and you, little one, and this victorious letter from New York. Mrs. Stogers brought it. At first the nurse wouldn't read it, for fear excitement would kill me. I told her I'd die if she didn't. That ended it," he said, pausing between the words.

"Oh! I'm glad—so glad," cried Cinders, clasping her hands.

"I knew I could count on you, but Aunt Emily, you won't mind if I go my own way—now? It will be a successful one."

"Go your own way dear heart," she answered, softly. "I will follow. It is what women always do—in the end. I mind nothing—for I have you again—my Christmas gift—from God."

"And you, Lucinda Ellen," Thorald said, after a few moments, and with a low shaky laugh, "don't you want a Christmas-box too?"

"I jest want to stay here," she answered, eagerly.

"You shall stay—not here exactly, but with Dan and me, for always," said Miss Thorald.

"So I may be sure of one admirer and some applause," put in Thorald, who would talk. "You're a luxury I'm to be treated to. We're lucky to have been the first to discover you, Lucinda Ellen, for you're a sort of curio, an original, and Aunt Emily, being a collector, realizes that probably there's only one of the kind on the market, don't you know."

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

THERE is worship in the forest, where softly falling snow
Seems to touch with benediction the waiting earth below.
The long, slim fingers of the wind upon the barren trees
Play Nature's "Alleluia" in a multitude of keys.

And bird and beast they wake alike to join a common note,
And swell the reverent carol which wells up from Nature's throat.
Thus forest aisles resound with hymns, though paths be yet untrod,
When all the world goes joying at the Birthday of its God!

Eve Brodlique.

GLEN EILA

(A HIGHLAND BALLAD, SUGGESTED BY A SKETCH IN THE "CELTIC MONTHLY.")

CRADLED in loneliness, splendour and clouds,
Where the grim mountains lift up their headlands,
Hushed in its rain-mists, walled from the world,
Dreams the glad vale of Glen Eila.

Lone are its hills to the edge of the world,
With their brows flame-tipped with the heather,
Till down the hushed noonday are heard the dead feet
Of the clansmen who once trod the heather.

But 'tis far, far the day, and 'tis long the lone weeks,
Looking back down the years with their sorrow,
Since love lingered here and gleamed on the cheeks
Of Mahri,* the dream of Glen Eila.

The touch of the morning, the sound of the brook,
In her face and her voice set me dreaming;
Till it seemed the wild grandeur of glenside and peak,
But existed to frame her eye's gleaming.

She comes once again when the nightwinds sob in
Round the sad wintry curve of the mountains;
And I know her sweet ghost, like a dream from the past,
Welling up from out the heart's fountains.

Two little clasped hands, two pleading soft eyes,
Looking up to me true in the twilight,
And the stir of a leaf, where the shy, watchful wind
Went past—God help and forgive me.

O the evil of youth and the madness of youth,
And the curse of this world with its dragon
Of callous, cold form and its mock of a heart,
That crushed my sweet flower of Glen Eila!

I saw my proud mother, my father so stern,
With his twenty grim lord-lines behind him;
And I put by her hand, and lost what this world
Hath sweetest of gift in its giving.

I could not tell all, how could I explain
To so pure and so trusting a spirit?
But I put her love by with a poor shifty lie,
And fled from my heart and Glen Eila.

* Pronounced Mary.

O, she dreamed on the slopes, and she gazed far to sea,
And she looked long to mountain-ward waiting,
Till the wistful eyes dimmed, and the trusting heart broke,
In the tryst of the years in Glen Eila!

Till a slumber more kind than the heart of a man
Took her peaceful at last to its keeping;
And the stars peep at night, and the mountains look down
On the grave where my dead love is sleeping.

My henchmen are many, my castle walls old,
And my station the pride of my people;
But I put it all by, with this world and its lie,
And I long for the slopes of Glen Eila.

I long for the bracken, the blue slopes of heather,
The purpling peaks in the twilight;
And a far-away voice, and a long-vanished face,
That gleams from the slopes of Glen Eila.

And oft when I weary of statecraft and rout,
And the simper of dame and court lady,
I wander, in dreams, to the heatherhill gleams,
And the glen that I trod with my Mahri.

And I see her sweet face, and I touch her soft hand,
And the years roll back with their shadow
Of dim, dreary days to those God-given hours
When I wandered the slopes of Glen Eila.

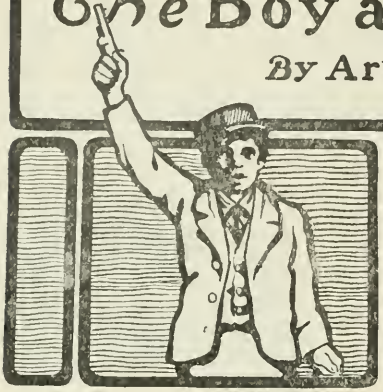
O the grim heavy years, O the sad thievish years,
That steal all our youth and our gladness!
Would they but bring to me, through their dream and their dree,
Nepenthe to life and its madness—

Till I stand once again, mid the sun and the rain,
Where the mountains slope down with their heather:
While the long years they pass, like the wind in the grass,
With Mahri and love in Glen Eila.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

The Boy and the Burglar

By Arthur J. Stringer



THE wind whimpered in the pines overhead. A fine, hard snow sifted down through the muffled darkness, and Christmas promised to come in with a storm. Lake Temiscamingue and the nearest roof lay fourteen miles to the west. So Harding threw a couple of logs on the fire and drew the moose-carcase into the circle of light, away from the wolves. Then, refilling his pipe, he went on with his story :

"As I was saying, it was the eighth Christmas dinner Etherington and I had eaten together. We fell into the habit nine years ago ; it was up on the Abittibi, on just such a Christmas moose-hunt as this. In the nick of time Etherington happened along a cut-bank where a bull-moose had me down and was doing his best to pound the life out of me. That night we had our first Christmas dinner together—and a good one, too—off our moose, with a French-Canadian breed for cook and a Chippewa guide for head-waiter. So for the last eight years Etherington and I have had our saddle of venison together on Christmas Day, or, what was better still, moose when we could get it.

"But last Christmas, as I remember it, Etherington had to leave before our little bachelor dinner was quite finished. He was called away by a special messenger, just why I do not remember. But when he went I was left alone in my rooms—they were my old apartments on South Washington Square—since I had let my housekeeper go for the holiday. I remember partly clearing the table and thinking how little, after all, two men could eat, especially when it was a matter of saddles of venison. When I had cleared most of the things away I opened one of the windows at the back of the room to cool the air and let out some of the smoke. Then I turned out the lights and drew a big chair up to the fire, and sat there thinking pleasantly enough about old times in general, and that Christmas Day in particular which Etherington and I had once spent in a double-walled tent on the Abittibi.

"I must have dozed off, for I remember I woke with a start. I felt sure I had heard the sound of a window creaking at the far end of the room. The high back of my big leather chair was between me and the window, so I sat without moving for a minute, and listened. I soon knew there could be no mistake about it. Some one intended to visit me by way of my back window. I kept well under the cover of the big chair, and, twisting carefully about, peered towards the window.

"There, silhouetted against the grey light outside, I could distinctly see a figure climbing cautiously through the opened window. The sight sent the blood tingling through my veins, but I stopped for a moment to think over some plan of action.

"There was a collection of old fire-arms above my mantel, old things I had picked up, at various times, in different parts of the world. I knew there were, at least, two among them that were loaded. One was a Mexican cavalry pistol, and the other a seven-shooter that had been taken from Yellow Cloud, a half-breed who had figured in the Riel Rebellion.

"So I tiptoed over to the mantel, and feeling about found the seven-shooter. Then I slipped noiselessly to

the centre of the room, and, carefully covering my visitor, turned on the electrics.

"I think I was more surprised than the burglar himself. There, clutching my roast of venison to his breast, stood a white-faced, ragged, lean-looking urchin of perhaps ten years, blinking helplessly at the sudden glare of lights.

"When he saw the revolver covering him he threw one hand up over his eyes and groaned. I lowered my weapon, for my burglar was nothing but a child, the puniest specimen of hungry-eyed emaciation that was ever tempted to steal a Christmas dinner. His cheeks were hollow, his clothes were tattered, and there was an absolutely pitiable leanness about his gaunt little figure. I felt sorry for him, but still, I thought, a thief is a thief.

"'What does this mean, sir?' I said in my sternest voice, walking over and catching him by one of his lean arms. He did not answer, so I gave him a vigorous shaking and repeated the question.

"My burglar burst into tears, and bawled most energetically. 'It ain't fer me, mister,' he sobbed, 'it ain't fer me! I never done it b'fore—it was jus' fer Sally!'

"'Who is Sally?' I asked.

"'Me sister,' said the boy, shaking with fear, 'but I never done it b'fore!'

"I asked him where he lived. He wiped his eyes on his ragged coat-sleeve and turned to the window. He pointed to a dilapidated tenement in the rear. 'See dat light in de winder at de top dere. Well, dat's ours. We kin stan' dere an' look right down inter your place and see what youse is eatin'. We always does. Sally and me watched youse havin' dinner to-night. We watched youse last Christmas, too, an' Sally says as how she's seen youse feedin' your face fit to bust every Chris'mas fer five or six years!'

"'Oh, I see; then Sally sent you here?' I said, trying the boy. He looked up at me with a sudden change of face. 'Sally sent me?' he cried. 'Well, I guess not; Sally ain't dat kind. But de ol' woman's bin boozin' fer t'ree days an' Sally ain't got her bread-hooks onto a t'ing to eat since yesterday mornin'. An' I was druv to it. She sat up dere a-watchin' youse an' de odder guy eatin' by de hour, an' she didn't say nothin', but I knowed w'at she was thinkin'. An' w'en I seen youse leavin' all dat good stuff, I jes' had to sneak in an' see if I couldn't swipe some grub. Den youse pinched me!'

"It took me a minute or two to think the thing out. For the life of me I could not help feeling sorry for the little beggar. Outside, I remember, the snow was falling quietly over the city, and I pictured the bare little room up in the Third Street tenement, and then looked at my own warm rooms and glowing fire and half-wasted supper. I asked the boy his name.

"'Tony O'Hagan,' he answered promptly enough.

"'Well, Tony,' I said, 'I want you to go home and get Sally and bring her here. Go the same way you came, and if you are telling me the truth and that really is your window up there where the light is, show your head there a couple of times and come back the same way, and you and Sally will eat one of the biggest Christmas dinners you ever sat down to.'

"This only seemed to distress Tony.

"'An' den youse'll pinch us bot'!' he wailed.

"I did my best to reassure the urchin. 'I want you and Sally,' I explained, 'to come over and have your Christmas dinner with me.'

"'Nope,' said Tony, with great decision. 'Youse can pinch me if youse want to, but Sally's dif'rent!'

"I was at my wit's end trying to convince the boy of my good intentions. 'Here,' I said at last, handing him my seven-shooter. 'Take this revolver. When you come back with Sally you can use it on me if there is a policeman here or if I try to pinch you. Will that do?"

"For a minute or two he hesitated. Then he seemed to realize that I was in earnest, and took the gun, gingerly enough. The next minute he had

climbed through the window and slipped away through the falling snow. I stepped out on the little verandah and watched for his signal. I must have waited there ten minutes without a sign from the window up in the tenement. Chilled with the cold and a little disgusted with my own simplicity, I climbed back through the window.

"'S-s-s-sh! Not a word, or I'll shoot!' That was the welcome I got as I stepped into my own room. Something cold, significant and chilling was held suddenly against my right temple and a hand grasped at my throat just above the collar. And I assure you I shall never forget the feeling. With that significant, cold thing still at my temple I was pulled gently but firmly away from the open window.

"A dark-lantern flared in my face, and turned everything but the one ball of light to sudden blackness.

"'Now, shut that window,' said the voice out of the blackness behind the lantern. The pistol barrel was taken from my temple.

"'Hold on!' said the voice again. 'On second thoughts it would be better to leave it open. Draw the curtains instead. Now, turn on the lights, please.'

"I tried to make a sudden spring through the darkness and clinch with him. But he caught me securely by the lapel of my coat and made me unhappy once more with his menacing pistol-barrel at my head. 'None of that, you fool, or I'll pink you,' my polite burglar muttered under his breath. I smiled grimly and did what he had ordered. Then my burglar, I remember, snapped his lantern shut with a click that made me jump.

"It was with something more than interest that I looked him over. He was a brawny fellow, at least six feet in height. There was nothing the least disreputable-looking about his dark brown suit and his cloth cap. In fact, he carried himself much better than I had been led to believe was the habit of the professional burglar. Over his eyes he wore a little mask of black felt, and his chin, I noticed, was clean-shaven. I had thought that all burglars were lantern-jawed, but my burglar was not.

"'Now, sir, what can I do for you?' I said as coldly as possible, after we had spent several minutes in sizing each other up.

"'I am very sorry to trouble you at such a late hour,' he said with mock apology, 'but I must ask you to take your keys, go to that oak cabinet in the corner and unlock both the inner and outer doors.'

"This staggered me, but I mentally ran up the value of the things stored in the cabinet. My friend the burglar seemed to know what was running through my mind, for he smiled. He noticed my hesitancy, and once more waved his hand persuasively towards the cabinet.

"'Well, let's have a smoke first and talk things over,' I said with assumed jauntiness, turning carelessly towards the fire-place. My thoughts were, of course, directed towards the Mexican cavalry pistol there.

"'No,' said the burglar, 'at least not at present, thank you. Business must come before pleasure, I regret to say.' He smiled, and his right hand dropped for a moment to his side. I saw my chance.

"'Well, you don't mind *my* having a pipe, I presume?' I asked, watching him.

"Above the mantel stood a rack of pipes. Eighteen inches from them lay the cavalry pistol. I swung my hand up carelessly for the pipe.

"Instead of stopping at the pipe-rack, my hand slipped on to the pistol. I had it in my fingers in a second—I thought, rather cleverly.

"My friend in the black mask laughed quietly. 'Not quite,' he said, and his hand went up like lightning. I think I laughed, a little uneasily, when I saw him covering me.

"'I don't want to be rude, but you mustn't do that sort of thing again. Something might happen, for, as you see, this is a hair-trigger.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I suppose the sooner you get what you want and

clear out the better. The room's getting cold with that window open.'

"'I was hoping at the time that this might give me a chance to reach the window and give an alarm.

"'Then kindly put some coal on the fire,' he ordered.

"I put the coal on, but as slowly and noisily as possible. He bit his lip, I remember, but said nothing. Then he pointed once more to the cabinet. There was nothing for me to do but open it. I think it was more the sense of defeat than the actual loss of the things that weighed so heavily upon me.

"Step by step my friend the burglar followed me to the corner with his gun between my shoulder-blades. I unlocked the doors and swung them open.

"'Leave me that opal ring if you can,' I said. 'It belonged to my mother.' I did it simply to try him.

"'Most certainly,' he answered, to my surprise, 'under the circumstances.' Then he swept the things carelessly together and dropped them in his big inner coat-pocket. After that he carefully locked the two little cabinet-doors and handed me the keys.

"'Having finished our little business,' he said with his maddening smile, 'I shall accept your very kind invitation to dine.' His right arm must have ached excruciatingly, I think, but not for one moment did he neglect to keep me covered. 'But you must pardon me,' he added. 'Even though my host, I must ask you to precede me on this occasion.'

"We sat down. My guest minced at a little caviare, nibbled at a little cold turkey, and remarked that my saddle of venison, though cold, was still savoury. But I could see that he ate with a sense of uneasiness.

"'By the way,' I said, 'would you mind telling me just how you got in here?'

"'Most elementary,' said my friend the burglar rather contemptuously. 'These old houses, I find, have the crudest sort of locks. I would really advise you to alter them.'

"My visitor's gaze wandered restlessly from me to the door. He felt his inner pocket and fingered his revolver abstractedly. Then he looked up and asked me the time, though I knew that not once his eyes were really off me.

"I glanced at my watch. The burglar gave me a look of smiling surprise.

"'What an oversight! Absolutely ridiculous, when you think of it! If it is not asking too much,' he said, 'while you are giving me the time, you might also—ah!—might also give me the watch.'

"This made me groan inwardly, naturally. As I undid the old-fashioned gold chain—a family heirloom—I considered the chances of a hand-to-hand struggle. The burglar's revolver lay on the table beside his plate.

"He reached out his hand for the watch. I drew back, as though reluctant to part with it. I can still remember seeing the mouth below the mask smile exasperatingly, as he leaned forward to take it.

"The fingers of one hand were open and the other rested on the centre of the table. I felt, at that moment, that it was then or never.

"When I lunged at him he jerked back, and I clutched only one wrist and the thumb of the outstretched hand. In the sudden, quick, sharp wrenching that followed I suppose I rather cleverly managed to shift my hold from his thumb to his wrist. Then he realized my actual ruse, and the real struggle began.

"'Damn you, you're clever, aren't you?' he said with quiet savageness.

"I was straining every muscle in my body to bring him face downward on the table. He strained and wrenched back, trying to do exactly the same with me. I saw his neck and jaw grow purple with the effort, and I can still half-feel how the muscles in my arms and shoulders cracked.

"It was a short struggle, but it seemed ages. Inch by inch he drew me over, down and yet farther down on the white table-cloth. He was too much for me. Every cord and tendon

in my body seemed paralyzed. It must have made a strange picture. My burglar must have seen that he was winning, for a triumphant smile spread over his purple jaw."

Harding drew his Four-Pointer closer about him and knocked out his pipe. He sat for several moments in silence, with the firelight in his face, chewing the cud of his odd memories. A wolf barked in the distant gloom of the forest and the snow sifted down quietly through the pines. At home, I knew the Christmas bells were just beginning to boom out across the midnight city.

"I noticed that smile," went on Harding again, "but at the same time I also noticed something else. It was a small white face,—a face with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, and it peered cautiously in through the curtains that swayed by my back window. It was, as you have guessed, my young friend Tony. The sight gave me a momentary grip of steel. The vice-like clutch burst one of my fingers and the red blood dripped down on the white table-cloth.

"I clung to him like a leech, for Tony's ragged little figure was tiptoeing across the floor, with a big seven-shooter in his hand.

"Then a shrill voice cried out: 'W'ere'll I soak 'im, mister? In de head or t'rough de slats?'

"My friend the burglar jumped, lost his nerve and lurched forward to my tug on his arms. I took in every inch of slack.

"'Heavens,' he cried, with his face down on the table, 'don't shoot! don't shoot!'

"'Keep him covered, Tony,' I gasped, 'keep him covered, and if he moves let him have it, and right through his dirty heart,' I screamed, for the blood was dripping from my split finger and the pain of it made me fighting mad.

"'Now, git his gun, Sal; git his gun dere, an' git ready to soak 'im from de odder side if he tries any funny work.'

"I remember I could not help laughing, though it must have been a rather hysterical laugh, for a white-faced, skinny-legged girl in a ragged plaid skirt ran over to the table and snatched the burglar's revolver.

"'Dat's de way to do bus'ness, Sal. Dat's right, keep it right agin his gizzard, but look out for me when youse shoot.'

"I gave a gasp of relief and let go my hold.

"'Will I shoot?' shrieked Sally.

"'Plunk 'im?' echoed Tony, following every move of the burglar with his revolver.

"'No, no, you little devils,' I managed to cry out. 'We mustn't murder the man.' I scrambled to my feet and took the revolver from Sally.

"My old opponent and I stood facing each other for some little time, each regaining his breath. The thought that my valuables were to go back in their cabinet again made me forget my troubles for the time being.

"'Now it's my innings, I believe, Mr. Burglar,' I said.

"My friend the burglar laughed and shrugged his shoulders. I could not help admire his coolness. 'It's all in the game, I suppose,' he said resignedly.

"I flung my keys to Tony and told him to unlock the cabinet. When I also told the boy to clean out the man's inside coat-pocket, the old quiet smile played under the black mask, while Tony proceeded to do the cleaning out with great relish. I replaced the things in my cabinet and locked the doors. It occurred to me at the time that, after all, such a thing was a stupidly ridiculous place in which to keep valuables.

"Outside, I remember, we could hear the Christmas bells beginning to peal merrily away. There was something indescribably sweet in the sound as it came through the quietly falling snow.

"'We was late,' said Tony restively, at this point, looking towards the table, 'cause de ol' woman collared me on de stairs.'

"'I t'ought at first we was too late for supper,' added Sally hungrily.

"'An' it *does* smell good,' sighed

Tony dreamily, putting his hand over his stomach.

"To tell the truth I had quite forgotten the promised supper. And it was Christmas morning, the day of peace and good-will. This I explained to them as I drew up the chairs and invited them to be seated and to dine together for, I added significantly, the last time.

"My friend the burglar heaved a sigh of relief at the words and gravely bowed his thanks. I had Sally put the brass kettle on the hob, while Tony helped me arrange the table. I have eaten many strange meals in many strange places—in fact, this was an odd meal of ours to-night, Macfarlane—but that Christmas supper was the strangest. Tony shed several buttons before he had finished, while Sally stuffed herself to repletion.

"Finally my burglar rose and ventured to remark, somewhat timidly, that he really ought to be going. Tony also said he 't'ought he had better chase his-self.'

"So I took them all to the back window—that eventful back window—and apologizing for such an unconventional egress, let them out into the night.

"'This revolver, sir,' I said to my friend the burglar, 'I shall be forced to keep as a souvenir of our evening together. And the next time you honour me, sir, I trust it will be by way of the front door.'

A CHRISTMAS PÆAN.

O LORD, I thank Thee for white bread,
For strengthening meat and ruddy wine,
For all fair cates to me and mine
Wherewith I am full fed!

O Lord, I thank Thee for the zeal
I bring to toil—a constant zest—
The spectacle of labour blessed,
The honest joys I feel!

O Lord, I thank Thee for the earth,
In golden day or silver night,
In summer green or winter white,
Or quick with vernal mirth!

O Lord, I thank Thee for the rain,
For all Thy gentle, gracious tears
That fell within a million years
To soften Nature's pain!

O Lord, I thank Thee for the snow,
That cloaks the fallow, fecund meads,
That stops the wounds where stubble bleeds
And garners strength below!

O Lord, I thank Thee for the sky,
The glorious sun to make Thy laud,
The jewelled hosts to tell of God,
To teach me how to die!

O Lord, I thank Thee for high thought,
For noble aims and lofty words,
For trill of brooks and song of birds,
With loving message fraught!

O Lord, I thank Thee for all good
That gathered since that distant morn,
When Jesus Christ was lowly born
To work our Brotherhood!

Franklin Gadsby.

AT YULE-TIDE.

TWINE, twine the wreaths for Christmas,
Dusk-green and spicy-sweet,
Make fair your walls with garlands
Where fir and hemlock meet,
And round the fire at twilight
Old songs, old tales repeat.

Uplift the chant and carol,
Bid bright the yule-log burn,
Clasp hand with hand in kindness,—
Lest, when the Time return,
For some one now beside you
In vain, in vain you yearn.

Oh, happy hearts, forget not
The stranger at the gate,
Make glad some lonely spirit,
Bring love to vanquish hate,
And near the couch of sickness
With tender comfort wait.

Oh, mourning souls at Christmas
For you what can I say?
The songs are full of echoes,
The skies are dimmed and gray,
The silent voices call you,
Tears choke you when you pray.

Yet sing the old songs together,
The brave old customs keep;
It may be, through the music,
A loftier strain shall sweep,
And upward, spirit-kindled,
High aspirations leap.

Glad hearts and grave, this Yule-Tide,
Your hopes and memories share,
Let mirth be free from hardness,
And grief without despair,
Then home shall give us foretaste
Of Heavenly mansions fair.

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

CANADA'S SCENIC SPLENDOURS

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine :
Here's to the Land of the raft and the river !
Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-Light's quiver !

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer ;
Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers ;
Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native bowers.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

APPLE BLOSSOMS, NOVA SCOTIA

PHOTO. BY HARDY, KENTVILLE

METAPEDIA RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

PERCÉ ROCK, QUEBEC

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

OLD FARM-HOUSE, ONTARIO

PHOTO. BY ROWLEY, TORONTO

QUIET STREAM, ONTARIO

PHOTO. BY ROWLEY, TORONTO

OUCATCHOUAN FALLS, QUEBEC PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

"—love
That life and death are fashioned of,
From the first breath that burns."

By Kindness of the Curé

By Jane Fayrer Taylor

"P'TIT FIN," whisking away the vicious deerflies with his sweeping tail, jogged along the sunbaked roadway with heartless indifference, stumbling occasionally into an unusually deep hoof-print, or against a hummock of the strong smelling daisies that invariably outline the wheel tracks of French Canadian byroads.

The springless "charette" rattled and creaked an accompaniment to the ceaseless "avance donc's" of the driver, seated sideways upon a shaft, and completely drowned the sobs of the girl sitting at the back beside an ancient hair trunk.

Not a tear fell, but the large, brown eyes were full of silent doglike misery, as the homestead, with Gran'père and Gran'mère in the doorway, crept behind the intervening trees.

Yes, the Curé had his will, and she might never see them again; she, their all, the only one the cruel fever had left them when her sweet, gentle mother, her good-looking, music-loving father and her dear brothers had all gone from them in one terrible week. Why had this voice that had so pleased the great master ever been given her? It had always brought tears even to his hard eyes, and was now drawing her from those she loved, from the deep woods where the rich green-coated butternuts were dropping and blackberries were ripening, from the square, golden clearings where the wheat swayed and fell to the rhythm of the scythe. Men, women and children, the very birds, wild animals, and beasts of the field, were to revel unchecked in the fulness of autumnal plenty, whilst she must walk, eat, sing, even breathe as she was told.

Never again to lie almost buried in the sweet Indian hay, floating in the old bateau on the reflected heavens of the still lake; sending, birdlike, thrilling tribute to the glory of the midsummer skies—never again!

"Tiens," grunted old Baptiste, "it kills me that we're already at the depot, you're such fine company. Torbleu, there's M'sieu l'Curé waiting for you, and the engine it cries from the 'pont-de-fer."

"Mais, mon Dieu, Baptiste, I am so miserable—"

"Cré folle," growled the old man, "an' you goin' where it's full of 'whiskey blanc,' where de pump never freeze, where de milk wait in de bottle for you on your doorstep—where everyding—your fire, your lamp, everyding, run right into your house for you trou de pipe; where you can eat—St. Michel!—eat all de tam—Bonjour, mon père!"

"Bonjour, Baptiste. Well, my little one," said Père Phillippe, enclosing Angélique's hand in both his own, "and is the brave heart failing?"

"Oh, my father, why did you bring that gentleman to hear me sing? I shall die in that big, cruel city; die like the rossignol of Baptiste in its cage."

"I know full well, my daughter," replied the old priest, "that there is no loneliness like unto that of one amidst numberless strangers. But you have, dear one, a sacred and beautiful

trust to fulfil. God has given you that which will bring joy, blessed even if temporary to the sorrowful, hope to the hopeless, and forgetfulness to the suffering. Let this be ever in your thoughts my child, and may it illumine the darkness which must, I fear, precede the 'roseburst of dawn.' To the last car, ma petite, to the Pullman, for we cannot risk draughts. May our Holy Mother guide you."

As the train rolled past the small station house and the girl saw her moving reflection in its geranium-filled windows—as she passed the kindly face of Père Phillippe—then swept by the crossing where Baptiste stolidly held "p'tit Fin" by the bridle ; as she flashed through the great cutting into the sunshine, and saw through whirling smoke-clouds pastoral battlefields of great cornstalks stacked like muskets, with orange pumpkins lying about for mammoth cannon balls, as she tilted around a curve, and there—far across the silver-dusted lake — saw, shining, the dear whitewashed, red-roofed farm house, saw beyond, high over the crimsoning maples, over the gold and white of the birches, away among the solemn green firs, the glittering tin roof and spire of the "paroisse"—Angélique's long imprisoned emotions broke forth in a merciful rain of tears.

•••

Snow was falling heavily, slowly turning to wonderful lacework against the pink afterglow of the evening sky, the branches and twigs outside Angélique's window.

Below, sleighs dashed past to the thin whine of their steel runners and jingle of bells. Across the square, through the falling opaque curtain, glimmered a line of brilliantly lighted "street-cars," following a giant sweeper that whizzed and whirled its diamond dust clouds far out on either side.

From below, within the Convent, came the sound of a piano, broken at intervals by the cracking and gurgling of hot-water pipes.

Angélique, kneeling at her window, flung away the pencil with which she had been outlining a frost flower already forming on the pane.

"It is terrible, this life," she moaned. "It has been nothing but study, study, for fourteen months to-day. Living here, where in summer the dear earth is smothered beneath a cruel coating, and where grass is allowed to grow only where one cannot cool one's foot upon it. Yes, and even the blessed snow is in these busy people's way! And then, mon Dieu, to have to walk always in straight lines—even across a street! And the master arrives to-morrow, and I must again sing to him, with his cold eyes freezing my voice like an icicle in my throat. Will he think I have done well in one year? Oh, Maman—Maman, if I was only lying beside you under the firs by the 'paroisse!'"

But the next day all fears, all sorrow and depression are forgotten as she sings before the great master.

He, world-weary, satiated with praise and adulation, lies back with half-closed eyes. Then the deep, tear-filled tones rise and fall, the austere lines fade from the tired face, his eyes fix and glow with suppressed excitement, and—when the final "Ave Maria" dies away—there is a long, unbroken silence. Then he ascends the steps to the little platform as one dreaming, and, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the trembling girl, says, almost enviously :

"Child, you now belong to the great world, be it cruel or kind. To yourself and your own country you can be true at heart ; this is the penalty of fame. You shall come back with me to Paris, Angélique."

"Not at once?" asks the lily-faced Sister, rising from the piano-bench.

"Non, ma Soeur, I remain here two weeks, in New York three, when Angélique must join me. Child, it is inevitable, and you will be well cared for."

Day after day the girl sang to the master: Now, her eyes on his, her cheeks reddening at his praise or paling at kindest criticism. Then, with her heart's adoration surging out to him with her passionate song.

And he—well, her voice swayed him as it would some day sway vast audiences. And he had discovered her, the country Curé being forgotten.

But the tension grew too great, and when, after his two weeks having lengthened into four, he left, her spirit broke—and the frail body with it, and she fled, like a wounded, storm-beaten bird, to her childhood's shelter.

One bitter evening, when the snow whirled and the wind whistled about the farm-house by the frozen lake, Gran'père cramming maple logs into the glowing stove with his beef moccasined foot, heard the dogs barking and sound of bells above the storm. Voices called, he opened wide the door, and there entered the Curé, half-supporting, half-carrying in his arms, Angélique.

•••

"Yes, mon père, I must sing once more before I go to join Maman and the others," pleaded Angélique. "Just this once, at the 'Veille de Noël.' He said my singing was hardly of earth. Was that not strange? Let me sing this last song to our own people in our own 'paroisse.'"

"Always 'he,' my daughter. Are you sure you are not mistaken, and that he thinks not of you?"

"Oh, father, it is hopeless. And he will never know. Only you and the Holy Mother know my sorrow and my secret. To him I am a musical instrument—that is all. Now promise to let me sing—of Our Lord's coming—this once, before my going. And father, promise also to be with me—you know—at the end?"

Père Phillippe bent his head and thought long and deeply before he answered, very gently—

"As you desire, my daughter, so shall it be." Then added, almost inaudibly, "May God forgive me if I do wrong."

But his "carriole" waited long before the telegraph office of distant St. Dominique that very day.

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It is "la veille de Noël." Without, the midnight heavens are aglow with stars. Horses stamp, clanging their harness bells, under the buffalo robes thrown over them for protection against the ice cold wind. The giant firs stand black against the sky, waving snow-laden arms to their whispered song.

The "paroisse" is crowded with villagers and habitants from miles around. The scent of fir and pine garlands mingles with that of the blistering varnish on the woodwork of the pews near the great overheated stove; that of the burning incense with the oil fumes of the innumerable bracket lamps, and the fainter tallow of the spluttering altar candles.

Vibrating through the expectant throng the pedal crescendo rolls out its preliminary message. Lovers draw nearer, work-weary old hands join, eyes fill and throats ache—for Angélique is about to sing her "last song."

At the first notes of the prelude she starts, clutching at the rail before her—then enters into her soul a great glowing joy. With luminous, uplifted eyes and tight clasped fingers she begins "Nazareth." Tender and liquid-sweet floats out: "Though poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore." Organ and voice merge as into one—fuller—louder—then as the glorious voice, almost alone, pours out the beautiful promise: "He will guide you through paths of peace to living waters clear"—a woman sobs below.

Soul to soul, almost heart to heart, organist and singer, upraised by new-found joy, pulsate in new-found unison. "The night is gone. Behold in all its glory, All broad and bright rises th' Eternal morning star"—throbbing with passionate fulness into one grand finality of "Life forevermore—life forevermore!"

Père Phillippe, rising, spreads wide his arms—"Jésu—Maria!" he breathes, then sinks upon his knees.

As one gray ocean billow the mass before him rises—subsides—slowly, silently; then the crash of an overturned bench above in the choir loft, and a small swaying figure is gathered close in two strong arms.

•••

Again it is "la veille de Noël." In a Continental city a woman, honour laden, sings to an Imperial court. As the world-thrilling voice rises and falls, and the great brown eyes, glowing with love and tenderness seek and find those of a man standing in the shadow of a group of palms, the brilliant scene before her fades—

Again an organ throbs hope and joy into her soul, new life into her dulled pulses—again comes the scent of fir and pine, mingling with heated varnish and incense.

The glorious voice rises — again women sob and men breathe heavily —Christ is born ! — Verily, life is triumphant—love is triumphant !

THE RESPONSE.

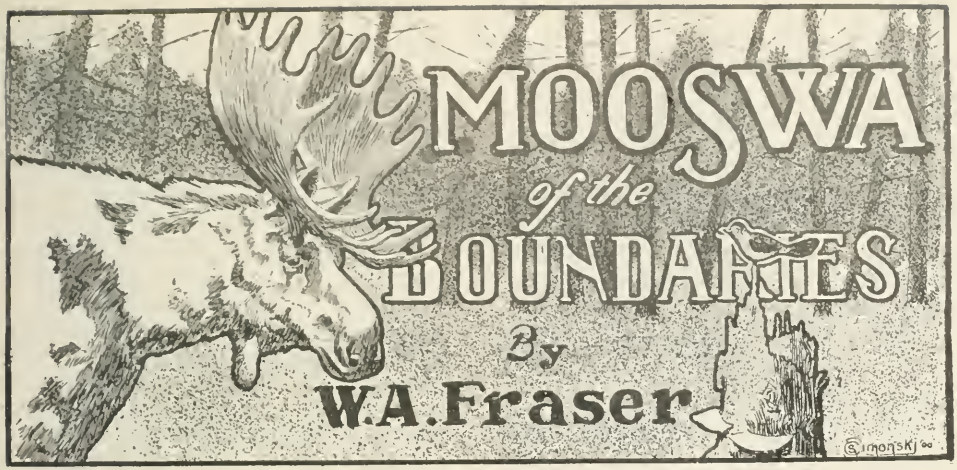
I DREAMED of Life ; I called to her ;
I heard her all about me stir ;
I craved for Life, for she was sweet—
And lo ! I found Death at my feet !

O Life ! I sought her far and near ;
And only Death bent down her ear ;
She passed the clouds grown white and gray,
And bore me upward and away.

Then folding me in wings of white,
My face she turned towards the light—
"See ! see, poor soul, how shines the sun !
Thou must know Death, when Life is done ! "

And then she beckoned, smiling sweet—
And lo ! I found Life at my feet !
Then knew I Life and Death are one ;
And Death is Life, when Life is done !

Amy Kingsland Pennington



CHAPTER IV.—THE COMING OF FRANCOIS.*

NEXT morning, just as the gray of the oncoming day was rolling the night curtain into the forest depths, Muskwa, who was swinging leisurely along, with a walk like a Blue-Jacket, towards the Trappers' camp, discovered Wapoos sitting in his path.

"A snareless runaway to you, little brother! Are you heading for the shack?"

"Yes," bleated Wapoos; I'm still weak from the Seventh Year Sickness and hop badly, I fear."

"Jump up, little chap; your furry stomach will feel warm on my back. Huh! huh! this beastly fog that comes up from the waters of the Athabasca to battle with the sunlight, gets into my lungs. I shall soon have to creep into a warm nest for my long sleep."

"Hast seen any of our comrades?" queried Wapoos, as he lay in the velvet cushion of black fur that was a good four inches deep on Bear's back.

"I heard the bay of Rof, as he called across the Pelican to some one. Here is Nekik's trail, where his belly has scraped all the mud spots.

"Aren't we a funny lot?" giggled Wapoos. "Mooswa's legs are like the posts of Man's cache—so long; and Otter's are like the knots on a tree—too short. See! there goes Black King and his red-headed mother."

"That is the queerest outfit in the Boundaries," chuckled Muskwa. "The Widow is red, and three of the sons; the babe, Stripes, is brown, with a dark cross on his back; while the King is as black as my daddy was. Sweet honey! but his coat was beautiful—like the inside of a hole on a pitch-dark night. There is a family of half-breeds up at the Landing, just like the Widow's lot. Some are red-haired, some are brown, and some are black. I saw them once fishing at Duck Lake."

"Did they see you, Muskwa?"

"Am I not here, little brother—therefore their eyes were busy with the fish. Wu-u-f-f! I catch the scent of Man; jump down, Wapoos; push through the willows and tell me what seest thou?"

Bear sat on his haunches and waited.

"There's a white lodge," reported Rabbit, as he hopped back, "and inside is a throat-call that is not of our comrades."

"That's a Man's tepee; most like it was the Boy's song your big ears heard."

They went forward gingerly, Wapoos acting as pilot. In a little open space where Red Stone Brook emptied into the Athabasca, was a small "A" tent. The two comrades lay down in the willows to watch. Soon they were

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act, 1900.

joined by Black King. Otter was already there. Then came Blue Wolf and Mooswa. As Carcajou joined them, Whisky-Jack fluttered into the centre of the party.

"That's a tent," he said with the air of a courier explaining the sights to a party of tourists. "The Boy is putting on his skin. Do you hear his song-cry?"

"He hath a full stomach," growled Rof, "for his voice is full of content. What is the cry, Bird of Knowledge?"

"It's a song of my Crow cousins. I'll repeat a line for your fur-filled ears:—

> "There were three crows sat on a tree,
> And they were black as crows could be;
> Said one of them unto his mate,
> Let's catch old Carcajou to ate!"

"All of a kind flock together," retorted Wolverine: "Birds and Boys and Fools."

Jack chuckled. To have roused Carcajou's anger was something to start the day with.

"Plenty of water to you all, comrades," greeted Beaver pleasantly, patting a smooth seat for himself with his tail, as he joined the others.

"Where is the Man?" queried Black King.

"Sleeping," answered Jack. "He makes a noise with his nose like fat Muskwa does when he runs from Grizzly."

"That's a pretty lodge," remarked Beaver critically. "When will they flood it?"

"Stupid! They don't live in the water," reproved the Jay. "If it is wet they make a little hollow path and run the water off."

"Is that a dead-fall, Jack?" asked Muskwa, pointing his grey nozzle at a small square building that was three logs high.

"It's their lodge; they started it yesterday."

"Poor building!" declared Umisk. "The first flood will undermine the corners and down it will come. Have they no trowel-tails to round it up with good blue clay?"

"Umisk, you should travel. Your ideas are limited. Have they not built their lodge on high ground where there will be no flood?"

"But they'll freeze in the winter," persisted Beaver. "The water would keep them warm if they flooded it."

"They've got a stove," the courier answered.

"What's a stove?" asked Lynx.

"You'll find out, Mister Cat, when they make bouillon of your ribs. It's that iron thing with the one long ear."

"Is that their breakfast—that pile of wood meat?" queried Beaver.

"Yes, meat for the stove," piped Jack. "Do you think they have teeth like a wood ax, and eat bark, because you do?"

"They have got queer teeth, sure enough," retorted Trowel-Tail. "See this tree stump, cut flat from two sides, all full of notches as though a Kit-Beaver, who didn't know his business, had nibbled it down. How in the name of good workmanship they can fall trees into a stream that way I can't make out. This tree fell on the land and they had to carry the logs. They're silly creatures, and have much to learn."

"There's the Boy!" whispered Jack.

They all peered eagerly at the door of the tent, for a white-skinned hand was unlacing it. Then a fair face, with rosy cheeks, topped by a mass of yellow hair, was thrust through the opening, and presently a lad of about fourteen stepped out, stretched his arms upward and commenced whistling like a bird.

"That's the Boy-call," said Black King, in a soft voice. "Listen, comrades, so that we may know it. François gives voice to the Man-call: 'Hi, yi! hi, yi! E-e-e-g-o-o-o!' Which means in their talk: 'Hear! hear! It is I—I—a Man!' That is because they claim to be Lords of all the Animal Kingdom, even as I am Ruler in our own Boundaries."

"François! François!" called the Boy, putting his face inside the tent; "the sun is up, the fog is gone, and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

Rof started. "Gur-r-r! how does the cub know my stomach is lean because of the Seventh Year Famine?"

A pair of sharp, black eyes gleamed from the tent-flap. They belonged to the Half-Breed Trapper, François.

"Move back a little, brothers, into the willows," whispered the King; "he has devil-eyes."

François came out, took his ax and made some shavings from a jack-pine stick.

"Will they eat that?" asked Beaver.

The Half-Breed stepped over to a birch tree, peeled from its side a handful of silver, ribbonlike bark, and lighted it with a match; it blazed and crackled like oil-soaked shavings. Then he shoved it into the stove, put chips and three sticks of wood in, shut the door, and thick black smoke curled up from the stove pipe. The animals stared with extraordinary interest.

Whisky-Jack craned his head, and watched the effect of this magic on his comrades.

"That's the Devil-thing that destroyed all the birds and their eggs," said the Red Widow. "It's the Man-fire."

The Blue Wolf was trembling. "E-u-h! E-u-h!" he whined; "Man's fire-medicine! It grows like the wind and destroys like the Rabbit plague. Once seven brothers of mine stalked a Man and he started the fire-medicine."

"What happened, Rof?" asked Carcajou.

"The Man escaped."

"And your seven brothers?"

"This red-poison ate them as Otter devours a fish—bones and all."

"I think the stove is a good thing," decided Black King. "The Man-fire is in a trap."

"Yes, the fire-trap is a good thing," concurred his mother, "if we wish to save the Birds."

"And the Rabbits!" added Lynx.

"And the berries!" grunted Muskwa.

"The purple Moose-weed grows after the fire has eaten the forest," mused Mooswa; "and if it glows hot and red on this side of the river I swim to the other."

"It's all right for you, Long-Legs, Pudding-Nose, Bob-Tail," gibed Whisky-Jack; "but the Law of the Boundaries is for the good of all. I hate the hot coals falling on my feathers when the forest is on fire."

The smoke curled lazily toward the river, away from the animals. Suddenly it veered about, and the pungent perfume of the burning birch-bark came toward them.

Mooswa straightened his massive head, spread the nostrils of his great cushion-shaped nose, cocked his thick ears forward intently, and discriminated between the different scents that came floating on the sleepy morning air.

"The fire-breath—Wh-e-e!" It tickled a cough in his throat. The odour of the Half-breed—ugh! he knew that—it was the Man-smell. But stop! What? A something out of the long ago crept into his sensitive nostrils and touched his memory. Surely it had once been familiar!

The Boy crossed directly in the path of the wind, and Mooswa got it stronger. Then he knew. His big eyes glistened softly, eagerly; it was the scent of the Boy he had played with at the Hudson's Bay Fort.*

"Comrades," he gurgled, for something was in his throat, "have I not told you of the Boy who was the Factor's young?"

"Whenever you got a chance!" snapped Whisky-Jack.

"Well, that's my Boy there. I'd like to rub my nose against his rose-flowered cheek."

"Bring a pot of water," said François to his comrade, "while I cut up the fish."

"Great suckers!" exclaimed Nekik. "Fish! and a beauty, too. It's a Tulabie. I know them; they're first cousins to Whitefish. These Men have fine taste—a fish diet makes one clever."

"It does!" declared Mink.

* When Mooswa was a calf, he had been a pet at a H. B. Post.

"It's better than roots!" concurred Muskrat.

"Slow birds! It makes me hungry," sighed the Red Widow.

"So it does me, good dame," piped Whisky-Jack. "You chaps had better slip away home now; I'm going to breakfast with the Men. It isn't safe to remain, for I can't stop to look after you."

"Go and clear the plates, Feather-Front," cried Carcajou, malignantly.

Jack sawed the air energetically with his wings and lighted on the wire guy with which François had steadied the stovepipe.

"Shall we move, comrades?" asked the King.

"Wait and see how Jack gets on with the Boy," pleaded Mooswa.

"I could sit here and smell that fish all day," declared Nekik.

"So could I," added Mink. "It's just lovely. I've never tasted fish dried in the firepot. I stole some once from a Trapper, which he had dried in the sun—there was no juice in it."

"Pe-e-p! Peep!" squeaked Whisky-Jack. The Boy looked up at him.

"What a frowsy-headed old Jay," he exclaimed, shying a stick at the Bird on the wire.

Muskwa dug Mooswa in the ribs with his big paw. "We'll see fun yet if we wait," he chuckled thickly.

"Don't bodder 'bout dat fell'," remonstrated François; "dat's only Whisky-Jack."

"Only what?" asked the lad.

"What dey call Canadienne Jay—Whisky-Jack."

"Shall I shoot him?"

"No; dat fell' no good; he's not wort' de powder an' s'ot."

Jack heard a faint giggle come up from the gray willows, for Wolverine had his big-clawed fist half-way down his throat to choke the sound of laughter.

"Our clerk's Men friends are complimentary," remarked Black King.

The Boy cut a small piece of fat pork, stuck it on the end of a sharp stick, and busied himself somewhat at the stove-front; but the watchers could not quite see what he was doing. "I think I'll give Jay some breakfast," he said suddenly; "the Bird seems hungry." And, straightening his back, he threw toward him the lump of pork.

With a pleased chuckle Jack swooped down upon it and drove his beak into the white mass like a lance. Then he went through a rare set of gymnastic contortions, for the wicked Boy had heated the pork red-hot. Jack clawed at it with his feet and burnt his toes—his tongue was blistered.

"What's that noise?" exclaimed Rod, as a distinct muffled laugh escaped from the band of animals.

"It's de float-ice groundin' on de ribber-banks, I t'ink me," answered François, cocking his head sideways to listen.

As the animals slipped away in alarm, Jack came fluffing after them and perched himself indignantly on Mooswa's great antlers.

"Oh, my giant brother!" he cried furiously; "come and kill that debased Man-cub, I beg you."

The Moose's shaggy sides were heaving with suppressed laughter. "What has he done, sweet Bird?" he moaned.

"Taken the skin off my toes and blistered my tongue."

"Why don't you wear boots as I do and not knock around barefooted? I should always be jamming my toes if I hadn't these thick-soled boots. Why, last year when the big fire was on I went through miles of burning country and except a little hardening up of the soles got no harm."

"But you don't wear boots on your tongue, do you?" asked the Bird crossly.

"No, Silent-one, I don't—neither do you; but if you'll just wrap it up for a few days and give it a rest I'm sure it will be all right."

"Do," cried Carcajou; "we shan't mind. I suppose that's what the Boy calls his tongue trap—he knew for whom to set it, too."

"Come and trample him with your sharp hoofs, dear Mooswa," pleaded

Whisky-Jack, the lack of sympathy and the chaff making him furious.

"Oh, sit still if you're going to ride on my horns," exclaimed the Bull. "You're jigging about——"

"As though he had corns," interrupted Carcajou.

"It was so nice of you, Whisky-Jack," said Lynx in an oily tone, "to take care of us all while we were there—wasn't it? Some of us might have burned our tongues only for your destroying the hot bait."

When the animals got back to their meeting-place, which was known as the Boundary Centre, they stopped for a little to compare notes.

"Comrades," said Mooswa, "little have I claimed from you. I kill not anything; neither the Fox-cubs, nor the sons of Umisk, nor the red-tailed Birds that beat their wings like drums, nor anything. But this new law I ask of you all in the face of the King: for the Boy that was my Man-brother, the safeguard of the Boundaries."

"You have not had the hot meat thrust in your throat, friend of the rascally Boy," objected Jack angrily.

"Hush, chatterer!" growled Bear; "let Mooswa speak."

"The horn-crowned Lord of the Forest gives expression to a noble sentiment," declared Pisew. "By all means let the Kit-Man grow free of the Boundary Fear, until his claws are long and his bone-cracking teeth are strong."

"He must have a mother also," said the Red Widow softly. "You have all foresworn malice to my babe, Stripes, until he is of full strength—let the Man-cub have the same guard."

"What about François?" objected Whisky-Jack. "By my stone-crop! I'll wager he taught that chick the trick of the hot pork."

"For him," continued Mooswa gravely, "in defence of our rights and our lives, the full law of the forest; by night, the lone road and the cry of Blue Wolf and his brothers; by day, the strong clasp of Muskwa; at close quarters, the stamp of my hoofs; and for his traps and their bait the cunning of Carcajou and Black King."

"This is fair—it is a good law," said Black Fox.

"It is!" they all cried in chorus.

"I am satisfied!" added the Moose.

"I think it would be well, subjects," said Black King thoughtfully, "to watch this Man and Man-cub until the setting out of the traps. After that we can regulate our lives in accordance. How long will it take them to build the lodge, clerk?"

"Four days, François told the Boy last evening, as he smoked the scent-flower."

"Then on the fourth day, three or four of us, who are quick travellers, had better go and watch the evil ways of this slayer. What say you all?"

"Most wise King," exclaimed Pisew; "select thou the strong runners."

"Very well; Mooswa, Muskwa, Pisew and myself; also Carcajou, for he has knowledge of Man the Killer's ways."

"I should like to see the lodge when it is finished," whined Beaver, "but my short little forelegs travel not over fast on land."

"So you shall, comrade," growled Muskwa; "you may ride on my back."

"Or on my antlers," suggested Mooswa; "their bowl will be like a cradle for you."

"That's settled then," declared Black Fox. "On the fourth round of the sun we meet at François's shack, in the safety time of the forest, the dawn hour; either that or at dusk hour. What say you, brothers—which shall it be?"

"It would suit me better on account of my work," ventured Umisk, "to go at the dusk hour. I have lost much time lately, and I'm building new lodges for my three-year-old sons, who are starting out for themselves."

"Don't be late then—I go to bed at dusk," lisped Whisky-Jack mincingly, for his tongue was wondrous sore. "I will take note of what the Men do in the meantime."

At sunset on the fourth day Black King and his party once more crouched in the willows at Red Stone Brook. François and his young friend were

just putting some finishing touches to the shack roof—placing the last earth sods on top of the poles.

"Strong teeth! But that is funny!" laughed Beaver. "The Man carried his trowel-tail in his front paws. I wish I could do that. I have to turn around to look when I'm doing a nice bit of plastering." It was the Half-breed's spade that had drawn forth this remark.

"Yes," declared Whisky-Jack wisely, "one time the Men were like you—walked on four legs and used a trowel-tail for their building; now they stand upright, and have shed the trowel, which they use in their hands."

"Wonderful!" soliloquized Umisk; "still, they can't do as good work. Fat poplar! but it's a poor lodge. The only sensible thing about it is the mud roof."

François struck the clod sharply with his spade, setting it into place. "How clumsily the Man works," cried Beaver; "I'm glad my tail is where it is. What's that mud thing sticking up out of the corner, Jay? Is it a little lodge for the Kit-Man?"

"That's a chimney—part of the fire-trap," answered Jack.

"I know what that's like," asserted Carcajou. "I went down one once. The Trapper locked his door, thinking to keep me out while he rounded up his traps. It's a splendid trail for getting in and out of a shack. Why, I can carry a side of bacon up that hole—did it."

"Isn't the Boy lovely?" muttered Mooswa. "Isn't his call sweet? What does François name him, Jack—Man-cub or Kit-Man?"

Just then the Half-breed sang out: "Rod, I t'ink me it's grub time—knock off. De ole s'ack she's finis'."

"Rod?" mused the Moose. "Yes, that is what the Factor used to call him, 'Rod! Rod!' he would shout, and the Boy would run with his little fat legs."

Rod and the Half-breed went inside, closed the door and lighted a candle, for it was growing dark; then they put a fire in the stove and cooked their supper.

The watchers, eager to see everything, edged cautiously up to the log building. Space for a small window had been left by the builders, but the sash was not yet in place.

"I should like to see that mud-work the Man did with his hand-trowel," whispered Umisk.

"Climb on my horns, little brother," said Mooswa softly, "and I will lift you up."

Beaver slipped around gently on the roof, inspecting François's handicraft, while the others listened at the window.

"By goss! Rod," said the Breed, "I put me a leetle fire in de fireplace for dry dat chimney, s'e's soft. De fros' spoil him when s'e's no dry."

"I believe they have made the chimney too small," muttered Carcajou. "I'm going up to have a look."

"To-morrow we put out dat traps," remarked the Half-breed. "What you t'ink, Boy—I see me dat Black Fox yesterday."

"The Black Fox!" exclaimed his young companion eagerly. "The beauty you spoke of as being in this part of the country?"

The King trembled. Already this terrible Trapper was on his trail.

"Yes; I know me where he have his hole. I put dat number fo'r Beaver traps close by, cover him wid leaves, an' put de fis'-head bait on top. Den we see. We keel plenty fur here dis winter. Dere's big Moose track, too—mus' be Bull."

The King scratched Mooswa's foreleg with his paw to draw his attention, but the latter had heard.

"I make some snare to-night, an' put him out wid castoreum. Dere's plenty cat here."

Lynx shuddered. "We must help each other," he whined in a frightened voice.

Mooswa felt a little pat on his lofty horn and looked up.

"Lift me down, brother," whispered Beaver.

"Where's Carcajou?" queried the King.

"Poking around the chimney—he made me nervous."

"Wuf!" sniffed Muskwa gently. "The Man burns the stinkweed in his mouth—it's horrible!" François was smoking.

Carcajou was busy examining the mud-and-stick wall of the chimney, which stuck up three feet above the roof. "I'm sure they've made it too small," he muttered; "I'll never be able to get down. That will be too bad. By my cunning! but I'd like to know for sure—I will." For nothing on earth but complete investigation will satisfy a Wolverine's curiosity.

He made a little spring, grabbed the top of the chimney with his strong forelegs, and pulled himself up. As he did so the soft mud collapsed and sank with a tremendous crash through the hole in the roof, carrying the reckless animal with it.

"Run for it!" commanded the King sharply; "that mischievous devil has made a mess of the business."

"Whif! Wuf! Whif!" grunted Bear, plunging through the thicket.

Black King melted silently into the darkness of the forest as swiftly as a cloud shadow crosses a sunlit plain.

Lynx gathered his sinewy legs and fairly spurned the earth in far-reaching bounds.

"Sit tight, little brother," admonished the Moose, putting his nose straight out and laying the horn-crown back over his withers, as he rushed with a peculiar side-wheel action, like that of a pacing horse, from the little clearing.

When the crash came, François jumped to his feet in amazement. Before he could investigate, the mass of mud upheaved, and a small, dark-brown body scuttled across the floor, clattered up the wall and vanished through the open window.

Rod stood in speechless amazement while his companion critically examined, by the aid of a candle, the pile of soft mud débris.

"I t'ought me dat," he remarked with satisfied conviction, straightening his back and setting the candle down on the rude plank table. "It's dat Debil of de Woods, Carcajou. Wait you, Mister Wolverine; François s'ow you some treek."

"What was he after?" queried the Boy.

"After for raise Ole Nick. You know what we mus' do? We mus' ketch dat debil firs' or we keel no fur here. He steal de bait, an' cache de trap. 'Spose we go out from de s'ack, dat Carcajou come down de chimney, tear up de clo'es, spill de farin—de flour—'t'row de pot in de ribber, an' do ever' fool t'ing what you can t'ink. Never mind, I ketch him, an' I keel him!"

Whisky-Jack had perched on the end of a roof-plate log when the trouble materialized, so he heard this tirade against Wolverine. The Bird could hardly go to sleep for chuckling. What a sweet revenge he would have next day; how he would revile Wolverine! Surely the unfortunate Carcajou had scorched his feet, and mayhap his back!

"I wonder whose toes are sore tonight," the Jay thought. "I hope he got a good singeing—meddling beast! Nice Lieutenant, to upset everything just when we were having such a lovely time! Oh, but I'll rub it into him to-morrow."

To be Continued.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

By R. L. Richardson M.P.

AS has been pointed out in a previous paper, Government ownership of railways is no untried fad. It has been tested in many countries, and with what success I propose to show. Government ownership is merely application by the State of the principle of municipal ownership. State railways could be built and operated under Government control cheaply, intelligently and profitably, for Canada can always borrow money cheaply and can always secure good men to do important work. Politics would not necessarily interfere more under Government ownership than they do now. The control of the railways could be rested in a commission with statutory powers and all employees could be disfranchised if necessary.

THE INTERCOLONIAL.

The opponents of State ownership, who are principally promoters, stock jobbers and others having related interests, have declared through their newspapers that the proposition to have the State absorb existing railways is a visionary and socialistic proposal and unfitted for any purpose other than academic discussion. Fortunately we in Canada have not to fight out the question of the soundness of the principle of State ownership of railways, for the principle is admitted and applied in the case of the Intercolonial Railway, which is constantly cited by the opponents of State ownership as a monumental illustration of the undesirability of State ownership. Fortunately the present situation with regard to that railway is such that it no longer can be successfully used as a bugaboo to scare superficial and unthinking people from the logical and only solution of the transportation problem. It may as well be admitted at once that the history of the construction of the Intercolonial Railway is an unpleasant chapter, with its exorbitant claims for injury to property, and its colossal allowances for right-of-way and kindred claims, but with honest and efficient management freed from political control all this could have been avoided. It is true that since the Intercolonial Railway was first operated, the cost of maintenance and operation has very frequently exceeded the receipts. But is this because it was operated by the Government? Assuredly not. It is quite true that in the past a great deal of the manipulation which is called "politics" was mixed up with the administration of the Intercolonial, and doubtless this may be the case to some extent at present, although there are evidences that the evil is being eliminated. If the railway were removed from the direct administration of a political executive and placed in the hands of a permanent administrative commission, as I propose if we go in for State ownership generally, the evil referred to would be entirely eradicated.

The underlying cause of the apparent commercial non-success of the Intercolonial is that commercial profit was not the primary aim of its projection, and I fear that the people of the Maritime Provinces have long regarded it as an accommodation provided by the country for their exclusive benefit (and which they were entitled to use on a benevolent rather than a commercial basis) as an offset to the large canal expenditures in Ontario and the railway expenditures in the West. Then the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was to a large extent military in its significance. It traverses, by a most circuitous and

political rather than commercial route, a country much of which is barren and unproductive, and such as would assuredly be avoided by a private company seeking a profitable route through which to build. Its termini at both ends have been until recently places of no importance as distributing centres, and owing to the pro-C. P. R. policy of former Governments the "national highway" was allowed to milk the Intercolonial, and take the cream of the business which would have gone far to make up deficits and provide interest. It should also be borne in mind that in addition to having the cream taken off its milk by that alert national concern the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Intercolonial has always carried freight for its Maritime Province patrons at rates far below those of the C. P. R. in the rich and rapidly-developing West. In addition to this, it has long been an open secret that both the roadbed and rolling stock have suffered by virtue of a practice long continued, viz.: overloading the cars while charging but a nominal tonnage.

When the great and varied disadvantages under which the Intercolonial has suffered are considered, the surprise really is not so much that it has shown deficits, but that it has been able to pay the cost of maintenance and operation, and occasionally show a balance on the right side of the account. The recent acquisition by the Government of the Drummond Counties Railway, gives the Intercolonial an independent entrance into Montreal, thereby enabling it to reap the benefits of the through freight business. When this bargain was made, Mr. Blair, the Minister of Railways, predicted that he would be able to wipe out the deficits and make the road pay. In a statement which he made to the House of Commons at the end of last June, with reference to the Intercolonial, he pointed out that the railway had paid its way in 1899-1900, and given a surplus of $120,000. The cost of maintenance had in the meantime increased, and an increase in wages had been given amounting to $175,000. This was done because the Government realized that the cost of living had increased. "In 1896-97," said Mr. Blair, "the earnings of the railway amounted to $2,866,028; in 1897-98, $3,117,669; in 1898-99, $3,738,331; in 1899-1900, $4,533,000—a steady, continuous and marked growth—a growth the possibilities of which were entirely repudiated and denied by hon. gentlemen opposite in their criticism upon the statements which were made."

So much for the reasonable success of Government ownership of railways at home. When a railway which perambulates through a territory such as that traversed by the Intercolonial can be made to show such results under Government ownership, what should be the conditions in the case of the Canadian Pacific, with its enormous through traffic, its easily operated and rapidly increasing business on the prairies, and its valuable and fast developing territory in British Columbia? While the country has generally paid the interest and the capital outlay for the Intercolonial, there are no bonds at five or six per cent. standing against the railway; it cannot be used as a tool for rigging the stock market; no vast land grant was alienated to secure its construction; no enormous tax exemption was a concomitant of its flotation; and no colossal cash subsidy was given to any promoters in connection with it. It cost the country a good round sum, much more than was necessary under efficient and honest management; but the country owns it, and it is now a valuable asset, and in view of Mr. Blair's statement, it is, perhaps, not going too far to predict that it will soon pay interest on cost.

So much for the Intercolonial.

AUSTRALIA.

Having glanced at the workings of private and public owned railways in Canada, let us turn to other countries and take a hurried glimpse at their experience. Let us turn first to Australia. Owing to the geographical con-

ditions of the Australasian colonies, private capital could not be induced to take hold of railway construction and so, fortunately for the country, as railway transportation was indispensable to the development of the colonies, the State undertook the work. The revenues from the railways, mainly on account of the sparseness of settlement, did not pay all the interest upon the capital invested in their construction, but the traffic tolls were relatively very low, and the development and prosperity due to those low tolls can never be fully estimated or appreciated. The railways were used as powerful auxiliaries to colonization and the settlement of remoter districts promoted by the proportionately low transportation charges. In Western Canada, or in remote, unsettled regions, the reverse is the case, as the farther the pioneer penetrates into the interior the greater the ratio of increase in his transportation burden. The same rule applies in Australia in reference to passenger rates, but as in freights so in passenger rates in Canada. The increase in population, and consequently of traffic volume, is gradually converting these Australasian railways into valuable assets in themselves, quite apart from their enormous economic value as factors in the settlement and development of the colonies. I quote the following editorial extract from the *Australasian*, of Sidney, of recent date as showing what has been accomplished :

"The lines open for traffic cost about £130,000,000 to build, and the net return for the financial year 1896-7 was equal to 3.27 per cent.; and as the actual rate of interest payable on outstanding loans was 3.96 per cent., the deficit on the whole system was 0.69 per cent. Place over against this deficit the enormous assistance rendered by the railways to the work of colonization, and it will be admitted that the help was wonderfully cheap at the monetary price. The net result for the year 1897-8 was 3.07 per cent., a slight falling off probably due to the resumption of construction, lines having been added which have yet to make their traffic. For the present year, now in its last quarter, the revenue prospects are excellent.

What we plead for is the broad view of railway service and charges. During the last ten years the tariffs have been considerably reduced. As far as circumstances have permitted, the Governments have eased the lot of settlers, who have always to reckon with the vagaries of climate and the persistent tendency of commodity values to fall. We hope this policy will be continued into the future. Graziers and agriculturists and miners should be cheered by the prospect of lighter burdens. When they prosper, all of us prosper."

Some figures regarding Australia's railways, of a very interesting and instructive character, were contained in an article on Government Ownership of Railways, by Hugh M. Lusk, in the *North American Review* for last December. I quote :

"What then has been Australia's experience of the cost of railroad construction, and how does it compare with America's experience? The Australian lines have been made at an average cost of $48,930 per mile. There, as here, all the lines have not been made on the same scale, nor have they all been equally costly, but it may be said with confidence that with the exception of four or five of the greatest lines of this country, none others exceed the national railroads of Australia either in construction or equipment, while not a few compare very unfavourably with them in both respects. The cost of constructing and equipping the railroads of this country has amounted—if the returns made by the companies themselves are to be relied upon—to an average of upwards of $56,000 per mile, or about $7,000 more than the people's lines in Australia. It is evident, therefore, that it is no necessary incident of Government railway construction that the people should be plundered in the process. The testimony of experts and the yet more convincing evidence of the traffic carried on and the maintenance make it clear that the people of Australia have succeeded in obtaining quite as good value for their money as the railway kings of America have been able to get for theirs.

This, however, is by no means all that has been gained by the people of Australia and denied to those of America. Not only have their railroads been supplied to them at a less cost per mile ; not only have more miles been supplied in proportion to the number of the settlers ; the money which went in building and equipping the lines cost a good deal less than that which was spent on the American lines. At first sight this may appear remarkable, but it is, after all, one of the elements in the whole question which cannot be overlooked. The credit of the whole people is always better than that of any part of it, however wealthy that part may be ; and hence a whole community can borrow money more cheaply than any railroad company whatever within that community. The Governments of Aus-

tralia are young, and the people are not yet numerous, compared with other nations, while they are few indeed compared with the millions of America; yet they are able, with ease to borrow such money as they need for public works at an average rate of 3¼ per cent. to-day. When the policy of constructing railroads at the public cost was inaugurated, money was more costly; but the average interest now payable on the whole of the railway loans, amounting to upwards of $600,000 for the whole of the colonies, is barely 3¾ per cent. It is only necessary to point out that the average interest on the bonded debts of the American lines is five per cent., and that in addition to this dividends are earned and paid upon a merely nominal paid-up capital, amounting to nearly two per cent. more, to make it evident that the people of Australia have obtained their railroads at hardly more than half the annual charge for interest which falls on the American people."

If the comparison is good so far as American lines are concerned it is certainly good as applied to Canada. I continue to quote from Mr. Lusk:

"When the Australian people had borrowed the money with which to construct and equip their railways, they knew exactly what they had cost them, and what they must pay in interest year by year for the advantage; nobody knows—nobody ever can guess—what the people of America have paid, when they bestowed nearly 90,000,000 of acres of land—much of it the pick of the country—on the capitalists, on whom they conferred at the same time the privilege of charging the people practically what they chose for the privilege of transportation over the lines."

How forcefully this language applies to our own country. If the American policy was unwise, how utterly insane was ours? Indeed, I need not use the past tense; How utterly insane *is* ours, for we are still continuing it, while the Americans have long ago recognized their folly and stopped it. "It may," Mr. Lusk writes, "be reluctantly conceded that governments, if they were honestly conducted, might succeed in building and equipping railroads as well and as cheaply under contract as private capitalists could do, and, in the face of the universal experience of Australia, this can hardly be denied; but it is the custom to treat as almost inconceivable the suggestion that, when constructed, they could be as well or as cheaply operated. Once more the experience of Australia gives a conclusive answer to the question. Taking the returns of traffic on all the American lines in 1897, and of all the Australian lines in the same year, it would appear that the Government railroads in Australia were operated more economically than those of America. In this country the working expenses of the lines absorbed rather more than 70 per cent. of the earnings, leaving rather less than 30 per cent. of earnings to pay interest and dividends on loans and capital; in Australia the working expenses, in the same year, consumed rather more than 58 per cent. of the earnings, leaving nearly 42 per cent. to meet the claims of interest—there being, of course, no dividend payable. It is to be noted that in every one of the Australian colonies the rates of wages for railroad workers of all grades, except the highest, are distinctly higher than for the same class of workers in America; and also that the average rates for both goods and passengers are certainly not five per cent. higher than they are upon the lines of this country. That they are higher at all is caused by the fact that the policy adopted favours keeping the charges as low in the newest and most scantily settled districts reached by the lines as in the older and more densely peopled districts." Mr. Lusk submits a significant table of comparisons between Australia and the United States, and as it doubtless applies with equal force in our own Dominion, I reproduce it on the following page.

It was never intended that the national railroads of Australia should yield any direct profit to the State, but if they are able to pay their way now, and afford such cheap facilities to the public, what will they be able to do when the country fills up with people and the traffic equals that of a railway serving a dense population such as exists on this continent? The purpose of the State-owned railroads in Australia is the benefit of the settlers, and that alone; and in most of the colonies the traffic rates are kept below the level which yields enough to pay the actual charge for interest, on the

Country.	Capital Cost.			Working expenses in proportion to gross revenue, 1897.	Per train mile run.		
	Total cost in millions of dollars.	Cost per mile.	Revenue return per cent.		Gross revenue.	Working expenses.	Net revenue.
America under private ownership.	9,977	$56,715	4.01	70.4	$1.36	$0.98	$0.40
Australia under State ownership ..	628	48,930	2.98	58.7	1.47	.87	.60

ground that policy demands and justifies such rates. They open the country to more extensive settlement, and the deficit will be paid to the Treasury in land rents, and in the prices paid for the freehold of lands, which, in Australia at least, have not been given away to the capitalists. Such deficiencies in railway earnings are made a charge against the general revenue, and the average of such deficiency is from a quarter to a half per cent. on the railway loans.

GERMANY.

Having glanced at the results of State administration of railways in the Australasian colonies, where the conditions are much similar to that of Canada, let us consider briefly the situation in older and more densely populated countries. In Germany, which is one of the most wisely governed countries in the world, the railways are owned by the State. Mr. M. G. Mulhall, the eminent Chief Statistician of the British Government, recently published the following figures with reference to Germany's railway system:

"In the last twenty years the State has built 20,000 miles of railway, and at present it owns 25,400 miles, or ninety per cent. of all lines in the Empire. This has powerfully aided the development of all industries by adopting low rates of tariff. The ordinary freight charge is $1.50 for carrying one ton of freight 100 miles, as compared with $3 in Great Britain, while it is only seventy-two cents in the United States. The cost of the State railways in Germany has been 2,550 million dollars, and the net profit in the year 1894-95 $127,000,000, equal to five per cent. on the cost. As the Government borrowed the money to buy the railways at four per cent., the Treasury makes a net gain of twenty-five million dollars, besides rendering an immense benefit to the Empire by the reduction of freight charges."

The employees on Germany's railways number 468,000. The best appointments are generally filled by retired army officers. All the employees are under military discipline. The earnings have never been less than 4½ per cent., and in 1895 they reached 5¾ per cent. upon the capital invested. The interest paid on railroad capital in Germany is higher than that paid by railroad companies in Canada or the United States. The reason, however, is not far to seek. Here a railroad company issues stocks and bonds to an extent not only sufficient to construct the road, but to provide large sums of money for the promoters of the enterprise. The result is that, while the earnings of the line are sufficient to pay a good rate of interest upon the cost of construction, they are not sufficient to pay a good rate of interest upon the inflated capital. Rates, on the other hand, are lower in Germany than they are here, because the Government has to raise enough to pay interest only on the cost of the line, while here the companies have to raise

enough, not only to pay the interest on cost, but frequently on bonds and stocks representing the cost several times over.

HUNGARY.

The latest available report of the Hungarian State railroads shows a remarkable increase in profits, owing to the sweeping reductions in passenger rates. In 1888, the year before the reduction took place, the total mileage was 2,829, and the number of passengers carried was 5,648,000. In 1898 the mileage had increased to 4,956, and the number of passengers to 33,146,000.

In the ten years, therefore, the mileage has increased about 75 per cent., and, while the number of passengers carried has increased nearly 560 per cent., the number of passengers carried per mile of road has increased from 1,700 in 1888, to nearly 7,000 in 1898. In the same time passenger earnings have increased 215 per cent., and earnings per mile from $1,003 in 1888, to $1,775 in 1898. In the cost of operation there has been nothing like such an increase as in the traffic, and the net revenue of the road shows a wonderful expansion.

The system under which this great increase of traffic has taken place is known as the "zone" system. Under this system Hungary is divided into thirteen zones circling out from Budapest, which forms the centre. The first zone out from the centre is 15.5 miles wide; the others up to the 11th are each 9.3 miles wide; the 11th and 12th 15.5 miles again, and all points in the kingdom beyond the 12th fall into the 13th zone. The fare from Budapest to any point within the first zone, or a distance of 15.5 miles, is ten cents, and ten cents is added for each zone up to the 11th. For each zone beyond the 11th, twenty cents per zone is added. It is possible, therefore, for a passenger to travel 145.7 miles for $1.60, or about a cent per mile. These fares are for third-class accommodation without heavy baggage.

Before the zone system was adopted in Hungary, the railways were only paying 3.48 per cent.; after the adoption of that system they paid 6 per cent. in 1892, and while in 1889 the Austrian railways paid 4.01 per cent., in 1894 they paid 4.08 per cent.

In Belgium whilst the State-owned railways have reduced passenger and freight rates fifty per cent., and have, as in Germany, doubled the wages of employees, they net a profit to the Government of over four million dollars per annum. In India where a large railway mileage is owned and operated by the Government, the rates on both freight and passenger traffic are astonishingly low, and the railways are operated at a profit.

CANADA.

Surely the logical conclusion of the data presented and arguments advanced is that Canada should own the railway systems of the country. I am quite aware that such a proposition will not only startle the financially interested citizens, but will cause many well-meaning people to open their eyes with surprise. The proposition would be certain to meet with cries of "Confiscation," "Socialism," etc., from all quarters, but that need not disturb any true reformer. No one proposes to confiscate any railway property, and all good citizens would be disposed to allow the bond and stock holders a fair value for any property acquired by the State. There is in British law a principle which recognizes the power and authority of the State to assume for its own purposes any property real or personal to whomsoever belonging. This paramount power of the State exists whether or not it has received specific recognition in our laws. Whether specified or not, all contracts between parliaments and individuals or corporations are made subject to the exercise of the principle above referred to. No parliament at any time has the authority to waive the right of the people to exercise this power in regard to any matter. Once the people determine that the business of railway

transportation is, like the police service, the mail service and the military defence of the country, not a proper subject for private exploitation, and make up their minds to acquire any railway or all the railways, there is nothing to prevent their doing so. Once the principle of the power to expropriation is settled, the difficulty of fixing the remuneration would occur. This, however, could be done by a commission of able and courageous experts. Canada would have an excellent precedent in the action of Switzerland which acquired the railways of the country a few years ago. By a popular vote of the people (the referendum being in vogue there) the desirability of nationalizing the railways was settled in February, 1898, the vote standing 375,000 in favour to 175,000 against. Much deliberation has been given in Switzerland to the question of compensation, but one thing seems clear that the Swiss people do not propose to give much consideration to the alleged inviolable sanctity of watered stock. They propose to pay a full and a fair price for the railways based upon their actual cost, and that is the only basis upon which Canada should acquire any or all of the railways within its territory should it decide to nationalize any or all of the railways. For my own part, in view of the geographical construction of the country, I am disposed to think that if the State controlled one transcontinental line, it could, by enforcing reasonable tariffs thereon, pretty effectively control the country's transportation in the interests of the people. It was because of this consideration that so many Western people keenly regretted the handing over of the Rainy River railway (the new outlet from the Western wheatfields to the East) to a private corporation, as was done last year. The same considerations operated in connection with the Crow's Nest Pass railway when it was allowed to pass into the hands of the Canadian Pacific with public subsidies of more than sufficient value to construct it.

If the more cautious of our citizens deem it too bold and risky a step to nationalize all the railways, let me at least plead for the nationalization of at least one transcontinental railway, or the completion of one by the State, so that some efficient check would be exercised upon the lines that now exist. If our statesmen cannot be induced to go even that far, let them at least cease, by the prodigal and inexcusable distribution of railway subsidies which goes merrily on, extending and perpetuating the present vicious railway policy. In all conscience, this promiscuous and lavish distribution of railway subsidies should be brought to a speedy termination; the marvel is that the people seem to view it with comparative complacency. Unfortunately most of them do not comprehend its gravity. Some day they will realize the gigantic blunder that has been perpetrated and then there will be trouble—for themselves as well as for the guilty politicians.

I cannot do better in conclusion than quote a few sentences from an able writer, previously drawn upon in this series, and to whose language I heartily subscribe: "We have no hesitation in asserting that more than aught else, or everything else combined, not excluding even the protective tariff, has the railway policy of the country been the means of lowering the moral tone of its politics, and consequently of inflicting gross injury and severe material loss on the mass of the people. The situation is a serious one and its seriousness is increasing. The problem cannot be solved, nor the trouble cured by the anodyne of fatuous self-gratulation on Canadian 'prosperity,' a prosperity which is largely confined to a limited number of Canadians. Nor can the disease be got rid of by allowing ourselves to be intoxicated into a fancied security by an unscrutinizing acceptance of the vague, optimistic, and more or less incoherent stump-speech balderdash which is almost the sole ingredient of the utterances of our politicians when dealing with the question. We venture the assertion that few, if any, of our statesmen have a thorough grasp of its meaning and im-

portance. Moreover, it is a problem whose solution demands the development of qualities and the practice of methods so different from those which our politicians as a class have hitherto cultivated and practised, that only the pressure of a thoroughly informed, aroused and peremptory public opinion will induce them to see what the public interest is and to adopt the proper methods to promote it. The policy of the politicians when in power, with very few exceptions, has been to ally themselves with the interests which are incompatible with and even hostile to those of the public. This may seem to be a sweeping stricture and may even be thought to be calumnious. But it is no calumny as every observant citizen knows. It is the absolute truth and there is nothing to-day so badly wanted in the public life of Canada as simple truth and plain English speaking, except it be possibly a strong infusion of masculine 'intellect.'"

THE END.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

The best and truest greetings and good wishes of the season to the women workers of Canada, and to those also whom they hold dear.

A WOMAN TENDERFOOT.

HAVE you read Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson's fascinating book, "A Woman Tenderfoot," yet? If not, you have a treat before you. The artistic appearance of the book attracts one immediately, and it is safe to say one can not read a page before the charm of the writing makes it hard to lay the book aside until it is finished. When it is read a great longing for summer days and the joys of camp life seizes those, at least, who have been able from past experience to fully appreciate Mrs. Seton-Thompson's enthusiasm. A real debt is due to both Mr. and Mrs. Seton-Thompson for the good they have done in awaking a great interest in the animal kingdom, and in the charm of outdoor life, among thousands of the readers of their charming books.

THE CALLING SEASON.

With the autumn begins, for many women, the perplexing problem of how to accomplish the never-ending round of calling and attendance at numberless social functions, and yet have time sufficient for home duties, for a share in religious or philanthropic work, with some to spare for companionship with their children, for reading, and for keeping up those accomplishments which were acquired at the cost of so much labour in the first place. This is, of course, a problem of city life only, for in smaller places the necessary limitation of numbers makes paying visits the pleasurable relaxation it ought to be, rather than the burden which so many city women declare it is to them. A bride said to me lately, after her post-nuptial reception, "I have had nearly three hundred callers. It was very kind of them to come to see me, but how can I do any of the other things I want to do in my life with such a host of visits to keep up. There will also be calls to make on new-com-

ers, and calls after dinners and receptions. The fact that so many "duty" visits have to be made has, unfortunately, done away with much of the spirit of old-time sociability, and this is sincerely to be regretted. Under present conditions a woman who has a wide circle of acquaintances has to crowd as many visits as possible into an afternoon. She goes to a friend's house on her "day," finds the drawing room already full of other callers, shakes hands with her hostess, but has no chance of more than a word with her, speaks to the visitor who is next her, and then rushes off again as soon as she can, to repeat the same experience many times before returning home. Truly, there is little time for forming real friendships in the social life of the present day. In Montreal and Halifax the social leaders have considered this question, and have decided that "something must be done." They agreed, therefore, that at least they would not call after teas or receptions, and instead they leave cards as they take their departure from these affairs. If unable to accept these invitations they send cards with regrets, but do not call afterwards. For even this lessening of social duties many matrons in these cities are devoutly thankful. As this is a matter of personal interest to thousands of women, an expression of opinion from readers of Woman's Sphere is invited.

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WOMEN AT WORK.

The Board of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church which held the nineteenth annual meeting in Toronto recently, has no less than 25 missionaries in its list, and the members which number about 8,000 will have to raise $45,495 during the coming year to meet the appropriations that were made by the Board. An important piece of legislation was the change made in the basis of representation on the Board from one delegate to every 800 members, to one delegate to every 1,000 members. The advisability of the travelling expenses of delegates being paid by the bodies for which they act, was well exemplified at these meetings. Not only was there equality of representation from all the Conferences, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but there was an additional advantage in the fact that those who attended were those best fitted to take part in the discussions, and otherwise to represent the branches to which they belonged.

The delegates who attended the recent annual meeting of the Provincial Branch of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons will long have affectionate recollections of the many kindnesses they received while in Kingston, and of the success which attended the Conference throughout. The presence of Mrs. Dickenson and Mrs. Davis of New York was a great inspiration, and the addresses they gave were all of much value. The drive given by the City Council, the two receptions, and the organ recital in the Cathedral in honour of the delegates were also much enjoyed.

In order to relieve the President, Lady Taylor, of as much work as possible, the office of the National Council of Women of Canada has been moved from Ottawa to Toronto, and Miss T. F. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary, has taken rooms at 71 Brunswick Avenue. The autumn meetings of several Local Councils have been held, and the programme of work for the winter, which naturally varies in the various localities according to local requirements, has been decided upon.

The annual Conventions of the Provincial W.C.T.U. in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, have been held during the last month, and were all well attended and successful. In Ontario the retirement, on account of ill health, of Mrs. Thornley from the presidency, which she has held for many years, was deeply regretted, as was that also of the other officers, who from various reasons were unable to accept re-election. The Ontario Board is completely changed.

The Woman's Aid Loan Association of Chicago, which lends small sums of money to deserving women, to be repaid in small weekly instalments, without interest, is doing a most helpful work. In the ten months of its existence $600 has been loaned, and so far not a single loan has been lost.

The Quebec Ladies' Curling Club held their third annual meeting on Nov. 1st, when they elected a large and representative Board, with Lady Casault as Honorary President.

The Protestant Orphans' Home in Montreal recently held a most successful "Pound Party," a goodly supply of groceries and other provisions being sent by the guests who were present in large numbers. This is an example that other institutions might copy with advantage to themselves.

Many women will be glad to know that the members of the Froebel Society have pledged themselves by resolution not to wear birds, ospreys or wings as ornaments.

The members of the Royal family are fond of the use of pet names among themselves, so it is said. The Duke of York is called "Macdull," and the Duchess of Fife is "Her Royal Shyness." Little Prince Edward of York has been known as "the new boy," and the Princess Patricia of Connaught, born on St. Patrick's day, is familiarly called "Paddy."

MADAME DANDURAND.

A Canadian woman who has been very prominently before the eyes of the world this year has been Madame Dandurand of Montreal, who has held the proud position of Canadian Commissioner (the first woman Commissioner ever appointed by the Canadian Government) at the Paris Exposition, and has done honour to that position, as her countrywomen are glad to know. Madame Dandurand is the wife of Hon. Senator Dandurand, and is the second daughter of the late Hon. F. G. Marchand, formerly Premier of the Province of Quebec, whose death occurred in September last. Bright, vivacious, and popular with all who know her, no better choice could have been made by the Government of a woman to represent Canadian women in Paris than Madame Dandurand, who has taken a prominent part in the various Congresses that have been held there, and who has won many friends during her sojourn there among the representative women of other countries.

At home in Montreal she holds several important offices in the various societies, being Vice-President of the Local Council of Women, Vice-President of the Women's Historical Society, and Hon. Secretary of the French Committee in connection with the local branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

As a writer she also has an enviable reputation, having founded a monthly literary magazine, *Le Coin du Feu*, and has carried it on for several years. She has written and published among other things a book entitled, "Les Coutes de Noël," a volume of essays, and three comedies called respectively "Une Rancune," "La Carte Postale," and "Le Langage des Fleirs," all of which have been performed in Montreal and Quebec.

In appearance Madame Dandurand is below the medium height, has large dark eyes, and a clever expressive face which is full of animation when in conversation. She speaks English very fluently, and cannot understand why all English-speaking Canadians do not learn to speak French equally well.

A pretty story concerning Her Majesty the Queen is told by the Dean of Windsor. Recently the Dean was visiting one of the housemaids at Windsor Castle who was ill. One day he found her in a state of much excitement, and as soon as he entered her room she said, "Oh, sir, who do you think came all the way up those stairs to see me to-day? It was the Queen, and when she came in she said, 'My dear, those stairs are very trying. I had to sit down when I was half-way up to rest.'" The rare good sense dis-

played by the Queen in the training of her children might well be copied by many mothers. It is said that the Empress Dowager of Germany had a hasty temper when she was a little girl and quick, hot words came readily to her lips. The Queen did not punish her little daughter for these outbursts of temper, but one day gave her a little garden of her own, and advised her when anger got the better of her judgment to go and work in it for a few minutes. The plan acted like a charm, and a short time among the flowers brought back the little Princess ashamed and repentant to beg forgiveness.

E. C.

MRS. KRUGER AT HOME.

(By the Toronto Globe correspondent with the Second Canadian Contingent.)

THE former residence of ex-President Kruger in Pretoria is quite unpretentious, and is absurdly outshone by those of the members of the Cabinet, judges and other officials who made Pretoria their home. Some of these latter are very magnificent indeed. There are two on the street leading out to the British Residency which would attract attention anywhere. The architecture of the newer structures in the Transvaal, and indeed of the Orange Free State, is remarkably tasteful. The Presidency, Bloemfontein, and the Raadzaal, Pretoria, are beautifully proportioned buildings, and in the highest taste. The same chasteness of design is observable in the larger private dwellings, and these two on the British Residency road are particularly harmonious in line, colouring and surroundings. Handsome iron railings, over which the white and pink blossomed oleanders peep, close them in from the street. Each post of the ponderous iron-scrolled gate is surmounted by an eagle blazing with its plating of real Witwatersrand gold. A good deal of pure white flashes from the walls of the structure through the semi-tropical shrubbery. Altogether the effect of these stately dwellings is charming.

The President's house, on the other hand, is one-storied, and is not separated from the thoroughfare by more than a dozen feet. An open ditch with running water flows along the side of the road. The street is called Kerkstraat, although among the merchants whose business places line both sides of the other end, it is generally called Church street. Directly opposite the President's house is one of the Dutch Reformed churches. Here Stephanus Paulus Kruger and his family worshipped in days that are gone. On Sunday, June 10, I was one of the worshippers there. Sermon, prayers and hymns were in Dutch, the singing very good. There were plenty of gay bonnets and dresses, showing that the rising generation is less Quakerish in its taste than that which is now passing away.

After the dismissal of the congregation, I saw Mrs. Kruger walk across the street and enter her residence between the two British Tommies who were on sentry there. The presence of the sentries did not betoken that she was under any restraint. It was Lord Roberts' tribute to her position. She was dressed in a plain black silk dress, with a close-fitting dark bonnet of the "cap" order. She did not strike me as being so stout or so large as her photographs had led me to expect. She is very dark-skinned. Her dress had all the appearance of one that is preserved carefully through a long series of years, being put away prayerfully in the bureau-drawer every Sunday evening, and having no unholy hands laid on it until the following Sunday morning.

We have had pictures of the old lady doing all her own work, frying kidneys or sweetbreads and baking grape pie for Uncle Paul, but I fancy there is a good deal of exaggeration about that. Very few white people in the Transvaal do their own work. She may superintend her Dinahs and Sambos, but I have no doubt that in the good old days befoh de wah either a "boy" or "girl" (Kaffirs are boys or girls until they die) woke Mrs. K. and her good

man up every morning with the matutinal cup of coffee—a fillip without which no Boer lady or gentleman could address himself or herself to the duties of the day. Besides, I scarcely ever passed the place, even early in the forenoon, without observing Mrs. Jacobs (Yawkobs), Mrs. Kruger's married granddaughter, a delightful young matron, flitting about in spotless white; and surely she would not take matters so easily if the old lady were burning her cheeks over the frying-pan in the back kitchen.

The position of women in Boerland, meaning practically all of South Africa, is good. Wherever you have slavery, and the lot of the black man in Dutch South Africa is essentially that of a slave, you have a master population, possessing many of the marks of superiority. In the Greek states the more menial kinds of labour were performed almost wholly by slaves. The average type of the free citizen was high. The poets, philosophers, law-givers and sculptors, whom posterity in all lands has combined to admire, were almost all slave-owners, unless we except, on the authority of legend, the greatest name of all. The gentry of the slave-owning South were educated, hospitable and surrounded with many of the refinements of life. In South Africa, while the same standard has not been attained, there is nevertheless a superior air about the white farming population that no observing eye can miss. The men do little or no manual labour. You do not find the patriarchs bent with toil and worn with the ceaseless activity of the struggle against nature that you find in the newer parts of Canada and the United States. The old men sit on the verandahs or stoeps, decently attired, gazing over their wide possessions, and glorying in the fact that their heirs will enjoy equal ease and privileges. The younger men at most of the farms we called at were almost invariably dressed as if for Sunday or a holiday. Perhaps our arrival furnished the excuse for holidaying. But it must be said that there was little support in all we saw for that view that has been widely circulated, that the Boer of the Free State and Transvaal is an ignorant, slovenly, unwashed boor.

The women having plenty of black help do little more than superintend operations. This, perhaps, is no sinecure, for of all "help" the average South African native is about the most hopeless and distracting. Nevertheless I have seen the mistress of the house on more than one occasion employing the busiest part of the day in reading—a luxury which very few Canadian farmers' wives are able to afford themselves. The dress of the ladies on the farm is usually distinctive and almost uniform. A print Mother Hubbard, with a white starched poke bonnet, made into enormous proportions by accumulations of frills, is its most distinctive features, and the young women look really attractive in this quaint garb. Here and there, of course, on the richer farms, we came across young ladies who, having been to Cape Town to school, were attired in the mode that obtains among young ladies the world over. Speaking generally, the women appear to enjoy a wide authority in their households, and I should say that no important step is taken by the average Dutchman without the advice and concurrence of the good wife having been first obtained.

As the highest lady in the land, we may therefore dismiss the idea that the ex-President's wife was in a worse position in the domestic menage than the ordinary dopper's wife on the farm. The truth is, from all I can learn, that she was neither better nor worse, her ideas being wholly bounded by the simple existence which she lived before the discovery of red, red gold worked a transformation in the Transvaal. This makes it all the more pitiful that the gentle, quiet, simple old lady should, in the dusk of life, be compelled to adventure into scenes that will ill consort with the slumbrous Pretoria days with which she is most familiar.

John A. Ewan.

Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

IN Britain, the United States, Canada and Newfoundland the parties in power have won the elections. Good times are always the allies of Governments. Because of the difference of conditions in the different countries, no other general conclusion can, however, be drawn. Imperialism was, it is true, an issue in both Britain and the United States ; but it was not a defined issue in Canada and it was not an issue at all in Newfoundland. It is hard to determine whether it was his anti-Imperialism or his free silver doctrine which chiefly contributed to Mr. Bryan's very decisive defeat. But it is certain that the free silver issue is the one that will be particularly affected by the result. Free silver has been killed ; anti-Imperialism will live and probably gain strength. Mr. Bryan himself is likely to be sacrificed. There are prominent Democrats who still claim that he is the only natural leader of the party, but it is extremely improbable that he will again be selected as a candidate for the Presidency. In England the reconstruction of the Cabinet has excited discussion. Criticism has been especially directed against Lord Salisbury's selection of Lord Lansdowne as his own successor in the position of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Rightly or wrongly, the British people has held Lord Lansdowne accountable for much of the inefficiency displayed by the War Office and also for errors of judgment. His selection was decidedly unpopular and was accepted without strong protest only because of the belief that Lord Salisbury would continue to give a great deal of his personal attention to that department. Lord Lansdowne now has an opportunity to prove that he has been misjudged. He will have this one advantage over some others who might have been appointed, that he is not disliked by foreign Governments. There was a fear in Europe that Mr. Chamberlain might secure the portfolio or that someone representing his attitude might be appointed. Lord Lansdowne will be able to carry on foreign affairs with a minimum amount of friction.

Newfoundland was called upon to decide whether or not Mr. Reid, the contractor, was to force his will upon the people. As the St. John's *Herald*, put it :—"Mr. Reid owns the railway. He owns the dock. He owns the telegraphs. He owns the bay steamers. He owns the lands, the forests, the mines and the tramcars. Is it desirable in the Colony's interests that he should own the House of Assembly also?" As is well known, Mr. Reid was the contractor who built the Newfoundland transinsular railway. When it was completed, the Government awoke to the realization that it could not possibly be operated except at a heavy loss ; and the finances of the Colony were in no condition to stand the extra charges. Mr. Reid then came forward with an offer of $1,000,000 for the control of all the railways in the Colony, they to become his property at the end of fifty years if he lived up to the agreement as to the number of trains to be run, etc. The other terms of the agreement were that Mr. Reid should be given a bonus of over 3,000,000 acres of land and various concessions, and should take over the Government telegraph lines. In short, Mr. Reid is supposed to have invested something like $3,000,000 altogether, for property and rights which he is now anxious to hand over to a company floated in England with $25,000,000 capital. He owns or controls 640 miles of railway, 3,200 miles of steamship routes, 1,000 miles of tele-

graphs, the largest dry-dock in America, the electric lighting and tramways of St. John's and over 3,000,000 acres of land. But the Government refused to sanction the transfer of these properties to a company, and so Mr. Reid attempted to put into power a party favourable to himself. After employing all the arts known to an able man with large interests at stake he signally failed on November 8th to secure the election of more than a mere fraction of the new House of Assembly.

Chinese affairs are still unsettled. It is said that the Powers have agreed upon the terms of settlement. One of these is that eleven Princes and officials shall suffer the death penalty. It is extremely doubtful if the Chinese Government will, or could if it would, carry out this particular demand. And while we must recognize the necessity of the death sentence in certain classes of cases, there is something repugnant to the ideas of strict justice in this demand. It is impossible to determine who were justly accountable for the excesses of a movement that was national in its character. If some are selected, why are others, the Empress-Dowager for example, left off the list? Besides, if they are to be punished for murdering foreigners, why are the Russians, Germans and others of the allies not to be punished for murdering Chinese? Reports that cannot be doubted reveal the fact that some of the allies have taken a terrible vengeance upon the Chinese. If justice is the object, Chinese and foreigners should be tried by the same tribunal; and if the only object is to prevent another rising among the Chinese, then other measures might prove even more effective in a country where life is held so cheap. Of all the recent developments, however, the Anglo-German agreement is most important. Its importance lies not so much in what it says as in what it implies. It says that Britain and Germany agree that the ports on the rivers and seaboard in China should remain free and open to trade, and that the same principle should be made to apply to all Chinese territory, in so far as the two contracting parties have influence; and that they agree not to take advantage of the present complication to increase their territorial holdings. But there was a proviso that if any other Power obtains territorial advantages in any form whatever, Britain and Germany reserve the right to come to any understanding as to what action they should take to preserve their own interests. In other words, Britain and Germany say they believe in territorial integrity and the open door, but if other Powers will not act on those principles they will not necessarily consider themselves held by them. But the importance of the agreement is not to be found by a strict analysis of its language. It implies an understanding between these two Powers which may be very far reaching. It is virtually a warning to Russia and France that their two chief rivals have united in opposition to any selfish schemes on their part; and, united over China, they may remain united to protect their interests in every part of the world. Austria, Italy and the United States have assented to the same agreement. As to other aspects of general policy toward China, Lord Salisbury made it clear in his Guildhall speech that he does not believe in attempting to govern China, but thinks the Chinese should be left to govern themselves.

Spain has again been disturbed. The Queen Regent appointed General Weyler as Captain-General of Madrid. As a protest against the elevation of the man to whose cruelty the loss of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines is attributed, the Silvela Ministry at once tendered their resignations, which were as promptly accepted. General Azcarraga, a friend of Weyler's, was called upon to form a Ministry and succeeded in doing so. If we may judge by the past record of General Weyler it would seem unfortunate that he should again become a power. It is

said that, on account of the control the Government has over the election machinery, no Government in Spain is ever defeated at the polls. When changes occur they are due to disagreement among the Ministers, voluntary resignations such as this one, or to defeats in the Cortes. The people in Spain cannot express their real opinions at the polls and they are largely at the mercy of intrigues. Perhaps their dissatisfaction may show itself in aiding the Carlist agitation, which some say is gathering strength, but which the Government say is now weaker than ever.

The French Ministry successfully withstood the first attack made upon it in the new session of the Chamber of Deputies. It had been feared that the elements of unrest in France might break forth as soon as the Exhibition was over, but for the present danger has been averted. In Germany the Reichstag is again in session and its proceedings promise to be of more than usual interest.

The South African war still drags along. The pertinacity of the Boers compels admiration in spite of its utter folly. Perhaps when Mr. Kruger's visit to Europe has been seen to fail to enlist any active sympathy, they may prove more amenable. In this connection the incidental effect of the announcement of the Anglo-German agreement over China, in imposing a check upon the inclination of any Government to show sympathy with the Boers, may prove to be considerable. No one knows how comprehensive may be the secret understanding between Britain and Germany, of which that agreement is only one phase.

There has been some criticism directed against the Canadians just returned, because they did not remain in South Africa until the conclusion of the war. From the wording of the despatch sent by Mr. Chamberlain to the Canadian Government, in answer to an enquiry by the latter, and from some remarks made by Lord Roberts, it would seem that the Imperial authorities would have preferred that the men should remain in South Africa. The circumstances are, of course, well understood in Canada. The declaration attached to the oath of attestation for the Canadian volunteers gave the term of enlistment as six months or one year, if required. Ever since the middle of June the Canadian Infantry had simply been on garrison duty, with the exception of some two or three weeks when it was making forced marches in one of those futile attempts to corner De Wet. Many of the Canadians, who had simply volunteered to lend their services in an emergency, became anxious to return home as soon as it was evident that the active services of the Canadian regiment were no longer needed ; and rather than re-enlist for a further term they chose to return at the end of their year of service. In this they were perfectly justified. Nor is it right to draw comparisons between the men who chose to come home and those who re-enlisted until the end of the war, for the simple reason that a large proportion of those who remained were men of the permanent corps, who would only come back to barrack duty in Canada, and who would, therefore, naturally prefer to put in their time in South Africa ; and also men of the draft sent out to reinforce the regiment, whose term had only a little more than half expired. The men who returned were volunteers in the true sense of that word. They were men with vocations who took up military duty only in a time of danger and wished to return again, as soon as possible, to their chosen life-work. It is just this spirit we should desire to encourage and cultivate in a country like Canada, and there is a misapprehension of the position of these men, and of what they really undertook to do for the Empire, on the part of those who have criticized them.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE new Premier of Quebec is the Hon. Simon N. Parent, a comparatively modern figure in the world of politics. It is scarcely ten years since he was first sent to the Legislature. That first election of his was by acclamation and is notable as an example of one of the peculiar features of Quebec politics. In that Province the two parties pair off elections in the same way as the members of the Dominion Parliament of different parties pair off votes when there are grave questions to be decided in the House or the Senate and they are unable to be present. Protests against the return of members are also paired off after Canadian elections, but it would seem to be a considerable development of the plan to extend it to the pairing off of constituencies before elections. However, politicians are such peculiar people that, as in the case of Western cowboys, one must learn not to reason why when discussing their conduct.

QUEBEC'S NEW PREMIER.

Mr. Parent was first elected as a supporter of Mr. Mercier, showing that he was a strong party man. It was not in the Legislature that he made his mark, though he has gained in political strength through his connection with it. It is as Mayor of Quebec and promoter of the Quebec Bridge Company that he has made his name. Under his administration, the old city around Cape Diamond has taken on a new aspect. A great city hall has been erected, an electric street railway has been installed, and a few days ago he presided at the laying of the corner-stone of a new bridge across the St. Lawrence. He is president of the company which will build this bridge, a company which has, it is said, a capital of some $50,000. A man who is able to secure, with such small backing, a Dominion Government bonus of $1,000,000 for his undertaking is fit to rule a kingdom. It shows also that when Canadians are described as being slow and unenterprising, it is said by those who do not know the facts.

The Hon. Mr. Parent has associated with him in the conduct of his Government nearly all the old members of the Marchand Cabinet, and Mr. Lomer Gouin, a new Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Gouin is a member of a firm of lawyers in Montreal, and a son-in-law of the late Hon. Mr. Mercier. He has been in the Legislature for only three years. Although only in office a short time, this Government has announced a general election.

Canada is a rich country although the ordinary citizen seems not to realize the fact. There is on deposit in the chartered banks of this country to the credit of the public over three hundred millions of dollars. The loan companies, Government sav-

WHEN CANADA HAD NO MONEY OF HER OWN.

S. N. PARENT, ESQ., M.PP.—MAYOR OF QUEBEC CITY AND PREMIER OF QUEBEC PROVINCE.

ings banks, and private banks have another hundred millions. Four hundred millions of dollars on deposit !

Very little of this money is really idle. It is loaned out by the banks to those engaged in business and commerce, or is held by them as security for their bank notes in circulation.

There was a time when Canada did not have bank notes of her own. In the article on the Bank of Montreal in this issue may be found a photograph of the earliest twenty-dollar Canadian bank bill. The date is 1817. Before that time gold and silver coins were the medium of exchange. Of gold coins there were: Johannes of Portugal (£4 16s.), Moydore (£1 16s.), Carolin of Germany (£1 10s.), Louis D'Or (£1 8s.), and the Spanish or French Pistole (£1 1s.). The silver coins were even more numerous and of them the chief was the Spanish dollar or "piece of eight" (6s.); the others were: French Crown or Six Livre piece (6s. 8d.), French piece (5s. 6d.), British shilling (1s. 4d.), Pistereen (1s. 2d.), French nine-penny piece (1s), twenty British coppers (1s.). This was the state of our money affairs just after the conquest of 1759-60. The value of the coins varied from time to time. The merchants of Quebec followed the values of Halifax currency (5 shillings = 1 dollar), and those of Montreal the values of New York currency (8s. = 1 dollar). In the early days of Ontario the latter was adopted and thus we get the term "York shilling," which was one-eighth of the dollar.

But greater even than the difficulty of determining what these coins were worth, was the scarcity of currency. The rulers of the country vainly endeavoured to supply more. All sorts of ordinances were passed, and all kinds of remedies tried. For over fifty years the problem was most pressing.

During the war of 1812-1815, army bills—our first real paper currency—were issued and were generally accepted. The French Canadian, however, still preferred the French coins. After the war the army bills were gradually called in, and their place was taken by the bank notes which formed the beginning of our present paper money. Still it was a long time before the people of Quebec abandoned the French coins.

M. E. BERNIER, ESQ., M.P.—THE RECENTLY APPOINTED MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE FOR THE DOMINION.

Some information concerning the first Canadian copper coinage will be found in Mr. McLachlan's valuable article in this issue.

It is by looking back at the unsatisfactory conditions of the past, at the time when Canada's circulation was based upon the Spanish dollar and the French livre, that we may learn to appreciate the excellent copper, silver and paper currency that we now possess. To-day, a Canadian 25-cent piece has the same value in Victoria as it has in Halifax. A five-dollar note issued by any one of our chartered banks has the same value in British Columbia as in Nova Scotia. When a man makes a contract to sell or buy merchandise anywhere in Canada, the dollar has the same value. Moreover, our excellent banking system provides us with all the money necessary to carry on trade and never gives us too little or too much. The ordinary citizen may look upon this as something not remarkable, but a brief study of the history of our currency will quickly

convince him that his forefathers had difficulties which do not hamper the business man of to-day.* A stable national currency is as requisite to a country's prosperity as a stable national Government. Fortunately Canada has both.

WHAT IS OUR POPULATION.

One of the most entrancing occupations for the idle moments of the next few months will be attempting to guess what the population of Canada will be according to the census to be taken early next year. In order to provide some basis for this speculation, the following carefully collected figures are offered. They relate only to the cities. At first blush it may be thought that in all likelihood the urban population has grown more than the rural. This was the case in the previous decade, but there are reasons for believing that the figures to be issued soon will tell a different tale. The old story may be true of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, but it is not likely to be true of Quebec, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. In Quebec the cities of Sherbrooke, Quebec and Montreal show increases, but there are many towns which will show even greater increases. There are some towns and villages which were unknown at the last census, and the rural population is thought to be slightly more numerous, therefore the increases in the cities are but indicative of a general increase. The cities of Manitoba show large gains, but undoubtedly the rural population there will show a larger increase. The Territories have no cities, but the population there will be many times greater than in 1891. In British Columbia there are many new towns and settlements which will show a greater gain in population than the two great cities of the Pacific coast. On the whole, therefore, the growth of city population should be a fair indication of the general increase in Canada's population between 1891 and 1901. However, what should be and what are often differ, and estimates based on this information may be far astray of the fact. Here is the table :—

SIR WILFRID LAURIER—WHOSE GOVERNMENT RETURNS FROM THE COUNTRY WITH ITS MAJORITY MAINTAINED AND ITS PRESTIGE INCREASED.

	1881.	1890.	1900.
Montreal.....	155,237	216,644	288,657
Toronto.....	96,196	187,716	212,560
Quebec.....	62,446	63,090	65,000
Hamilton.....	35,960	44,653	52,665
Ottawa.....	31,307	43,728	57,002
St. John.....	41,353	40,179	50,000
Halifax.....	36,100	38,556	45,000
London.....	26,266	30,705	38,902

*Three valuable articles on these early difficulties may be found in the journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association, April, July, and October, 1900. The author is Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's University.

	1881.	1890.	1900.
Winnipeg.....	7,985	22,892	42,534
Kingston.....	14,091	18,169	18,168
Victoria.....	5,925	16,000	27,000
Vancouver	.....	12,000	29,000
Brantford	9,616	14,280	16,215
Charlottetown..	11,485	11,374	12,000
Hull.....	6,890	10,900	12,000
Guelph.....	9,890	10,300	10,500
St. Thomas....	8,367	10,329	11,908
Windsor	6,561	10,528	12,129
Sherbrooke. .	7,227	9,923	11,100
Belleville.....	9,516	10,128	10,513
Stratford	8,239	9,892	10,758
St. Catharines.	9,631	10,023	10,309
Chatham.....	2,873	9,000	10,000
Fredericton....	6,218	6,400	7,000
Brandon	.....	3,500	5,388
	612,378	860,909	1,066,308

It will be seen that the increase in our city population, for the ten years 1890-1900, is just about twenty-five per cent. At this rate of increase the total population of Cadada in 1901 would be 6,-031,548, the figures of 1891 having been 4,833,239. This estimate may not meet with general approval, but it is given in order that Canadians may have some basis for their speculations on this subject. One thing is certain and gratifying: Canadian cities now contain over one million people.

W. R. LANG, ESQ., D.Sc.—THE NEW PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The Roman Catholic population of the British Isles is only about two-thirds of what it was when the Queen began to reign, and certain Catholics* find in this a justification for the greater attention paid by The Curia to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon nations. In 1837, England, Ireland and Scotland had eight millions of Catholics in a total of twenty-five millions. To-day they number only five-and-a-half millions in a population of thirty-three millions. In 1837 they were a third; to-day they are hardly a sixth. In Ireland, the number has declined from five to three-and-a-half millions.

In the colonies there are a large number of Catholics but not enough to make up the deficiency. There are 1,200,000 in India and Ceylon; one million in New Zealand and Australia, and two millions in Canada. The total number in the British Empire is thus only 9,700,000.

Similarly in the United States, the Roman Catholics number not more than twelve millions in a population of seventy millions. Out of the 223,-000,000 Roman Catholics in the world, only about 22,000,000 belong to the English-speaking peoples and of these hardly more than half a million are of real Anglo-Saxon stock.

On the other hand, the Catholics of the German Empire have increased from eleven to fourteen millions since 1875, and there have been similar increases in Holland, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, France, Italy and Spain. In the British Empire alone has there been a steady decrease. *C.*

*Rev. Bryan J. Clinch in October *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

THE FLAG'S HISTORY.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

TO Mr. Barlow Cumberland belongs the honour of gathering together, with the utmost industry and devotion to accuracy, all the facts connected with the flag of our Empire. * The theme is intrinsically so full of vivid interest and touches at so many points what is vital and glorious in our history that under Mr. Cumberland's deft and comprehensive treatment, it becomes a necessary part of our education, that is if we are concerned at all with the outward symbols of national growth. The second edition of his book has just appeared. It is, in some respects, practically a new work. At least one hundred pages have been added to the volume. Several chapters are entirely new, those for instance dealing with the proportions of the crosses on the flag and the Jack in the three ensigns, furnishing much valuable information entirely fresh to many readers. In the appendices is included the record of that remarkable celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, the singing of the National Anthem at the same hour throughout this world-encircling empire, a perfect exposition of the moral and material grandeur of which the flag is the expression. Mr. Cumberland has mastered the lore of the flag, and the result of his investigations is a tribute both to his talent and his patriotism.

* The History of the Union Jack. By Barlow Cumberland, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

LORD ROSEBERY'S NAPOLEON.*

Lord Rosebery's work on Napoleon will fascinate, repel and stimulate reflection. He tells us that he wrote it to "lay a literary ghost," to fulfil a design which had long haunted him. The characterization of the man, with which he sums up, contains undoubtedly the author's best work. It is authoritative, sincere and eloquent. But when he is labouring with the various phases of Napoleon's last years at St. Helena, we cannot find that he excels, except in the industry shown in the mastery of materials. The censure unceasingly poured out upon England for its treatment of the deposed Emperor, for its refusal to recognize his rank and title, the petty discipline and crude espionage maintained at Longwood—even for allowing the residence

*Napoleon: the Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. London: Harper's.

KNOX MAGEE—A CANADIAN AUTHOR WHOS FIRST BOOK "WITH RING OF SHIELD" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

JAMES LANE ALLEN—AUTHOR OF "THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL," "THE REIGN OF LAW," ETC.

to degenerate years after into a cow stable !—strikes us as unjust and impolitic. Napoleon was a great captain who "left a name at which the world grew pale," but it is unnecessary that we should approach his tomb on our knees. The English Ministers of 1815 had to deal with a condition. The experience of Elba faced them. It is impossible to be heroic and magnanimous when you have to imprison your enemy like a convicted criminal instead of killing him in fair fight. But there are necessities of state and this was one. There are many good things in Lord Rosebery's book. Here is one :

"Nations have silent, stubborn memories. The fires of Smithfield have left in England embers that still smoulder. Ireland has remembered much which it would be for her own happiness to forget. The Scots are still Jacobites at heart."

TWO BIOGRAPHIES.

That Francis Parkman was as interesting as one of his own books could scarcely be conceived unless we read the biography of him which Mr. Farnham has just written.* In truth, Parkman had a strong character ; he lived a self-denying life, and he devoted himself to a congenial object, the accomplishment of which demanded a continual sacrifice that few men would have had the persistent courage to make. Followed by almost unceasing ill-health, Parkman patiently and laboriously mastered the great mass of materials necessary to a full comprehension of the history of French Canada, and then put his soul into them. The series of scenes formed a real drama to him. He had the dramatic instinct. This, with his honesty as an investigator, accounts for the hold his histories have upon the reader. Here and there, as the active researches of equally untiring students go on, Parkman will be found to have erred. But, in the main, he will hold his place as the historian, *par excellence*, of early Canada. One may regret that a Canadian did not essay the task. It required, however, the special training, the private fortune, and the aloofness of the independent outsider, which Parkman luckily possessed. The biographer has gone carefully into the character of the man which explains much of his success. The book forms a necessary companion to the series of histories which are now part of the equipment of every real Canadian's library, and the publisher has certainly done his part with a taste and completeness which cannot be too highly appreciated.

Although it is as dangerous to interpose between the single-taxer and the object of his worship, as it is to intervene between a dog and its bone, we venture the opinion that without Henry George the theory of land taxation would lack all human interest, and its expositions be as sure a cure for insomnia as the publications of the Cobden Club. But the life and writings of Mr. George † lend animation to the dry facts of political economy and impart to the irritating conclusiveness of s

* A Life of Francis Parkman. By Charles Haight Farnham. Toronto : Morang & Co.

† The Life of Henry George. By Henry George, Jr. Toronto : The Poole Pub. Co.

arguments an air of sincerity and benevolence. His was a career worth studying, for if one disagrees with him as a thinker, one is sure to admire him as a man of character and public spirit. His biography, therefore, is both instructive and interesting and will capture readers beyond the pale of his professed disciples.

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

The book covers of 1900 have been remarkable for strength and beauty of design and execution. They point to the fact that the American continent is progressing in art appreciation. Nor have the text illustrations lagged behind, for artist and engraver have made much rapid progress.

"Wanted — A Matchmaker," * by Paul Leicester Ford, has a handsome cover, some striking illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, and decorations by Margaret Armstrong. The story is unique, but the artists have more than kept pace with the writer. The combination of talents has produced a work which may be treasured by even the most fastidious.

"The Rockies of Canada" † is a work of similar richness. The cover and the illustrations are almost as magnificent as the previously mentioned volume. The matter in the book is of a different character and greater in knowledge-conveying power, for Walter Dwight Wilcox knows the Rockies both as an explorer and pleasure-seeker. Canada may well be proud of her glorious mountains, but no higher compliment has been paid them than the issue of this volume with its wealth of photogravures, half-tones and maps.

NEW NOVELS.

Perhaps Mr. Gilbert Parker may repent his threat to write no more books about French Canada. Certainly his latest, and, as he says, his last, on this theme, shows no falling off in intensity and insight.* There are several tales in this volume which prove that the fame won by Mr. Parker as the foremost romance-writer of French Canadian stories is no fanciful supremacy. The chief piece, which gives a title to the book, is full of fire and poetic imagery. It shows, as so much of this author's work does, that he is able to depict French Quebec because he fully and sympathetically understands its people. Racine, the Seigneur of Pontiac, marries a village girl who becomes a great singer in Europe and who, on returning to her home, finds that her husband has become deformed and half-insane with melancholy and treasonable designs against English rule. She buries disappointment and repulsion, saves Racine from the consequences of his mad conduct, and when the will which deprives him of Pontiac turns up, it is she who staves off this last blow to the unfortunate man's pride and ambition. The tragedy, long deferred, occurs at length, bringing out in stronger hues than ever the self-sacrifice and nobility of character exhibited by this daughter of the *habitans*. We can confidently commend this book to Mr. Parker's admirers as containing work equal to his best.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 111 pp.

†New York: G. P. Putnam's Son. Cloth, gilt top, 309 pp.

*The Lane That Had No Turning. By Gilbert Parker, M.P. Toronto: Morang & Co.

GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

IRVING BACHELLER, WHOSE "EBEN HOLDEN" HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL.

It is impossible to deny the reality of Mr. Barrie's humour and pathos.* There is great drollery in the translation of Sentimental Tommy into T. Sandys, author and idol of London drawing rooms. The author, no doubt, enjoys having fun with Tommy and his admirers and forgets the growing impatience of the commonplace reader with a hero whose selfishness and vanity are badly concealed under the euphemistic terms of self-abstraction and shallowness. Tommy is a most unsatisfactory fellow. He behaves badly to Grizel, a charming Scotch maiden with a loving heart (is there any other kind? in books), and in marrying her as some recompense for all the suffering he has caused her we cannot doubt that he feels himself particularly noble and virtuous. At this point Mr. Barrie clearly recognizes that he must reconcile us to Tommy, and he proceeds to do so at a sacrifice which every tender heart must deplore. The short period during which Grizel's mind is affected and she has to be won back by devotion and sympathy to health and sanity is a wonderfully delicate and pathetic piece of work. As for the wicked lady of fashion, no one but Tommy could have been attracted to her for a moment.

If Anthony Hope's new novel* is not exactly in "his style," it is the result of a developing mind and a maturer judgment. Pay all the tributes you please to "The Castle of Zenda" and "Phroso," their popularity was due, clearly enough, not to their better qualities, but to the fascination which modern romance, vividly and skilfully told, has for the vulgar mind. But in "The King's Mirror" and "Quisanté" Mr. Hawkins has apparently entered upon a new phase of his literary career, and the result is to be welcomed. As a study of a modern politician, unscrupulous and base, "Quisanté" is a real contribution to the thought of the time. The drama is none the less strong and attractive because it is serious and reflective. The marriage of Quisanté to Lady May Gaston, a good, but ambitious woman, who believes in him until respect and love are shattered by the man's own acts, provides the necessary contrast. The tragedy is very real, and it is evolved out of the requisite materials with a knowledge and an art which one might expect of Mr. Hawkins. Whether the book will secure the same class of admirers as the author's previous works is another matter. It certainly enhances his reputation.

There is something in the fruit of Dr. Mitchell's cultivated refinement and ripe knowledge which may, for want of a better term, be called al-

*Tommy and Grizel. By James M. Barrie. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

together charming.* Here we have a company of people talking on mind and art and all the frame-work of the land as probably no collection of persons, however bright and scholarly, ever talked. But it is an ideal atmosphere for which any man might long, and there is the subtle power of the story-writer sufficiently evident to keep us from wondering if they will never have done. Only a mind well-stored, a wit that grows not dull, and a keen student of human nature and social conditions could write a book of this kind. Only persons with some aspiration toward the same qualities can enjoy it.

There is something ominous in the announcement that a book has reached its "40th thousand,"—it may imply the problem-novel affected by the host of prigs and would-be prigs, or the melodrama loved of the vulgar. But the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"† can plead not guilty to both indictments. He has written an idyllic and delightful love story, in which, *mirabile dictu*, the humour is as sparkling as the sentiment is tender. Many conventional objections divide Peter Marchdale from the woman he adores, objections considered all-powerful in this modern world—rank, wealth, and, most poignant of all, a difference of faith. There is no river so deep that it may not be crossed if a man has the courage to try, but who will blame Peter for his long hesitation in approaching the beautiful Englishwoman who is the widow of an Italian Duke and the niece of a Cardinal? If the saintly and witty Cardinal, a rare combination, had not so conveniently lost his snuff-box and thus afforded the lover a chance of seeing the object of his devotion, it is clear that we should never have known how fate decides, in such cases, to make a man happy or send him away dejected, and, worse than all, we should never have had this story. That the book has reached its 40th thousand is the least of its merits. Did Peter win the lovely duchessa? A woman will know at the second page; a man will read on doubtingly to the end. A man has so little penetration in what concerns him most.

* Dr. North and His Friends. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod.

I. ZANGWILL, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH," HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED IN THIS COUNTRY.

I. Zangwill is a litterateur whose name is more familiar to Canadians than his books. His "Mantle of Elijah"* has just been published in this country and will make him better known. His Hebrew acuteness shows itself strongly in his critical work and his stories. In "The Mantle of Elijah" he deals with political topics, the craft of statesmanship, the power and responsibility of an Empire such as Great Britain, and the political struggles of the parties favouring one policy or another. The MS. was completed some two years ago, has recently been published in *Harper's* and only now appears in book form. This must be remembered in reading it, lest one might think that Mr. Zangwill had been plagiarizing the British history of the past fifteen months.

* The Mantle of Elijah. By Israel Zangwill. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

CAPTAIN William Wood of Quebec, who has contributed military articles to the Magazine, has issued a pamphlet entitled "The British Command of the Sea and What It Means to Canada." Those interested in the naval question will find it valuable, as the author is a well-informed and thoughtful writer.

"Among the Meadow People," by Clara Dillingham Pierson, contains stories of butterflies, crickets, frogs, katydids and their friends. While primarily intended for children it is founded on accurate knowledge. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated, cloth, 127 pp.)

The Publishers' Syndicate has during the present year come to the front among the Toronto publishing houses. Since opening their new premises at 7 and 9 King Street East they have increased both their stock and their list. Among their Christmas books are two new works by Esther Singleton, whose books of last year "Great Pictures" and "Turrets, Towers and Temples," met with so good a reception by the public. Her new books are "Wonders of Nature" and "Paris," both of which are charmingly bound and profusely illustrated in half-tones and contain interesting collective writings on the subjects indicated by their titles. Another volume of the same character is "The Wedding Day in Literature and Art," by C. F. Carter, which also is fully illustrated in half-tones taken from famous pictures. Both the boys and the girls are provided for by new books of special interest to them. For the former there are two really splendid works, "The Boys' Book of Inventions," by Ray Stannard Baker, and "The Boys' Book of Explorations," by Tudor Jenks. These books are fascinating and at the same time instructive, while both of them are illustrated with cuts and full-page half-tones of intense interest. For the girls there is a new book, entitled "Three Little Maids." It is by Ethel Turner, who has made a name in England and Australia as the literary successor of Louisa Alcott. "Three Little Maids" is a delightful story, well illustrated and prettily bound, and will, without doubt, prove the most popular girls' book of the year. The Syndicate has also placed in stock a full line of Macdonald Oxley's famous boys' stories of adventure. The "Canadian Wild Life Calendar for 1901," just issued, though not a literary production, is nevertheless a work of genuine art, with its six fine half-tone engravings from original drawings by Arthur Heming and John Innes. To these must be added all the standard works of the day in fiction, history, education or science, making a catalogue of unusual merit and much interest.

One of the most interesting of the books on China is the volume ascribed to the Empire's greatest viceroy, inspired by the Emperor himself. "China's Only Hope" is an appeal to her citizens for a renaissance of Confucianism and the adoption of Western science and methods. The thinking men of China recognize that this is her great emergency and that something radical must be done to save the Empire. The book shows what her greatest thinkers desire to accomplish. The translation is by Samuel I. Woodbridge, a well-known missionary. (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The career and work of the late Sir William Dawson will long remain a subject of interest. He was perhaps the most voluminous writer that this country has yet produced. In his recent monograph, Dr. Henry M. Ami, of Ottawa, enumerates in Sir William's Bibliography some 550 distinct titles. His writings fill more than 13,750 pages, octavo and quarto, of printed matter. This pamphlet contains also a vivid biographical appreciation of the

deceased scientist as Dr. Ami remembers him.

A new Canadian author has been discovered. Mrs. H. A. Keays, of Hamilton, Ont., has written a story entitled "Little Lords of Creation," which has been published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago. It is chiefly concerned with young mothers and young children, and is charmingly droll and humorous. Mrs. Keays will contribute a short story to the January MAGAZINE.

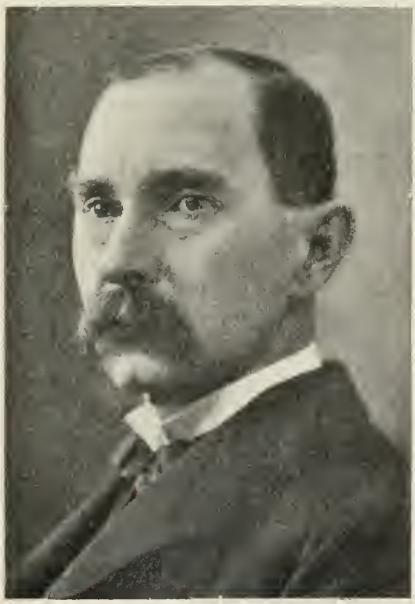
Winston Churchill's new book will have a wide circle of Canadian readers. It gives a detailed account of "Ian Hamilton's March" from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. In this general's column were the Royal Canadians under Col. Otter, and therefore this account chronicles all their important work, except Paardeberg. It is issued by The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

John Uri Lloyd is a new writer introduced to the American public through a serial in *The Bookman* entitled "Stringtown on the Pike." In it "nigger sense," or the power of divination possessed by some negroes, plays an important part. The Pike is a dusty road; Stringtown is a Kentucky village on that particular road; and the characters are mostly citizens of that village. The story is weird, the situations dramatic, and the book not at all ordinary. In some ways it resembles the work of James Lane Allen, but its philosophy is of a different order, being more supernatural and more homely. (Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.).

Miss Mickle's Calendar for 1901 is entitled "In Her Days," and is decidedly the best of her series. It is prefaced by a picture of the Queen, from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby, and each month is marked with a picture of some distinctive portion of the Empire. For example: May is distinguished by a picture of Quebec and a portrait of Lord Durham, while July has an Australian scene and a portrait of the venerable Sir Henry Parkes. In addition, some Empire event marks each day in the year—365 events in Her Days. The colour work is a credit to the Toronto Lithographing Co. (Toronto: William Briggs).

"Mooswa," by W. A. Fraser, now running serially in this Magazine, has been published in book form by William Briggs. The cover design of the book is by J. S. Gordon, and the illustrations by Arthur Heming. This is a combination of three talented Canadians which should secure a brilliant success.

The Poole Publishing Co. have issued a third edition of Prof. Gregg's "Short History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," a thoroughly reliable and interesting volume. The same publishers have a low-priced life of Dwight L. Moody, by Rev. J. N. Hallock, D.D., with illustrations. They have been very successful with "Eben Holden," "Baldoon" and other novels published during the year. A portrait of the author of "Eben Holden" will be found elsewhere in this issue.



JOHN URI LLOYD, AUTHOR OF "STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE."

IDLE MOMENTS

SIR JOHN'S ONLY RACING BET.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, with all his gaiety, his abundance of animal spirits and his love of fun, never made a practice of betting on horse races. Once, in 1865, he departed from his usual custom. Along with Messrs. Cartier, Brown and Galt, he was in England discussing with the Imperial authorities the details of Confederation. It was the Derby month, and when the great day arrived an adjournment was made to allow everybody to go to Epsom. Mr. Russell of *The Times* drove the Canadians down, and gave the party a very merry time. A pool was made up at a guinea a draw. Mr. Galt drew Gladiateur, the favourite, while Mr. Macdonald drew the field. The others drew blanks.

"You are a lucky fellow," said Mr. Macdonald—he was not "Sir John" then—to Mr. Galt.

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "There are fourteen horses running, and it is a great chance if one of them does not come in ahead."

"Well," said Mr. Macdonald, "I will swop, and g've you a guinea to boot."

"Done," said Mr. Galt.

When Gladiateur passed the winning post, about the length of his nostrils ahead of the second horse, Sir John had won twenty guineas by his first bet on a horse race.

AN OLD CURLING STORY.

A Laird in Strathaven, Scotland, who owned a quarry, and was reported to be worth "a gey twa-three baubees" besides, was playing one day. His foreman, whose name was Lawrence, was playing with him on the same side. The laird was very anxious that the foreman should take a certain shot, and he cried out:

"Noo, Jock Lawrence, d'ye see whaur my broom is? Lay your stane doon there, and, as sure as death, I'll gie ye my dochter Jean if ye dae't."

Bir-r-r went the stone out of Jock's hand, and went trundling along to the very spot where the laird wished it.

"Capital, Jock, capital! Ye couldna hae dun't better, and ye can get Jean the morn if ye want her."

"Ye maun gie something else besides Jean, Laird; I hae gotten her already. We were married at Gretna Green sax weeks since, and we've aye been thinkin' aboot askin' your blessin' ever since, but somethin' aye cam' in the way."

The laird was dumbfounded when he heard the news, but he compromised matters by saying:

"Aweel, aweel, Jock, I'll let byganes be by-ganes. A man that can lay doon a pat-lid like that is worthy of the best and bonniest lass in Lanarkshire. Keep her, Jock, and if ye hae ony laddie weans atween ye, bring them up in the fear o' the Lord, and be sure ye dinna neglect to mak' them a' guid curlers."

A PLANNED PROPOSAL.

"The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!"

Mr. Maurice Firm closed his volume of Coleridge with a decided snap. He had read this particular poem exactly ten times, and the stanza just quoted, much oftener. His mind was made up. He would consult his own dear Jennie Vieve, and if she would agree to a walk on the following evening, this dreadful suspense would be ended; the answer he had so long dreaded would be given—or perhaps another. And why not the other? The evenings were moonlight, and he could invent a

story about a daring knight and a winsome lady. True, in Hillside Grove there were no armed statues, such as Genevieve had leaned against—but there were maple trees innumerable. He could not recollect anything in the grove resembling a ruined tower, so that would have to be omitted. He did remember, however, a little knoll that ought to serve for the mount mentioned in the poem. But Coleridge had *sung* his story to Genevieve. That thought, when it struck Mr. Firm, caused him to wince a little, for he had never sounded a note correctly in his life. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that perhaps it was only poets, after all, who did such foolish things—sensible people like himself could *tell* a stirring love story.

The longer he dwelt on the subject the higher his hopes arose. A delightful picture of matrimonial bliss formed itself in his mind. In fact, he indulged in a day-dream. When at last he aroused himself from his reverie, his face wore a very happy expression. He would forever bless Coleridge for that one poem.

At that moment Miss Jennie Vieve was writing a few hurried words, which ran thus :

Dear Mr. Firm,—

Mother and I leave this afternoon for New York. We are called away very suddenly.

Yours, JENNIE VIEVE.

An hour later, when these words were read by Mr. Firm, the smile of happy complacency vanished from his face, and in its place there stole a look that very much resembled despair. The beautiful air-castle had fallen. In a dazed way he wondered why fate seemed always against him. That moonlight declaration! How almost heavenly it seemed now that it was an impossibility. And the story he had invented! Much more soul-stirring than the one to which Genevieve had listened.

These thoughts and many others flew quickly through his mind. Something must be done—at once. In fifteen minutes Jennie's train would leave. New York was so far away, and—

He reached his hat, mounted his wheel, and fairly flew over the mile of road that lay between him and the depot. The conductor's "all aboard" had been given. Jennie was already in her car. In a moment he was by her side. In another the train began to move. As its pace gradually quickened a pretty, blushing girl might have been seen nodding assent to a question asked her by a tall, excited, breathless young man.

Maurice Firm was happy, and somehow, Coleridge had been forgotten.

Annie Lang.

STORIES OF ROBERT BARR.

A British editor has been printing a "symposium" of the "favorite quotations" of distinguished literary men of the times. A part of this "feast of reason, flow of soul," was the following :—

"Robert Barr sends some lines that have before to-day stirred up the courage and 'grit' in the hearts of many a man who was beginning to think he he saw nothing but 'Failure,' writ large, before him—

"'One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held ye that fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.'—Robert Browning.

"But Mr. Barr can never be serious in a letter, whatever he may be in his quotation. He has long been celebrated as one of the wittiest letter-writers of the day. However short his note may be, it is long enough to afford him an opening for some little touch of the 'humouresque.' In the present instances he writes : 'The above is my favourite quotation. Whenever you want something helpful, you know, look up the writings of the talented R.

B.'s—Robert Burns, Robert Browning, Robert Buchanan, Robert Bruce, or 'Robert Barr.'"

Another one of the practical jokes of the amiably irrepressible Robert Barr comes to light! It seems, says the editor of the New York *Bookman*, that the tower of the Court-House at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, has a big clock with four faces. This clock is normally sedate and well-behaved as becomes the very respectable city which it adorns; but one morning, a number of years ago, Wilkesbarre awoke to find that each of the faces was telling a different story and the bell a fifth story, for when the bell rang out the hour of three in the afternoon it was eight o'clock by the north face, two by the west, twelve by the east, and ten by the south. The four faces and the bell were brought into harmony, but the perpetrator of the peculiar atrocity remained undiscovered. A few weeks ago a Wilkesbarre young lady, in reading about the adventures of Jennie Baxter, pounced upon a rather remarkable inaccuracy. She discovered that Mr. Barr on one page gave his heroine light hair and on another attributed to her raven locks, and so she sat down straightway and wrote to Mr. Barr about the matter. Mr. Barr's reply, which we append, not only touches upon the colour of Jennie Baxter's hair, but it clears away the mystery which formerly surrounded the surprising behaviour of the Wilkesbarre City Hall clock.

HILLHEAD, WOLDINGHAM,
SURREY, ENGLAND

DEAR MISS:

Your letter has remained unanswered for some time, because I have been very busy trying to make up for time enjoyed for three months in America, when I did nothing but fool around the country in the snow. Why did I make Jennie Baxter have fair hair on page 2, and black hair on page 145? I'm sure I don't know. Can't fair hair be dyed black? I thought it could. But then I don't believe Jennie would have dyed her hair, do you? It was all a mistake on my part, unnoticed when I read the proofs. It was a judgment on me for having put the clock wrong the last and only time I was in picturesque Wilkesbarre. I went up on the tower there (on the City Hall, isn't it?) and pushed the hands of the big clock so that all the faces gave different time and all wrong. I was never caught, but I was young and frivolous at the time, so retribution waited on me until now. I think that must be the true explanation.

Yours most sincerely,

ROBERT BARR.

LADY "BOBS" AND HER TRUNKS.

That is a pretty story about Lady Roberts and her trunks, and men returning from South Africa vouch for its truth, says the *Westminster Gazette*. At the height of the transport difficulties, in the teeth of the officials, she carried eight large trunks from Cape Town to Bloemfontein. Everyone wondered, everyone murmured. No one but Lady Roberts could have got the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station things were said probably about the "plague of women."

But next day seven of the trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed amongst the Tommies. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape and smuggled comforts through to the men in this way. One small trunk contained her kit.

To the Twentieth Century.

I GRANT you there's a difference
Since we smeared our skins with woad,
Since we ate our gory victuals
In our troglodyte abode ;
But I don't admit, you Beldam,
That you deserve an ode.

There'll be tinkling, strumming, buzzing
From the poetasters' choir,
And there'll be tuneful manikins
Your future to admire ;
But your praise were better uttered
By a jewsharp than a lyre.

There'll be men upon their bellies
To worship at your shrine,
As though you were Diana,
Chaste, beautiful, divine ;
But I cannot see, you Dratchel,
Why I should go on mine.

They prate about your destiny,
They screech, they caterwaul,—
The greatest, grandest, century
Since Adam and The Fall ;
But still you kiss The Serpent
Who slavers over all.

You are a maiden century,
But brazen, bad, and bold,
And though you own to twenty
You're a thousand of them old ;
And you'll always smile, you Strumpet,
On those who have the gold.

Franklin Gadsby.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

PRETORIA DAY IN TORONTO.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI JANUARY, 1901 No. 3

THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL HUNTERS.

By John Harvey.

TO write of the seal fishery for the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE seems rather like emulating that time-honoured work of supererogation —the carrying of coals to Newcastle. One approaches the subject with a certain amount of diffidence; yet it is remarkable how few have personal acquaintance with the tragedy which annually dyes in crimson the virgin tracts of North American ice, with a voyage yielding experiences both unique and interesting, and surrounded with a certain element of glamour and excitement.

Some of the glamour, alas! has gone with the days of the old sailing fleet, when the prizes were for any man and not alone for the capitalist, and when every Newfoundland cottage had its stake in the great hunt; in those days did the shipwrights and the sailmakers flourish, and the famous toast, "Bloody decks and many of them," stirred the imagination and chivalry of the land.

Steam came—and in the sordid smoke, the tall masts and swelling canvas of our old vikings slowly vanished; but while much of the picturesqueness of those days has gone some of it still remains, and though the number of the men is less, their hardihood, pluck, and skill have in no way abated.

The Newfoundland seals are hair seals and quite distinct from the fur seals of Alaska and the south; that in the main they may be regarded as of two principal species, the Harp (phoca Greenlandica) and the Hood (cystophora cystata). Not much is known of the life and habits of either in its Arctic home. Both, however, with the coming of winter, migrate southward like the birds. The Harps are mild, civilized, and gregarious. The Hoods are like a mountain tribe, fierce, independent, solitary; yet to some extent the latter seem to exercise a protective care over their more peaceful neighbours.

The Hoods come from the shores of Greenland, the Harps probably from the quieter shelter of Hudson's Bay. Late in October they both start south, the Hoods coming from Greenland to Labrador and joining the Harps.

They appear to travel in two long parallel columns, the Hoods always holding the eastern or seaward position. Thus they move slowly south, until they reach the great Ocean Banks off Cape Race. Returning, they mount the ice about the end of February, in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Belle Isle. The Harps select young and freshly frozen ice and large, flat pans. Through these they bore themselves holes which they keep constantly open and by them enter and leave the water at will. They congregate in enormous numbers, and one pan, with an area of some miles, may be peopled with as many as 300,000, old and young. To the eastward is the heavier and more rugged ice, consisting of broken bergs and chips of glaciers ground up in the far away northern

S.S. "MASTIFF" WORKING BY STEAM, SAIL, AND TOW-LINE THROUGH THE HARBOUR ICE.

latitudes, and borne south on the bosom of the Arctic current; here, true to their principles, the Hoods ride the floe in scattered families.

The young Harps or "Whitecoats" are covered with an unspotted soft fur, only less white than the snow on which they lie. They are as pretty as anything can be, the personification of happiness and content as they lie lazily on their backs, basking in the sunshine and fanning themselves gently with their flippers. Close by is the family blow-hole, through which the old seals go off daily to fish. They often have to swim long distances in search of food, and while they are away the great body of ice is moving at the rate of several miles an hour, while at the same time the pans will perhaps wheel round one another and change their relative positions; but each old seal, swimming for miles and miles under these vast tracts of ice, unerringly returns to its own blow-hole and to its own pup, and where there may be several hundred thousand of these all identically alike, it would not seem a difficult matter to make a mistake; but the old Harps never do.

The young and the mothers are killed by a blow or two from a heavy "gaff" or "bat," and are then cut open and divested of their great coat of fat, which is the only valuable part of them; this is then dragged direct to the ship or is piled with others on a large pan which has a flag hoisted on it and is often lighted up with a torch at night, until the ship can come and pick it up. The dogs, as a rule, have to be shot.

The stealing of panned seals has been a fruitful source of litigation, and of a good deal of hard swearing.

That pathetic incident when the old captain and his men met outside the Harbor Grace Court House at the termination of one of these lengthy trials, during which they had successfully sustained the charge of taking the pans of another ship, will live long in sealing annals. It was a famous lawsuit, with a large amount at stake. There

A SEALER IN THE FIELD ICE.

was no denying that the prosecution had made out a strong *prima facie* case; but thereafter for the defence arose many witnesses, with an unwavering and indignant repudiation of the prosecution's soft impeachment, and no amount of legal artifice could avail to shake their tale. They were all, as the expression is, "On de one word." After the trial had spun itself into many days, a verdict was at last rendered in favour of the defendants; outraged innocence was vindicated, and as our gallant crew left the court house their faces betrayed the stress of excitement and anxiety past.

It was no time for much speaking, and the skipper's voice was husky and his words were few as he grasped the toil-hardened hands stretched out to reach his own. "Men! ye swore noble!"

Writers who have personally seen nothing of the seal fishery, and who ought to know better, have imagined all sorts of cruelties practised on the seals. This is a great libel. As a fact, there is very little suffering inflicted considering the immense number of seals annually slaughtered, and none wantonly. The animal is completely stunned by the first blow, and the second kills it.

When the Harps are approached by man the dog is the first to lose his nerve. Off he goes headfirst down his blow-hole. The mother remains by her pup a little longer, but pretty soon she too comes to the conclusion that "it is the time for disappearing," and she takes her header. There begins a stampede, and it is very funny when two or three of these fat animals meet at a blow-hole, where there is only room for one, and try to get down all at once.

The little Harps are thus left alone to their fate. The rugged "Hood ice" is in comparatively small pans, so that the Hoods do not require blow-holes, but scramble over the edge when they want to get into the water; and it is much harder for men to work upon it.

Occasionally the dog Hood, which is both plucky and strong and almost as large as an ox, will wait and face his attackers ; but the mother, in strong contrast to the Harp, which always runs away, will never desert her pup while it is too young and helpless to escape, but will invariably stay and die in its defence.

portions of their nether garments as the result of an encounter with a mother Hood. As soon as the pup can get into the water the mother loses her affection for him and quickly leaves him to shift for himself.

Although the dog Hood, when danger approaches, will generally leave his wife and child on the ice, he does

"A PRIZE BABY"—SIX POUNDS AT BIRTH, SIXTY POUNDS AT FOUR WEEKS OLD.

She too is a large animal, though as the pup grows fatter she grows steadily thinner ; she will turn on her adversary and growl and bite fiercely, and it is necessary to be decidedly wary in getting close to her ; but a few blows on the head will quickly kill her.

I have seen men bitten badly and once or twice divested of important

not desert them, but keeps bobbing up in the water stretching his neck and gazing anxiously at the spot he has left; and sometimes returning on the ice when he finds the business that is toward, he will fight for his family until he too lies beside them ; nor is he any mean antagonist, for he weighs four hundred to five hundred pounds

and is a good match for three men unless armed with rifles; neither is it an unusual thing for him to drive his antagonists temporarily right off his private pan. I must say the men have a very wholesome respect for him.

These dog Hoods have a large and very tough bladder extending from the nose to the back of the neck, which they can inflate at will, and which renders their heads absolutely impervious to blows, while it gives them when at rest rather a comical appearance. When fighting on the ice they rear themselves up to a considerable height and as they turn quickly and bite very savagely the assailant has to look alive. The only way to "bat" them is for one man to hit the seal hard on the tail, and as the animal rears and turns to go for him, another gets a blow in on the throat. It is, however, very seldom that they remain on the ice when they catch sight of any one approaching, and it is still more seldom that they are successfully "batted." Stalking them is as fine a sport as any one need want. To approach near enough to get accurate aim without alarming them requires the greatest care. It is necessary to keep out of sight and this is by no means an easy matter on a background that betrays at once every dark speck and every movement. In order to skirt the lakes of open water that probably lie between, or to avoid such ice as it is unsafe to walk on, long detours and round-about routes have to be taken and every pinnacle and hummock utilized, and there is a greatly added zest in the imminent risk one is all the time running of getting a wet jacket; for travelling over this ice is, quite by itself, rather exciting work, requiring both activity and judgment. After the dog takes to the water you can generally get a chance at him if you are patient, but quick and accurate shooting is necessary to bag him as he bobs up in an unexpected direction; it is necessary also to have a man ready to run and gaff him as soon as

ICEBERG—A NORTHERN BEAUTY.

S.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND" IN THE ICE FIELDS.

hit or he will certainly escape. The dog will carry away an immense quantity of lead if not lodged in the right place. Russian seal-hunters array themselves in white, which no doubt greatly facilitates stalking.

The seals whelping about March 1st off the Straits of Belle Isle, and the steamers sailing from Newfoundland about ten days later, each sealing master has before him the nice problem of determining where the patch has moved to in the meantime, and how best to navigate his ship through the waste of ice to reach them in advance of his neighbours. Prior to sailing the main elements in the problem have to be carefully studied, and a conclusion is drawn by comparing the direction and force of the prevailing winds, the formation of the coast line, and the trend of the ocean currents, together with such information as may be obtainable in any year as to the nature of the ice. Afterwards many indications are seized upon and utilized by the astute and successful seal-killer.

Notwithstanding the enormous strength of the sealing steamers great care has to be exercised in navigating them. The crews number up to about three hundred men. After seeing a really good crew of Newfoundlanders at work one can hardly fail to be enthusiastic about them. Born and bred to the ice, and inheriting from past generations a thorough enjoyment of the sport, anxious to beat their competitors, and withal to make a good "bill," they are as keen as mustard, and will go through a prodigious amount of hardship and hard work without a murmur. No other men could do what they do. The equipment consists of a gaff or heavy boat hook, stout rope, "sculping" knife, skin boots, warm cuffs, close-fitting working suit, and coloured goggles to prevent ice-blindness. They often have to walk many miles to reach the seals, and at times have to drag them long distances. The risks run seem very great, and yet the losses from the large number of men who annually go to the fishery are very few, notwithstanding that ice and weather are both liable to prove very treacherous. Occasionally, of course, a terrible disaster will occur. The men are sent out at daylight and take as a rule nothing with them but some hard biscuit; they scatter in

small groups and singly for miles, while the ship may go completely out of sight to pick up her pans of yesterday, and they may not see her again until long after sundown. They may then have to work half the night picking up pans, stowing seals below, or throwing coal and ballast overboard to make room for more seals; but they will always be off again at daylight, ready to go through the same thing day after day. Occasionally the weather will get bad, a fog or a snowstorm will come down, and some will be left out all night; and that means pretty cold work with no greatcoat and no shelter.

The men commonly drag about three hundred pounds to a "tow," and, except for those who have tried it, it is not easy to realize what this means, especially over Hood ice. It entails the surmounting of obstacles with every step, crawling over pinnacles, leaping over chasms, getting across soft and treacherous ice, occasionally falling in. I tried a sealer's full "tow" once or twice myself and feel tired now when I think of it. The crew are partners in the venture, receiving one-third of the catch as their share. They are divided into three watches, each of which is in charge of a master watch and one assistant termed a "scunner," evidently a corruption of the old English word "conner." One of the "scunners" is always kept in the fore-top, from which vantage point he directs the course of the ship so far as her movements through the ice are concerned. Under his guidance she wends slowly through the maze of ice, avoiding the heavy pans, wheeling aside the lighter ones, working for any leads that may open up through it, sometimes straining and steaming at full pressure for ten minutes without moving an inch, until at length the steady effort tells and she slowly begins to forge ahead. But when a steamer finds nothing else for it she moves back to the channel she has made and with a cloud of canvas drawing (for most of the ships are

"THE MEN POUR OUT OF THE SHIP UPON THE ICE."

bark or barkentine rigged and loftily sparred) and with full steam ahead she crashes into the impeding ice. Sometimes she smashes her way through, sometimes she has to go back and try again, but when she is brought up all standing, quivering and groaning, one wonders how even solid greenheart and iron can survive it. Then it may be necessary to get out the dynamite and blast a way through. Over the "scunner's" head again, in a large barrel slung at the top of the highest mast, is the "barrel man." This position is one of great importance, and is generally occupied either by the captain himself or his first officer, armed with a powerful telescope on the look-out for any and sundry indications that may point the way of the seals. Every day there is a lively half hour when the ship is stopped to take water. A small berg with high pinnacles is selected and the ship ranged alongside; axes are got out and large lumps chopped off and passed on board. These are then steamed down. All the water used by the sealing fleet is obtained in this way. It is perfectly fresh.

"WHO IS THIS RUDE MAN?"

One March, some years ago I was fortunate enough to find myself on board the steamship *Newfoundland*, a guest of Captain Farquhar's, bound for the ice. The ship is the largest and one of the finest in the fleet, and the trip was full of interest throughout. We were obliged to steam out of Bay Roberts, where we had shipped a picked crew, in a hurry, to avoid heavy ice which an easterly gale was driving into Conception Bay, threatening to pin us there. The *Newfoundland* was headed for Seldom-come-by, whence in accordance with the sealing laws we were to clear on the 10th of March. The name Seldom-come-by proved appropriate, for owing to the continued ice-jam we were never able to get within miles of it; though, as everyone knows, Seldom-come-by is really so named because its inhabitants maintain that its attraction is so great that coasting craft seldom come by that way without calling in. Owing to the tremendous ice pack, Captain Farquhar had finally to abandon the idea of clearing the ship at all, and we were forced to proceed on our way without complying with that important formality. On the 12th we passed several families of Hoods, but owing to the legal restrictions we were not allowed on that date to take them. We got temporarily jammed near one old dog Hood, which evinced much interest in our proceedings, finally proving a greater temptation than some of our men could quietly endure. Three of them jumped overboard on the ice, armed with gaffs, and for ten minutes we witnessed a most entertaining fight. The seal was thoroughly game, and the men had to look alive to keep out of his reach. At last two of them broke their gaffs and had to retire,

while the third, after an ineffectual struggle, lasting a very few minutes, found he was no match for the powerful Hood, and quickly made tracks also. So amid many sarcasms and much ridicule the three heroes made good their retreat and climbed aboard, while the old seal, having asserted his lordship over the frozen pans, betook himself to the edge and swam leisurely off, a hearty cheer following him from the ship.

On the 13th we were heading N.-N.W. towards the Groais Islands, but were making little headway. It was blowing half a hurricane right in our teeth, and the heavy ice was going out to the eastward in a body at a great rate. Close at hand several large bergs broke the level lines of the ice-fields. The ship's head was directed to one of these. It was exciting work getting alongside, as it stood motionless with the ice tearing by. As we came close, a score of men were hurried overboard with ropes and cables which were made fast to protruding parts of the berg, and in a few minutes we were lying quietly anchored to its immense mass, and riding in a smooth lake of open water in its lee. At the rate the surrounding ice was being driven eastward, it was equivalent to steaming about five knots through the floe, without burning a ton of coal. The situation was rendered still more lively by the report from the barrel that a good many families of Hoods were to be seen passing us on the running ice, and that they were becoming constantly more numerous.

These icebergs are often good friends to the seal-hunter. Extending for about nine-tenths of their bulk under water, they are but slightly affected by the wind, which blows the field-ice about in all directions. When it blows hard this ice piles up on the windward side of a berg, and leaves an open lake of water to leeward.

I got into a boat with half a dozen of the crew and rowed to the edge of the floe, and I wish I could reproduce the scene as it appeared from there. The dazzling silver of the field-ice as it rushed by, the emerald green and glittering pinnacles of the huge berg sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, its face a sheer precipice of pure white, rearing itself to many times the height of the masts and towering over our ship, the dark line of the hull relieved by the bright scarlet of the funnel,

TOWING SEALS.

crouching in the blue water beneath, combined to make up a picture not easily forgotten. We dared not go very far on the ice, as it was moving quickly, and travelling was difficult, but we managed to get up to one family of Hoods which lay not far away. The dog, an immense fellow, shuffled into the water upon our approach, but every now and then his black head would pop up, and he kept an anxious watch from the water on our proceedings. The mother, as she always does,

TOWING A "PAN" OF SEALS TO THE SHIP.

stayed beside her pup, and rounded on us savagely as we approached. Very soon, however, one of the men managed to get possession of the little fat chap, and he was carried alive into the boat, and the two old seals got very worried. The mother, finding her pup gone, scrambled off the ice and joined her mate ; swimming about very hurriedly and excitedly, now here, now there, they would shoot out of the water to peer over our gunwale, at times almost jumping into the boat in their anxiety to see what had befallen their baby. Evidently they were wild with pure trouble, but nevertheless little Joseph was taken down into Egypt, to wit, the SS. *Newfoundland*, and three hundred men did obeisance before him. That night our position was an enviable one. The Hoods had continued to increase in number. The next day the law allowed us to take them. We were alone, in the middle of the seals, and there are few more satisfactory situations vacant on this planet.

Next morning we found ourselves tight jammed and immovable. Before dawn breakfast was served to the crew and they mustered on deck. As the sun rose, long lines of men in Indian file started out from the ship. The *Newfoundland* became a great octopus, spreading her tentacles in all directions and sweeping up the ice. Each file was headed by half a dozen or more standard-bearers, carrying scarlet flags to mark the pans on which the pelts were to be piled. Soon some of the hunters began to dribble back with long "tows" behind them, and we took our first seals on board. There were a lot of old dogs swimming in the little lakes of open water close at hand, and I got out my Winchester and had a good time. No one need want better sport than these old dog Hoods give, and there was hardly a day for the next fortnight that I did not make a good bag.

One large dog that I shot in the water on the first day gave a good deal of trouble. The man who accompanied me ran over as soon as the seal was hit and got his gaff successfully hooked in the animal's hood. But the seal had considerable life still left in him, and it was rather more than any man could do to hold him. I ran to his assistance and for some minutes the seal in the water and we on the ice had a regular tug-of-war. At length the seal got too many for us, and we had to choose between being dragged overboard and letting go. We chose the latter alternative, and the seal went off leaving us somewhat played out, and taking our gaff with him, much to the disgust of my companion, as it is by no means safe to find one's self on the ice without one. Finding that the seal did not reappear, I went on to stalk another which was visible in the distance. An exciting chase disposed of

"BACHELOR DIGGINGS."

him and I was on my way back to the ship when I perceived a black head appearing near the scene of our recent tussle; and then slowly and languidly, and leaving a crimson streak behind him, rose our friend, with the gaff still dragging behind him, and lay down on the ice to die.

There is generally a bit of a breeze blowing which keeps the ice together. When this drops down the ice is sure to loosen, and walking over it becomes difficult and dangerous, and often impossible. One evening this occurred when almost the entire crew were away from the ship. The ice "went abroad" rapidly and 250 men were scattered at every point of the compass and many miles apart. Soon the sun went down, and it became very doubtful if we should be able to find them all. There were no other ships near, which is unusual when there are seals about, and it looked as though a good many would have to spend the night out on the ice. Fortunately the weather was fine though cold. The water was like a mill pond, reflecting the stars, which shone brightly overhead. As we steamed about through the ice in the still air, with eager eyes on the lookout, a twinkling light would be occasionally discovered beckoning us, and as we approached, the far-off report of a gun, or a faint shout, would be distinguished in the silence; and so we picked them gradually up, a few at a time. But at ten o'clock there were still a great many missing. The ice had now separated entirely, and only single pans were floating on the calm water. At length some flickering lights were made out right away on the horizon, but disappointments had already been met with from the fact that a number of our pans of seals were lighted up with torches, and these had been again and again mistaken for signals from the men.

The ship's course was, however, directed to these lights, and as we approached them the fires seemed to burn more brightly. About midnight we came upon them. There were several large pans floating singly, but not far apart, looking like great white rafts; each had a cordon of fire completely surrounding it, an unbroken rampart, and within could be seen the dark forms of men huddled together. The scene was duplicated by the perfect reflection in the water. Fire is obtained on the ice by putting a piece of wood into a seal pelt and lighting it. The whole effect in this instance was very weird, but we were much relieved to

find on mustering that the whole crew had been recovered.

We continued to do well, getting from 1,500 to 5,000 seals per day, which would not be considered particularly good in Harps, but is excellent work with Hoods. The equivalent of 24,000 young had been secured, and everything continued to promise well, when our chief engineer, who was a first-rate man and a great favourite on board, was suddenly taken ill, and the captain determined to make for shore in order to try and save his life. We bore up for home on the 28th March, with many regrets for the early termination of the voyage, as well as for the cause of it. St. John's was sighted March 29th, and we found ourselves the first arrival from the fishery. Our trip had occupied just three weeks and we brought back half a cargo worth $33,000.

Personally, I wanted another fortnight of it badly. I had had plenty of excellent shooting, and no end of healthy excitement, and had immensely enjoyed the complete severance from the every-day world.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XIX.—DOUGLAS BRYMNER, ARCHIVIST.

ALONE, in three empty rooms in Ottawa, Douglas Brymner, first Archivist of Canada, in the month of June, 1872, surveyed the scene of his future labours. The first thing to be done was obviously to gather the material to work upon. A year was devoted to the purpose, at the close of which not less than eight tons of public papers were found to be available, comprising half a million separate documents. Then came the preliminary examination, classification, and putting up on the shelves in bound and indexed volumes. As the clearing away of this enormous mass of records proceeded, other papers began pouring in, to be dealt with in turn. To-day, as the result, there are tiers upon tiers of volumes in the Archives rooms, containing, it is estimated, upwards of a million and a half of documents relating to the history of Canada and the early days of settlement in the former British American Colonies, now the United States. This collection it pronounced by a competent judge unrivalled on the continent. (1.)

CORNER IN ARCHIVE ROOM.

The eight tons of papers with which the Archivist began operations comprised the British historical correspondence, vouchers and records, accumulated at Halifax for transmission to London. It was not secured without trouble,

(1.) A review, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, Mass., Nov. 1889, of Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," states that in the preparation of his work, Mr. Roosevelt had consulted original documents in the State Department at Washington, and the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, the latter being "unrivalled on this continent for materials in Western history."

nor until Mr. Brymner went to London and saw the War Office authorities. Advantage was taken of the visit to the Imperial capital to investigate the records at the British Museum and Government offices. At the former were found the collections of papers made by General Haldimand, Governor of Canada, during the Revolutionary War. There were two series, the "Haldimand Collection" and the "Bouquet Collection." The period covered by the "Haldimand collection" was the most obscure in Canadian History, and the papers threw a flood of light not only upon events in Canada of that epoch, but on contemporary events in the American Colonies whilst the latter still formed part of the British Empire, and, the Revolutionary War period, from the first mutterings of discontent, immediately after the cession of Canada, to the attainment of American Independence, twenty years later. They covered information in relation to an immense extent of territory, on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Illinois, the Wabash; in the Floridas; on the lakes, from Superior to Huron, both inclusive; on the frontier posts, to the north and south; at Michillimakinak, Detroit and Niagara; on lake Ontario, with its fortified posts on the mainland and island; on both sides of the St. Lawrence above and below Montreal, to the Gulf, and onwards to Nova Scotia; on the Richelieu, Lake Champlain, in the Mohawk Valley, on the Hudson. In fact, there was scarcely a locality bordering on Canada, or whose interests might affect the future of this country, respecting which there were not more or less minute details to be found in this collection.

IN THE ARCHIVE ROOMS.

Examination of the military correspondence brought from Halifax showed it covered a period from about 1785 to 1870. It related largely to military preparations to meet anticipated hostilities consequent on the first French Revolution. It comprised, besides, original records of the war of 1812, of the strained relations between Great Britain and the United States for some years previous to the declaration of war, of the rebellion in Canada in 1837-8, with the proceedings of the sympathisers from the United States. There were also reports of early expeditions to the Northwest, important details respecting the Indians from about 1788, and relating to the construction of canals in Canada by the Imperial Government, the defensive posts and fortifications and the chief cities and new settlements.

In the meantime collections from other sources were growing. These included, among others, original warrants for the payment of officers, clergy, schoolmasters, pensioners, accounts relating to the lake marine, the Indian and other departments. They have since been arranged and bound in 197 volumes, and are constantly being added to, the additions comprising original accounts and journals of the invasion of Canada in 1775, correspondence relating to the war of 1812, Indian treaties and early settlements. These are indexed as fast as received. There are, besides, collections of printed papers, journals, sessional papers and departmental reports of all the provinces. In several cases the early provincial records in printed form are much more complete than

DOUGLAS BRYMNER, ARCHIVIST. PHOTO. BY LANCEFIELD, OTTAWA.

those in the libraries of the provincial legislatures.

In 1881 the Archivist visited London and arranged to complete the copying of all documents relating to Canada in the British Museum. In 1883 Mr. Brymner returned to London and obtained much more favourable conditions for transcribing the State papers than the rules then in force allowed, many restrictions being removed which were found to impede the work. The same year Mr. Brymner spent some weeks in Paris, where he succeeded in securing a number of historical works.

The shelves of the Archives rooms contain, in addition to the records already enumerated, others of unusual value and interest. Among them are papers bearing the title "America and West Indies," from 1755, the first year of the final struggle for supremacy on this continent between Great Britain and France. These include documents relating to operations in Nova Scotia, the siege and capture of Louisbourg and the campaigns in Canada until the conclusion of the war. The "Colonial Series" of the State papers begins in 1760, continuing, so far as the old Province of Quebec is concerned, till 1791, when it is parted in two streams by the formation of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Another notable feature consists of copies of military correspondence of generals who held command during the war which ended in the conquest of Canada.

Among the miscellaneous papers are volumes of family records of various periods, numerous documents relating to the refugee Loyalists, inaccessible to Sabine, and others who have already written on that subject; copies of old parish registers from Acadia and the lower St. Lawrence, from the Illinois, Detroit, and so forth, besides notarial registers, originals and copies from the latter named place; a very valuable collection of printed historical works and pamphlets old and new, county histories, manuscript and printed, valuable collections of the publications of the Public Record Office, London, numbering now upwards of 400 volumes, which the Archivist was fortunate enough to obtain as a gift from the British Government.

The Archives, as seen to-day in the Langevin block, are not only a collection of priceless value to the country, the Empire, and the English-speaking world, but will prove an enduring monument to the zeal, labours, and resourceful intelligence of the first Archivist of Canada, Douglas Brymner.

M. O. Scott.

A NATIONAL MINT.

By Norman Patterson.

TO the Province of British Columbia is due the credit of making such an agitation for a national mint that the Government were forced to recognize the demand. Part of the history of the agitation and the views advanced for and against a Canadian mint are here collected together.

During 1896 and 1897 Canadian boards of trade discussed the subject with much vigour. Resolutions were passed and forwarded to the Government. That which received the approval of the Montreal Chamber of Commerce may be taken as an example :

Whereas the Federal Government has so far issued only paper money which is printed in Canada, our silver and copper specie being coined in England and our gold reserve consisting entirely of foreign pieces—and

Whereas the coinage of Canadian money would give the Government considerable revenue and profitable employment to our working men ;

Resolved, that the Hon. Minister of Finance be respectfully requested to put a stop to the importation of foreign coins by establishing a national mint for the coinage of the gold, silver and bronze coins required by the Dominion of Canada.

SENATOR McINNES' SPEECH.

On the 2nd of June, 1897, the Hon. Thos. A. McInnes, of British Columbia, rose in the Canadian Senate and moved the following resolution : "That in the opinion of this House it is both desirable and expedient that the Government should, at the earliest possible date, establish a mint in Canada for the purpose of coining all the gold, silver and copper currency necessary to meet the commercial requirements of the country."

In support of his resolution Mr. McInnes pointed out that twice within the previous nine years he had called the attention of the Senate to this subject. He again proposed to show that a mint would be a paying and a profitable institution. Between 1878 and 1896, the United States Government, by coining silver, made a net profit of $78,145,603—an enormous sum.

In Canada, from 1881 to 1896, the Government sent to the British mint enough silver to get back coins to the value of $3,462,114. They sent to a Birmingham mint enough copper to get back coins to the value of $242,525. For this privilege they paid the British mint three per cent., and the Birmingham firm ten per cent. Yet the total profit for fifteen years was $998,101.92. Nearly a million of dollars profit on our coinage ! If the minting had been done here the payments to the British mint and the Birmingham firm would have been distributed among Canadians. This would mean $8,540 annually.

The hon. gentleman then discussed the possibility of gold coinage. In thirty-eight years Canada had produced $73,000,000 of gold which had all been shipped out of the country at a loss of over five per cent. to the producer. This five per cent would be saved to gold producers if Canada had a mint working on the same basis as the British mint, where there is no charge for gold coinage, but where the profit is made out of the silver, nickel and copper coinage.

"The cost of a mint would be small," said Mr. McInnes. "The building would cost $50,000, and machinery $25,000, total $75,000. And the annual cost of operating such an institution should not exceed $8,000 or $9,000, or no more than we now pay annually for minting our silver and copper in England.

"The Canadian Government and the banks have in their vaults to-day $20,000,000 in foreign gold coin. I ask, is this creditable to Canada ? Is it creditable to the Government and people of a great gold and silver producing country ? How much longer is

this humiliating condition of affairs to continue? How much longer are we to be dependent on a foreign country for a gold currency? How much longer is a national spirit, a national sentiment to be checked or suppressed?"

The speech of the Hon. Mr. McInnes is well worth reproducing in full if this were possible. It contains many facts and figures bearing on the case which may not be reproduced here.

CANADA AS A PRODUCER OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Mr. McInnes' figures with regard to our gold production require special comment. They were true of the position of Canada up to 1896. But there has been a mighty change. Canada was producing only a little over a million dollars' worth of gold annually. For 1899, official records give the Yukon a production of $14,000,000, and the rest of Canada $4,000,000, total $18,000,000. And the production in 1900 was even greater, though no official figures have been given out. Mr. McInnes' arguments in 1897 were good, and they have since quadrupled in quality. Canada's position as a gold-producer has entirely changed in the last five years.

The following table shows where Canada stood in 1898 as a producer of gold and silver:

	Gold.	Silver.
Africa	$80,428,000	
United States	64,463,000	$70,384,500
Australia	64,860,800	15,543,200
Mexico	8,500,000	73,358,200
Russia	25,463,400	360,100
Canada	13,775,420	2,593,929

Canada is thus sixth in rank as a producer of gold and silver. Next in order come Bolivia, Colombia, India, Spain, Germany and China. If later figures were available it might be found that Canada has improved her position, and come up equal with Russia, for in 1899 our gold output increased about eight millions.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S VOICE.

The Legislative Assembly of British Columbia in August of last year passed the following resolution on the motion of Mr. Helmoken, seconded by Mr. Hall:

WHEREAS the establishment of a mint in Canada will be of great benefit, commercially and otherwise;

AND WHEREAS the Province of British Columbia is the most suitable Province wherein it should be established;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, That an humble address be presented to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, requesting him to communicate with the Dominion Government urging upon that Government the desirability of the establishment, at the earliest possible date, of a Mint; such Mint to be erected in the Province of British Columbia, or some other means of securing to the commercial community of Canada the full benefit and otherwise of the output of gold in the North-West Territories and of this Province.

ITS LEGALITY.

May the Canadian Government legally establish a Canadian mint? An Imperial Act of 1870 throws doubt on this point. However, legal opinion is in favour of Canada's power. The Montreal Chamber of Commerce in 1897 sought advice, which was given in the following letter:

MONTREAL, 24th March, 1897.

S. COTÉ, Esquire,
Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce,
Montreal.

SIR,—In answer to your favour of the 20th instant requesting that I should inform you if the Canadian constitution authorizes the Federal Government to establish a mint for the coinage of gold, silver and copper coins,

I have the honour to answer that I entertain the opinion that the Federal Government has that authority.

Referring to the British North America Act, 30 and 31 Vict. cap. 3, sec. 91, paragraph 14, I find that the exclusive legislative authority of the Canadian Parliament extends between other subjects to the following:—*Currency and coinage.* As to currency, Parliament has declared what would be the money in paper or coins which would be adopted as legal tenders in Canada.

With regard to coinage, Canada orders its coins at the British mint by special arrangement between the two countries. But in examining the Imperial statute establishing the mint, I do not see that colonies are prohibited from coining their own money.

This Imperial statute is the 33 Vict., chap. 10, sanctioned in 1870, therefore posterior to the Confederation Act.

According to section 11 of this Act, para-

graph 8, Great Britain has reserved the right for herself to establish branch mints in the several colonies, but I do not believe that this has been inserted in the Act with the intention of prohibiting the colonies from establishing mints for themselves. This disposition has the effect, according to my opinion, of allowing the Imperial Privy Council to establish by simple proclamation, a branch of the British mint in any colony which would make application for it. For, in referring to section 19 of the same Act, we find that it will apply to the colonies only in case that the Executive Council should issue a proclamation to that effect, which, from the context of the Act, could only be done by mutual arrangement between the colony and the Imperial Government.

Your obedient servant,

S. Beaudin, C.R.

ATTITUDE OF BANKERS.

The attitude of the Canadian bankers is well represented by the view of the President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, Mr. E. S. Clouston, who in a recent address made the following statement :

"The announcement recently made by the Minister of Finance that the Dominion Government has concluded negotiations with the British Government for the establishment in Canada of a branch of the royal mint is, in my judgment, a matter of large consequence to the banking interests of this country. An agitation for a mint has been afoot in British Columbia for two or three years past, stirred up by the increasing output of gold in the Yukon. Until now it cannot be said to have attracted any wide measure of popular support, or to have produced that strong political pressure beneath which the convictions of governments are said at times to bend. I fear that the decision to erect a mint in Canada has been reached without adequate consideration of the currency needs and conditions of the country, or of the consequences that may flow from the act. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and this is one of them. The popular fallacy underlying the demand for a mint is, that gold bullion in Canada now requires to be exported in order to give it a value as a coined metal which it does not possess as a raw material. To an audience of bankers the fallacy needs no exposition ; but in the hope that my words may be conveyed beyond this room let me briefly glance at some of the pros and cons of the question. The coinage of gold in Canada implies a gold currency. Are we prepared to revise and reverse our existing system ? A distinguished American statesman has said : 'He who tampers with the currency robs labour of its bread.' Our currency system is unique. It has stood the test of time, the strain of adversity, the temptations of prosperity. Stable, safe, elastic and convenient, it adapts itself most admirably to the commercial requirements of our people, to the ebb and flow of trade, not only in recurring cycles of expansion and contraction, but in the changes of each passing year. Founded at its inception upon sound financial and banking principles, it has been strengthened from time to time by the introduction of safeguards suggested by practical experience, until it has become about as perfect a system of currency as the wit of man can devise. It is better than a gold currency, because with equal safety and stability there is conjoined greater convenience. But, it may be said, the coinage of gold in Canada can surely be carried on without disturbing the existing currency system. What harm, at the worst, can come from minting here our gold bullion, even if no distinct benefit is derived ? Is not the sentimental advantage of possessing a gold coinage of our own worth something ? To all of which I reply : A disturbance of our present system is inevitable from the free coinage of gold, for this reason, if for no other : The Bank Act requires the banks at all times to hold not less than 40 per cent. of their cash reserves in Dominion notes, under a penalty of $500 for each and every violation of this provision. The enactment absolutely limits the amount of gold which the banks can hold to some 60 per cent. of their cash reserves, the balance being required to be in Dominion notes. Now, inas-

much as the volume of currency outstanding will always be regulated by the requirements of trade it follows, as surely as that water will find its level, that all the gold coin injected into circulation will either quickly return to the banks, or displace a like amount of paper currency. In the latter event, the character of the circulating medium is wholly altered, while in the former contingency the banks are between the Scylla of refusing to accept the gold, and the Charybdis of incurring the penalties provided by the Bank Act, if they add the coin to their cash. Banks may, however, take all the gold coin offered them, and export it as other commodities are exported, a recourse to which inevitably they will be driven sooner or later, according to the measure of time and the extent of the coinage. What then? The exchange value of gold may be, very often is, less than its face or legal tender value, and so the banker will be compelled to submit to a loss in the operation, or to demonetize the gold currency. I cannot but think that those who have urged the minting of gold in Canada have fallen into the error of assuming that the process enhances the value of the metal, and in some subtle, mysterious way determines the channels of trade. The coinage of silver admittedly is a profitable transaction since the face value of the coin is nearly double that of its bullion value, and this process of giving a fictitious value to the metal can, advantageously enough, be conducted up to the limit of the needs of the commerce of the country for subsidiary coinage, or, as we phrase it, small change. The Dominion Government reaps a profit, one year with another, of about $70,000 annually from the coinage of silver and copper. On the other hand, the coinage of gold not only yields no profit, but entails an actual loss. The mints in Australia are conducted at a loss. Referring to the mint established at Perth, Western Australia, in 1896, the chief official of the British Mint recently remarked: 'It is not evident how far the colony is the better for the establishment of a mint at Perth, or that it has gained anything by its large outlay on buildings, machinery and maintenance, which it could not equally have gained at smaller cost by the establishment of a local refinery under Government supervision.'

"Now, the banks are prepared to pay the miner as much for his bullion as he can realize by shipping the metal to an American mint, or by converting it into coin in this country. Gold is not a commodity which enhances in value by the process of minting, as cotton, timber and wheat are increased in value when manufactured into fabrics, furniture and flour. The bullion and the coinage value of gold stand practically on a par, and for purposes of international exchange the metal is about as valuable in one form as the other. Our best security lies in not sowing the seed, the harvest whereof we know not. I make no apology for having somewhat lengthily dwelt upon this subject. In my opinion there is no question of the moment which more vitally concerns, not merely our own business as bankers, and the interests of the great body of shareholders whose trustees we, in a sense, are, but the very basis of our banking and currency system, and through these the commerce of our country. The establishment of an assay office in British Columbia is not, perhaps, open to the objections I have urged against a mint, but I deem it my duty to record my conviction that the coinage of gold in Canada, in our present circumstances, is undesirable, because: (1) The very basis of the banking and currency system is thereby disturbed; (2) The coin will not circulate, and neither demand nor occasion for it exists; (3) it cannot be retained by the banks, and must either be exported at a loss or demonetized; (4) it involves a loss to the Government; (5) it tends to displace and disorganize a currency system safe, stable and peculiarly adapted to the needs of our commerce; and (6) it opens the door to that incalculable mischief the free coinage of silver."

THE PEOPLE'S VIEW.

In a recent issue, the Vancouver *Province* has this to say on the subject:

"Out of $21,000,000, making up the total gold production of Canada last year, $17,000,000 and over came from the Klondike and Atlin camps and was marketed in Seattle because there was no mint in British Columbia. This total figured very largely in the contribution of the United States to the gold supply of the world, and as it is admitted that four dollars are put into a gold district for every dollar taken out, it may be admitted that $50,000,000 was circulated in Seattle through the possession of the mint, in that one year.. Next season the Klondike and Atlin contribution will be approximately $35,000,000. Is Seattle to get the benefit of this too? Is the gold to be carried past Vancouver to enrich an American city at Canada's expense? Even if the mint has to be operated at a slight loss, is there any fairer method of returning to the Klondike miner a proportion of the sums collected from him under the head of royalties or other special taxation? Or if the loss on the operation of the mint must come out of the taxpayers' pockets, microscopically small when divided over the population of Canada, will anyone object, taking into consideration what it means to the advancement of Canadian trade now being diverted to Seattle? A mint at Vancouver is demanded in justice to the Yukon gold miner as well as to the people of Canada, whose millions are now going toward building up the city over the Sound."

AUSTRALIAN MINTS.

The following information concerning the two Australian mints is taken from Hutchinson's Australian Encyclopedia: "The formal sanction of Her Majesty's Government for the establishment of a branch of the Royal Mint at Sydney, was made in 1853, and the building was opened in 1855, with Colonel Ward as first Deputy Master; the Victorian Mint was opened June 12th, 1872, with Colonel Ward as Deputy Master; Present Masters: Sydney, Robert Hunt, C.M.G.; Melbourne, G. Anderson. The total quantity of gold received for coinage at the Sydney Mint from the opening to Dec. 31st, 1889, was 17,113,910 oz.; the product being 59,297,500 sovereigns, 2,420,500 half-sovereigns and bullion valued at £2,733,567; the total revenue of the mint has been £530,174. In 1889 the weight received for coinage was 900,475 oz., which was coined into 3,262,000 sovereigns, 32,000 half-sovereigns, the remainder being bullion. The total weight of gold coined at Melbourne Mint up to Dec. 31st, 1889, was 11,268,118 oz., and gold coin and bullion were issued valued at £45,130,274. The gold coin issued in Australia at the two mints was valued at £5,500,000. Neither silver nor bronze is coined at either Sydney or Melbourne. The original Australian sovereign and half-sovereign had on the reverse, instead of the Royal Arms or the George and Dragon, the word 'Australia' and the early coins contained a large admixture of silver. The new sovereigns have the letter S, or M, according to the mint of origin, immediately below the head of the Queen."

Later reports show that Australia has now three mints, one having been established at Perth, Western Australia, in June, 1899. The *raison d'être* of this mint lies in the fact that considerable gold has been discovered in that part of Australia during the last few years. The cost of the mints for 1899 was as follows:

	Expenditure.	Appropriation.
Melbourne	£17,001	£20,000
Sydney	£14,488	£15,000
Perth	£14,209	£20,000

The accuracy of the figures for Melbourne is not vouched for, but the unexpended balance for 1899 was £2,999. All the evidence points to the fact that an Australian mint costs $70,000 a year and this is the main point under consideration. The original cost of the Sydney mint for building and equipment was about $150,000.

The annual cost of a mint in Canada would be as great as in Australia. There would not be more than half as much gold to coin, for each Australian mint coins about $25,000,000 of gold every year, but Canada would or should have the right to coin her own silver and copper, which the Australian mints have not. Canada has both minerals in abundance. Of course, Canada would have but one mint as compared with three in Australia. Still the cost would be fully covered by the present profit from the coinage of silver and copper and the profit of 1½d in the pound as levied at the Australian mints for gold coinage.

IN CONCLUSION.

The territory that is now comprised in Canada once had a mint, British Columbia having been dignified in that way in the year 1867. Its life was not lengthy, and whether it shall have a successor is an open question. The writer, at the request of the editor, has summarized the agitation and given such information as is available. It remains for the people to think out the question for themselves and make public opinion for or against it. While prominence has been given to Mr. Clouston's opinion, it must not be forgotten that one of his ablest contemporaries, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, has declared in favour of a Canadian gold coinage. The Government's announcement that a mint will be established must not be taken as final. The President of the Bankers' Association does not take the Minister of Finance too seriously, for the former's arguments were not published until after the official announcement by the member of the Government. Further, in this country pre-election promises must be received as such because they are usually made hastily, and although this question has been before the public for several years, it is possible that British Columbia's anxiety may have prevented the Hon. Mr. Fielding from giving the subject as full consideration as would have been given were a general election not pending.

If the writer were to express an opinion it would be in favour of the mint on purely sentimental grounds. However, he believes that the fullest investigation of the subject is necessary, as are such precautions as may be desirable to safeguard our present safe and stable currency. At the same time, the cry of a monopoly should not prevent a Government's raising the status of this nation by "abolishing" foreign gold from its coffers and its statute books. Canadian gold should replace United States gold, for we cannot longer afford to legally acknowledge any foreign coin as part of our legal tender. Further, Canadian gold coins would advertise Canada as Australian gold, which is legal tender in the United Kingdom, has advertised Australia. Imagine the effect of Canadian golden sovereigns being fingered as curiosities by the rustics who gather about the farmhouse firesides of Merrie England! Imagination and sentiment may not find an abiding place in the minds of bankers, but they certainly have a considerable influence with the class of people with whom Canada desires to find favour.

A gold coinage cannot be a very bad thing for a nation to possess, seeing that all nations of any importance have it. It would seem almost like proving that railroads and electric lights were necessary. At worst, it can only be a question of how much gold we should coin and under what conditions.

IMPERIALISM VS. ANNEXATION.

By John Charlton, M.P.

ONE hundred and forty-one years ago last September a long struggle between Great Britain and France for supremacy in America terminated upon the Plains of Abraham, by the utter destruction of French dominion upon this continent. The far-reaching consequence of this epoch-making battle-field will be more fully comprehended a century hence than to-day. The conqueror gave to the chivalrous people, whose previous history is a romantic record of daring enterprise and high courage, terms of the utmost liberality. The retention of their language, their religious institutions, their legal code, all that went to make up their individuality as an offshoot of the French race, was freely granted. Perhaps in no instance in history has the magnanimity of the conqueror to the conquered been greater.

Seventeen years after the conquest of Canada the thirteen colonies revolted and established the republic of the United States of America. Efforts were made to induce Canada to join in this movement, but without avail. The French-Canadian was not dissatisfied with the terms upon which his country was permitted to enjoy its autonomy as a portion of the British Empire, and refused to join in the revolt. The new Republic won its independence. This result seemed a staggering blow to Great Britain's interest. Perhaps the extent of the loss has been over-estimated. The Englishman turned his attention to other fields, and planted colonies in other lands. He acquired the continent of Australia, founded what will be a great empire in South Africa, acquired dominion over the teeming millions of India, and found ample scope elsewhere for his tireless energy and his ambition.

The political leaders of the great English-speaking Republic have never ceased to entertain a high estimate of the desirability of incorporating the British possessions in North America within the limits of the United States. Their purpose to accomplish this by force, in the war of 1812, was frustrated, and the two communities grew up side by side, with social and business relations as intimate as the character of fiscal legislation would permit. In 1854 a reciprocal trade treaty was adopted, which was terminated in 1866. During the continuance of this treaty, the trade relations between the two countries grew more intimate, and social relations also increased in intimacy, and prejudices that were due to want of knowledge, each of the other, were gradually removed. Since 1866 the fiscal policy of the United States towards Canada has been of a character to lead to the suspicion that the statesman of America believed that the denial to Canada of access to the markets of the United States, would have a tendency to impress upon Canadian people the advantages to be derived from sundering the ties that bound them to Great Britain, and of joining the destinies of the great Republic. Canadian public men have not been insensible to the advantages that unrestricted access to a near-at-hand market would give. Soon after the abrogation of the old reciprocity treaty, an attempt was made to re-open negotiations for a new treaty. In this attempt Sir John Rose and the late Justice Henry participated. A few months later another attempt was made, and the rebuff received on this latter occasion from the United States no doubt hastened the consummation of the Confederation of the British-American Provinces in 1868. With the advent of the first Liberal Administration of the Dominion came a renewal of the effort for securing reciprocal trade ad-

vantages, the Hon. George Brown having been sent to Washington as Canadian Commissioner in 1874. Acting in concert with Lord Thorburn, the British Minister at Washington, a treaty was negotiated with the State Department of the United States, which would unquestionably have conferred great benefit upon both countries. This treaty failed to command a majority of votes in the United States Senate. Since that time efforts have been made to again open this question for negotiation. The last direct attempt was made in 1898 by the Joint High Commission. Its labours were left uncompleted; the experience, however, derived from these negotiations has left the impression that the obtaining of a favourable treaty affecting the trade relations of the two countries is not practicable at the present time.

During all the years since the issue of the annexation manifesto in 1849, the question of political union with the United States has engaged, to a greater or less extent, the attention of public men in Canada. The latent feeling in favour of this change has unquestionably, at times, been widely disseminated, and this feeling, largely owing to the repressive policy of the United States towards Canada in trade matters, has with equal certainty been diminished year by year. The arguments in favour of political union, unquestionably possessed great force in many respects ; and a careful examination of the premises, could not fail to leave the impression that important material benefits would be likely to accrue to Canada from the change. This change of condition would have given the British Colonies participation in the advantages relating to the American trade, that are enjoyed by the American States of the Union. It would, in short, have made these colonies joint-heirs to the blessings of free trade within the limits of that immense Zollverein now embracing forty-five States and seven Territories, and taking within its scope nearly all ranges of climatic conditions and widely different conditions of soil and production. It would also have led to a great influx of American capital, to the rapid development of the latent resources of the Dominion, and would have abolished the Custom House barrier between the two countries, with all its vexations and the expense to each of the two countries of maintaining it. It would also have given absolute security against invasions and armed collisions, and would have at once ended all the expenditure for fortifications, military establishments, naval expenditures and other civil and military expenses, consequent upon the maintenance of separate national institutions on either side of the line. There was also something fascinating in the idea of a great Republic, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, and commanding the resources of a region more fertile, and possessed of a greater variety of resources than any corresponding area of the earth's surface.

To the careful observer, however, this rosy picture was not accepted as a true and full exemplification of the character of the proposal, and a complete index of the probable results of its consummation. Certain features pertaining to the American system of government naturally claimed the attention of the individual who was deliberating in his mind whether the supremacy of Great Britain and the presence of British institutions and laws, could with profit be exchanged for American supremacy and the introduction of American institutions, and naturally the relative claims of the two systems received careful scrutiny and consideration. In Canada we possess the British form of government, the growth of centuries of experience, giving the most absolute safeguards for public liberty and for the carrying into effect of the public wishes. We possess a Government where the responsibility of the Ministers of the Crown to the representatives of the people is at all times instant and absolute, a system under which the expressed will of the people, given through their representatives in the House of Commons, will bring instant

change of personnel and policy, where laws are carefully made and efficiently executed, and where the Government possesses all the elements of stability as well as all the features that command the respect and support of the lover of liberty and justice.

Upon making the contrast with the institutions of the United States, the fact could not but impress itself upon the student of the two systems that the United States Government, with all its admirable features, was not the growth of centuries of experience, but was the crystallization of theories evolved from the brains of the fathers of the Republic, and put into practice without test of actual trial, or modifying influence of time, leaving the results of experience to be acquired later on, and applied in such imperfect and halting manner as the provisions of the constitution would permit. One feature of the system was the division of authority between State and Federal Governments, and the somewhat hazy designation of the respective spheres of their authority. This indistinctness as to limits of jurisdiction led to the great rebellion of 1861, and at the cost of an infinite loss of blood and treasure the paramount character of the Federal institutions was established. The terms of office under the American system are so brief as to keep the country subject to the almost perpetual shock of elections. State elections as a rule are held annually, elections for members of Congress are held once in two years, and elections for the President of the United States once in four years. On these latter occasions, for many years past, business has been unsettled, and the country has waited with anxiety, and often with alarm, for the result which might, in one case, completely upset business, and bring on widespread panic and disaster. This was the case with the Presidential election of 1896, and is also the case with the one which has just closed. In either case financial theories of one party, if carried into effect, would produce, in all probability, great business derangements. Owing to the great diversity of interests, the conglomerate character of the population, and other causes, stability and permanence of policy are not assured in the United States, and the rapid and abrupt fluctuations of public sentiment from one extreme to the other, promise in the future a condition of things entirely unfavourable to national stability, and steady, good government. Some features of the American system established from the outset seem to Canadians, after investigation, to be absurd. For instance, the President is elected on the 1st Tuesday in November, but he is not sworn into office till the following March. The members of the House of Representatives are elected on the same day, and do not assume their duties at Washington, unless called together for an extra session, till December of the following year, so that a period of thirteen months elapses between their election and their assuming the duties of their office. In the meantime public demand as to change of policy must wait for fulfilment. Then the Executive and Administrative Departments are almost totally separate and distinct from the legislative department, and the President, while his term of office continues, can defy to a great extent by veto and otherwise, the will of the people, as expressed by the action of their representatives. The heads of the various departments are entirely separate from the legislative branch, and the desires of the Treasury Department as to financial legislation, or of any other department, as to legislation pertaining to its particular sphere of action, cannot be brought to bear upon Congress by the introduction, by the heads of these departments holding position as the members of the House, of the measures they wish to put forth, and the consequence is a flood of haphazard legislation upon the character of which the Administration may exert a restraining influence or may not. The fact that in every session of the House of Representatives, over ten thousand bills are presented and printed, illustrates most forcibly the danger

arising from this system of separation of the legislative and the administrative departments of the Government. This comparison of the two systems will naturally convince the Canadian that our own system is the best, and greatly the best. So far as our institutions are concerned, we have little to wish for, and if there is anything in the American system more commendable than ours, we can easily copy it. We are left, therefore, in the consideration of this question, to estimate the material advantages to be derived from annexation, and to arrive at a conclusion as to whether these will overbalance to a sufficient degree the organic and legislative disadvantages that would accrue from the change.

Some years ago access to the American market seemed almost to be an imperative necessity, and the belief was entertained that without breaking down the trade barriers existing between the two countries, Canada could not prosper. The repressive policy of the United States towards us in a fiscal sense, begat a good deal of feeling and indignation, as it was naturally calculated to do. We were forced to make efforts for opening up other markets, and the success attending these efforts has been much greater than we had reason to anticipate would be the case. While our exports to the United States continued on the average no greater than they were in 1866, our exports to Great Britain were $108,000,000 in 1900. The rapid growth of this trade is shown by the fact that ten years before, in the year 1891, our exports to that country were $49,000,000. This condition of our export trade when compared with our export trade to the United States, illustrates the growing importance of the market of the motherland. In 1866, the last year of the reciprocal trade relations with the United States, our total exports to that country, including short returns, were $45,000,000, and during four years only of the period since 1866 have our exports to the United States exceeded the amount for that year.

Without entering into an exhaustive analysis of trade matters, these statements illustrate the fact that the market of Great Britain is one of prime and growing importance to Canada. It is for this reason that Canada can afford to make sacrifices for the maintenance of Imperial power and the promotion of Imperial interests, as was lately done in the case of South Africa. From a purely selfish standpoint we cannot afford to sacrifice this great and rapidly increasing market, and it is worthy of our careful consideration whether the standing of the colonies in this market cannot, by the securing of some degree of preferential treatment, be made more advantageous, as compared with foreign states, than it is at present. Unrestricted access to the American market would, no doubt, be a very great boon ; to what extent it might benefit us it is impossible to say, as we have been for more than a quarter of a century without its enjoyment, but it does not seem probable to the writer that this market would furnish advantages greatly superior to those conferred by our trade with Great Britain.

Canada, in choosing her path of destiny for the future, may consider three courses that seem to be open to her. First, the maintenance of her relations with the Empire, not by organic or legislative union, but upon a basis similar to that at present existing. Second, separation from the Empire and union with the American Republic. Third, the establishment of a separate nationality. The latter may be considered in the light of a probable termination of the evolution of polity in the future, but the necessity of the advisability of the change is not apparent at present time, and as a question partly abstract and partly practical in its character we can consider the relative advantages of Imperialism and of annexation to the United States. The latter, it is needless to say, would completely absorb us in a union where our own relative weight would scarcely be felt. We would be entirely overshadowed in population and in influence by the States with which we

would become connected. We would participate, of course, freely and fully in all the material advantages this union would confer. We would also unfortunately participate freely and fully in all the disadvantages appertaining to their political system, and would be introduced to the mysteries of bossism trusts and the overwhelming influence of plutocracy, and would share in all the dangers and disasters likely to result from the seething socialistic and discontented labour elements. We would also participate fully in all of the demoralizing influences that pertain to the system of government, and to the condition of affairs now existing and likely to assume more menacing features in the future, and it would be well to pause and consider whether we should not continue on in our own course, labouring for the establishment of a nationality of our own, devoting our energies to the development of the resources of our magnificent country, which can sustain from its own soil a population of one hundred millions ; and playing a leading part in the great drama of human affairs. We may perhaps make a little less money, but that is not the only object of human ambition. We have a fair start now in the national race, we belong to a community of great Commonwealths, at the head of which stands the Imperial, ubiquitous power of the greatest nation of time, and our pride of race, our devotion to the interests of humanity, our determination to make for ourselves a name in the annals of nations ; all these things, in my opinion, impel us to build up a nation north of the great Republic, and should infuse us with the determination that this nation shall have the best institutions, the best laws and the best Government on the face of the planet.

The Americans have made their tariff with no reference to us probably, although apparently it is an hostile one. They believe in a thoroughly distinctive United States system, and are governed by their views as to what United States interests require. Under the operation of their policy they have rendered it difficult for our productions to reach their market. Our own moderate tariff policy has opened the door wide to the introduction of their wares, and we are buying twice as much from them as we do from Great Britain. The time has come to ascertain definitely and speedily whether a fair treaty, governing our trade relations with that country, can be obtained, and in the event of its not being found to be obtainable, then to consider with the utmost care whether the time has not arrived to set in operation a distinctly Canadian policy against a distinctly American policy, and to inaugurate a condition of things where we shall manufacture for ourselves millions of dollars' worth of goods annually that we now buy from the United States, and pay for from the proceeds of the balance of trade in our favour from Great Britain. We can build up and enlarge varied industries of the character which have added so greatly to the commercial power of the United States, and thereby lay broader foundations for the establishment of a successful nationality here. The inauguration of this policy will enable our farmers to furnish the food for the artizans who produce the goods they purchase. It will probably cost something for a time, but I imagine that each patriotic Canadian will be prepared, as long as it may be necessary to do so, to pay his share of that cost, believing that great ultimate gain will accrue to Canada.

I conclude, therefore, that the power and protection of the Motherland is the wing under whose shadow we should rest ; that the victorious sweep of her progress is the march in which we should join ; that her markets afford the best outlet for our products ; and that the united strength of the Imperial union of Great Britain and her colonies is our surest bulwark against every foe.

CURIOUS ADDRESSES.

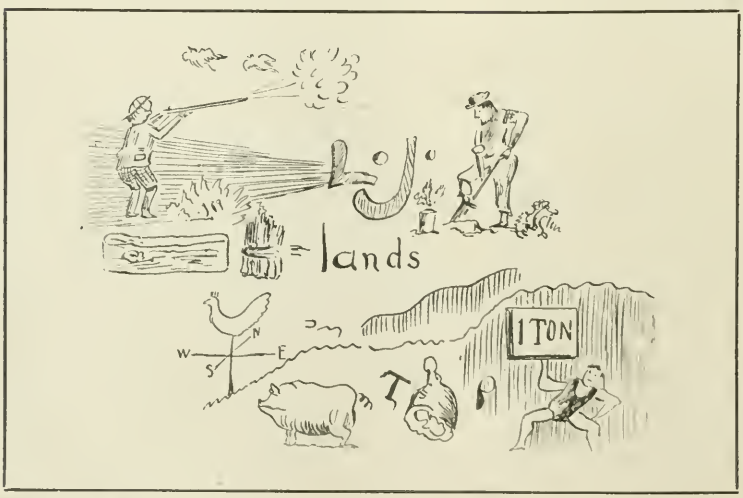
By Helen T. Churchill.

A VISIT to the General Post Office of the largest city in the world is well worth the trouble necessary to obtain the admittance card, and the time and labour required for exploring the vast building, where over two thousand officials and operatives are employed. Being in London last summer, and having through the kindness and courtesy of Lord Strathcona, our Canadian High Commissioner, received cards for admittance to both Telegraph and Post Office, I found myself with two companions one pleasant afternoon presenting my bit of pasteboard to the red-coated official to whom I had been directed by the porter.

After a very civil reception we were conducted upstairs to a waiting-room, where we were told the guide, when at liberty, would come to us. Our period of waiting was long enough to tax our patience and considerably shorten the time we could give to our visit; but at length the guide appeared and, with many apologies, declared himself quite at our service.

This paper is not intended to tell of our tour through the building, although it would be interesting to follow, as we did, the guide from the room where the mails are dumped when brought from the various district offices, to that where, all stamped, labelled and packed, they await removal. I allow myself to give but one little incident.

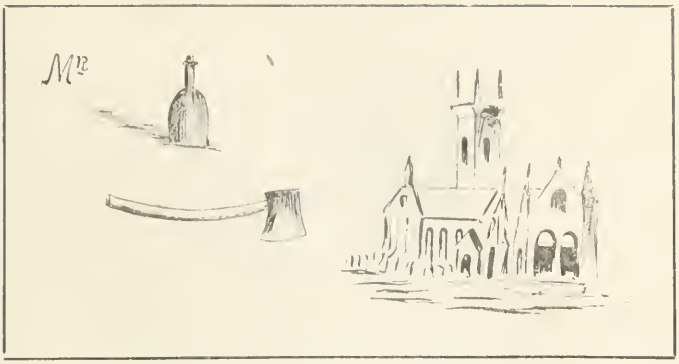
As we passed through the different rooms, the guide would stop in each to show and explain the work done in that department. At one place he took up a packet of letters intended for the Canadian mail, and began telling us what particular process they had passed through at this stage, when I noticed that the top letter of the packet was one that I, myself, had mailed that morning. On my mentioning this he was quite interested, and one of my companions observing that she had that day mailed a letter to her brother in Africa, he insisted on looking it up, that she, as well as I might see her letter all equipped for its journey.



NO. 1—MRS. L. J. GARDNER, WOODLANDS, WEST END, SOUTHAMPTON.

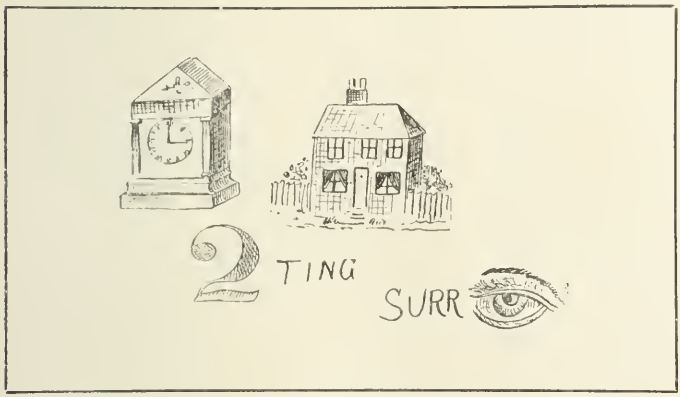
As we were due at a certain hour in another place, I reminded my friends that we must take our leave, and had the usual tip (well deserved) for the guide, when he begged us to remain a few moments that he might show us the

books of curious addresses. So interested was I in these books, which contained facsimiles, and sometimes the envelope itself, of letters that come strangely addressed, that I asked if it would be possible for me to get permission to copy some of them. "Certainly, *lidy*," said the guide, "if you can get a letter from some one in authority to Mr. Badcock, the Controller."



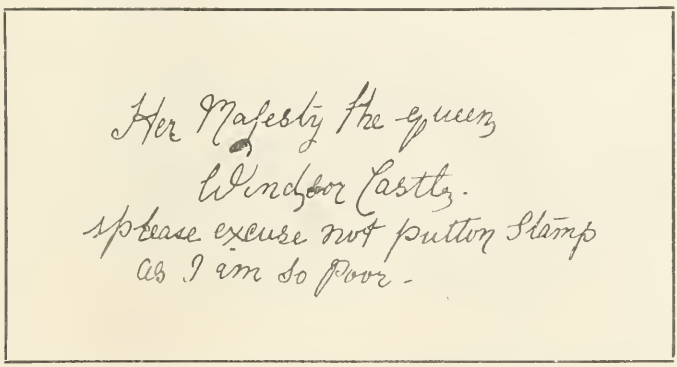
NO. 2—MR. BEER, AXMINSTER.

Accordingly I resolved to avail myself of the privilege, if at all possible to do so; and was successful in obtaining the letter which gave me permission to spend a few hours any morning (or mornings) at the Post Office, and liberty to copy from the Books of Curious Addresses. So, regardless of counter attractions, I hastened to avail myself of the advantage I had gained, and repaired at the earliest possible moment to the General Post Office where, after a most enjoyable interview with Mr. Badcock, I found myself seated at a desk, with my sketch-book, paints and brushes in readiness; tracing paper, pens, ink, etc., being generously supplied without solicitation by the gentlemanly and interested clerks.

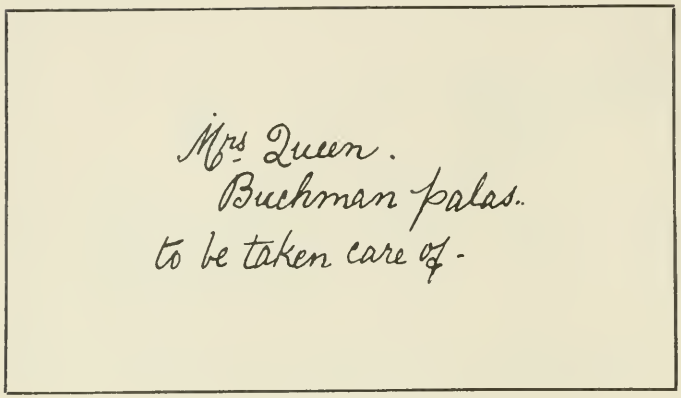


NO. 3—CLOCK HOUSE, TOOTING, SURREY.

The huge books placed before me were, at first, almost too distractingly interesting to encourage work. It was difficult to make selection amid so many and various designs.



NO. 4—ONE OF THE MANY CURIOUS ADDRESSES ON LETTERS INTENDED FOR HER MAJESTY.



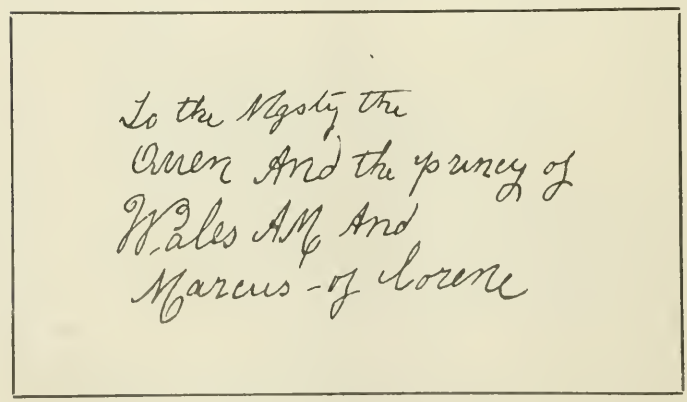
NO. 5—ANOTHER TO THE QUEEN.

Some were miniature landscapes in water-colours executed with skill and patience, every minutest detail being given. I concluded that they must represent scenes familiar to both writer and receiver of the letter enclosed—perhaps recalling some reminiscence, the old home, or it might be the writer's new home. In any case they were alluring to the fancy. A blank for the address would be most ingeniously left by the artist. Sometimes it appeared on a sign-post, or, again, like the ubiquitous advertisement, it was printed on a rock in the foreground, or was written on a scroll, quite independent of the picture. In one case the address was cunningly printed so as to form a broken fence about a farmyard.

Quite different pictorial designs seemed to have no particular application or point, but were evidently the work of those who possessed vivid imaginations and plenty of leisure in which to indulge them.

Others, as shown in the first three illustrations, formed most elaborate and skilful rebuses on the various addresses; the first (No. 1) being so apt and plain that "he who runs may read." The birds flying triumphantly above the fire of the Cockney sportsman's gun, representing the "Mrs." (misses), followed by "*L. J. Gardner*;" while the rest of the address is clearly, "*Woodlands*, *West End*, *Southampton*." The others are equally plain; one (No. 2) being intended for "*Mr. Beer*, *Axminster*," and the next (No. 3) designed for "*Clock House*, *Tooting*, *Surrey*."

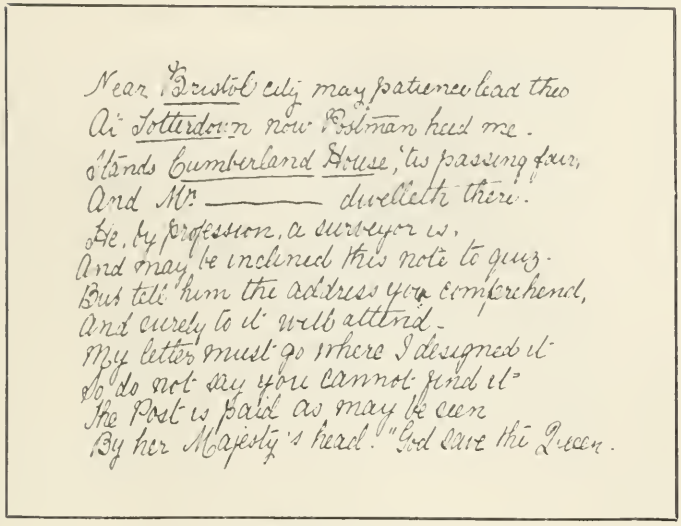
Among the many curious addresses, those letters intended for Her Majesty claimed my special interest. I was told by one of the officials at the G.P.O. that there come to the Queen, on an average, forty-five letters per week. They are, of course, forwarded to Her Majesty's Secretary; but whether the august being to whom they are directed ever knows of them is another matter. Among those poor letters God knows how many may be the forlorn-hope of some ignorant but innocent life. I copied but three bearing the Royal address, selecting those that struck me as being the most earnest and pathetic.



NO. 6—AN ADDRESS WITH OPTIONS.

The writer of one (No. 4) was apparently in great straits

of poverty, not being able, even in these days of penny postage, to afford the price of a stamp. The following (No. 5) was evidently important, and was posted in London. Probably the sender still believes that it failed in its mission only because "not taken care of." The third one (No. 6) is, to my mind, a desperate attempt to gain the ear of Royalty — for if the Queen will not listen and help, then try the Prince of Wales, and if he refuse, turn to the Marquis of Lorne.

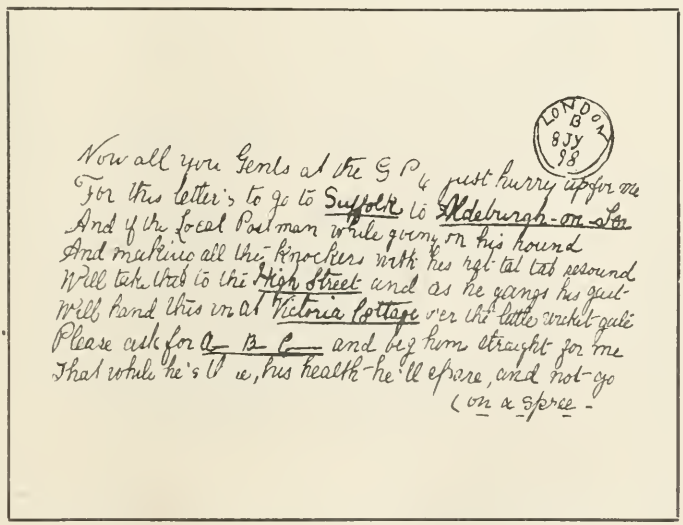

Near Bristol city may patience lead thee
Ai Totterdown now Postman head me.
Stands Cumberland House, 'tis passing fair,
And Mr ——— dwelleth there.
He, by profession, a surveyor is,
And may be inclined this note to quiz.
But tell him the address you comprehend,
And surely to it will attend.
My letter must go where I designed it
So do not say you cannot find it.
The Post is paid as may be seen
By her Majesty's head. "God save the Queen.

NO. 7—A SAMPLE POETICAL ADDRESS.

Many of the letters were addressed in verse, some of which is certainly clever enough to find its way into print. Here is one (No. 7), whose meaning is plainer than that of many poems, and whose metre, though somewhat erratic, is scarcely less sure-footed than that of verses of greater pretension. This letter could not fail in reaching its destination, as particular attention is called to the fact that the postage is paid.

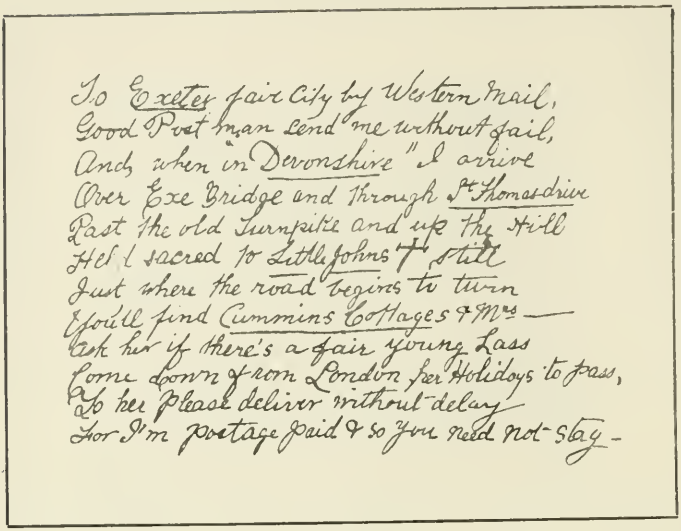
Now follows another in rhyme (No. 8), which demands the instant service of all the officials at the G.P.O.; so evidently the writer had been a visitor there, and saw, as we did, the rapid, but systematic handling of the letters in each room, in their transit from entrance to exit. The letters are still stamped by hand, but so swiftly, and with so much dexterity as to astonish the beholder. I regret that I did not note the number that can be stamped in one minute.

The third poetical effusion which I copied, and which is now given (No. 9), appeals strongly to the sentimental side of our natures; the writer evidently being in that stage of the tender passion when he cared or knew not

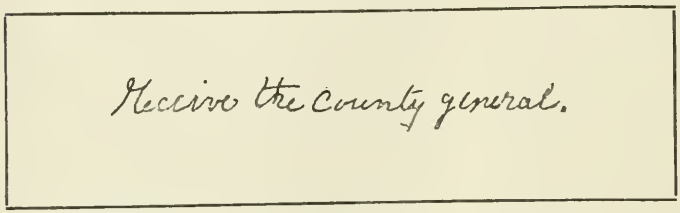


Now all you Gents at the G P O just hurry upfor me
For this letter's to go to Suffolk to Aldeburgh-on-Sea
And if the local Postman while going on his round
And making all the knockers with his rat-tat tat resound
Will take this to the High Street and as he goings his guile
Will hand this in at Victoria Cottage over the little cricket gate
Please ask for A— B— C— and beg him straight for me
That while he's O U T, his health he'll spare, and not go
(on a Spree.

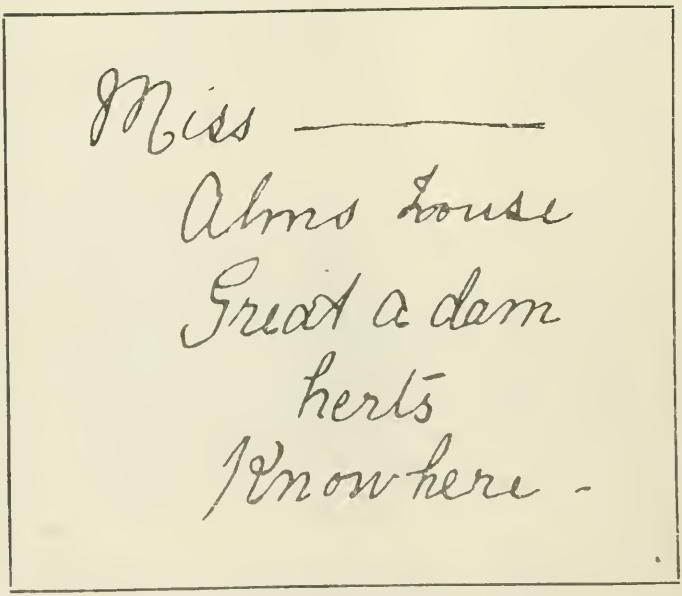
NO. 8—ANOTHER.


To Exeter fair City by Western Mail,
Good Post man send me without fail,
And when in Devonshire I arrive
Over Exe Bridge and through St Thomas drive
Past the old Turnpike and up the Hill
Hes I sacred to Little Johns & still
Just where the road begins to turn
Youll find Cummins Cottages & Mrs —
Ask her if there's a fair young Lass
Come down from London for Holidays to pass,
To her please deliver without delay
For I'm postage paid & so you need not stay -

NO. 9—ANOTHER.



NO. 10—THE RECEIVER AND ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL.



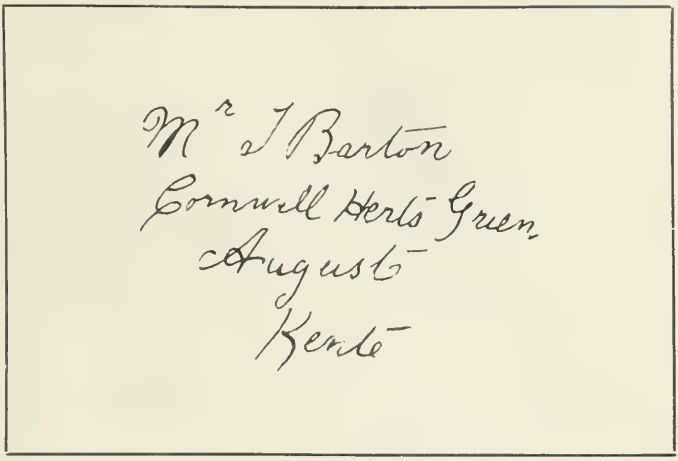
NO. 11—GREAT HADDAM, HERTS, NEAR WARE.

if all the world was aware of his affection, and when he needs must turn to versification. The direction, certainly, is most explicit, evincing the care and anxiety of the writer. These poetical addresses were numerous; and wondered if some might not be the work of would-be, but unsuccessful, poets, who were determined to be brought before the public, if only in this manner.

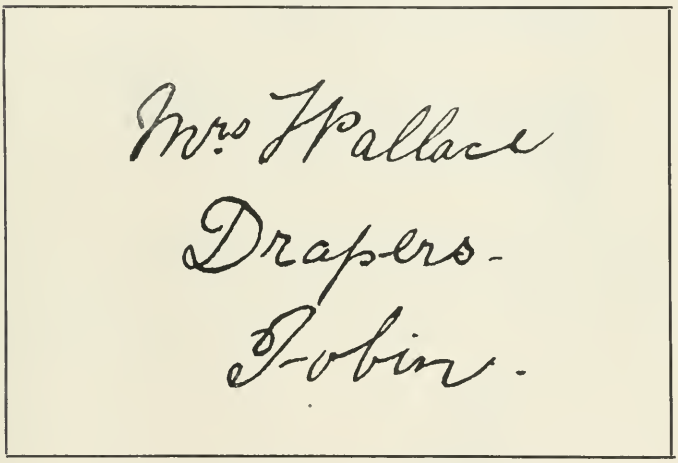
We will now take up another variety of addresses, which are curious from the ingenuity, not of the writer, but the reader. This one (No. 10), for instance, which was finally interpreted to mean "The Receiver and Accountant-General." The next (No. 11) is, perhaps, more easily understood, reading, "Great Haddam, Herts, near Ware." The dropping of the "H" in speech, which is so peculiar to the Cockney, is partly to blame for the obscurity of the preceding and also the following addresses, the writers evidently adopting the phonetic style of spelling. Here is one (No. 12) in which the name "Hawkhurst" had

been so pronounced as to develop when written into "August." The next (No. 13) was particularly pointed out to us by the guide: "Now, lidy, what do you think that means?" with a very triumphant air, quite sure that we could not answer. We confessed our ignorance. "Why, it was intended for Messrs. Wallis, the drapers, Tobin," said the guide. I felt puzzled until I recollected Wallis' shops on High Holborn, the guide having pronounced the word exactly as it was spelled in the address, while quite sure that he was aspirating his H's to perfection. He also told us that this letter was open, and contained a check for thirty-five pounds; but that owing to the completeness of the G. P. O. system it reached safely the one for whom it was intended.

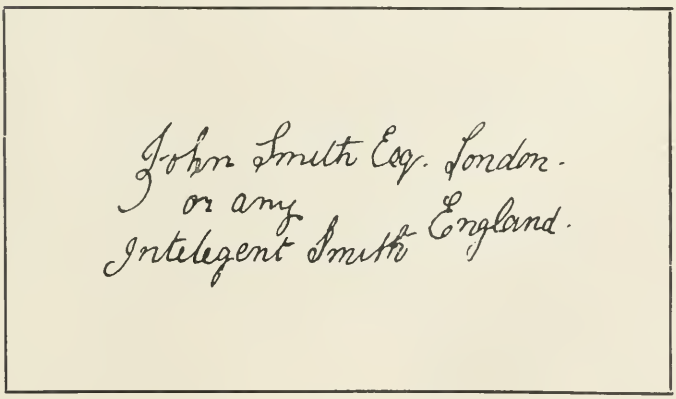
Here is an address (No. 14) whose writer, I fear, desired to quiz the genus "Smith." The direction is rather vague considering the size of London, and the large number of intelligent Smiths we have been fortunate enough to meet. The following (No.



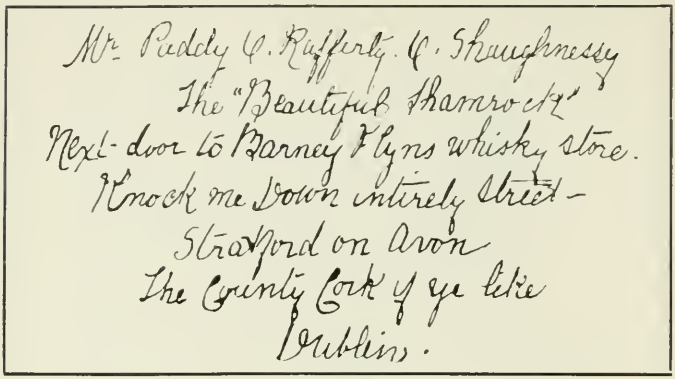
NO. 12—HAWKHURST, KENT.



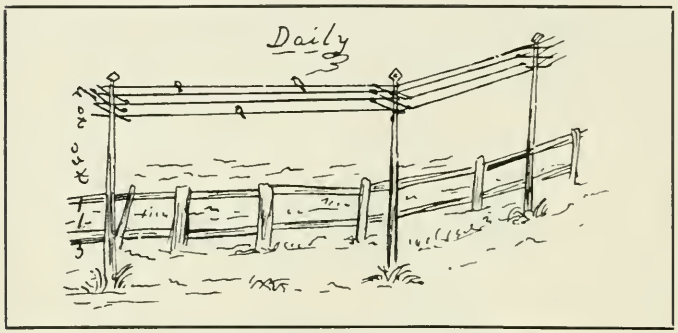
NO. 13—MESSRS. WALLIS, DRAPERS, TOBIN.



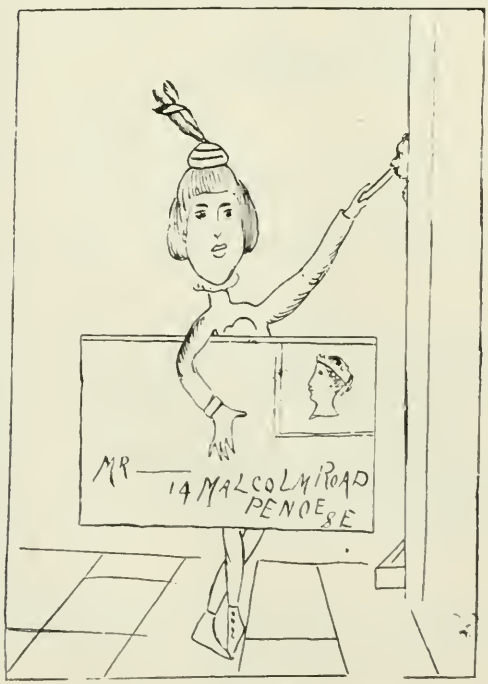
NO. 14—A QUIZZICAL ADDRESS.


Mr Paddy C. Rafferty C. Shaughnessy
The "Beautiful Shamrock"
Next-door to Barney Flyns whisky store.
Knock me Down intirely Street -
Stratford on Avon
The County Cork of ye Lake
Dublin.

NO. 15—AN IRISH JOKE ON THE POST OFFICE.



NO. 16—THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, LONDON.



NO. 17—A UNIQUE EMBELLISHMENT.

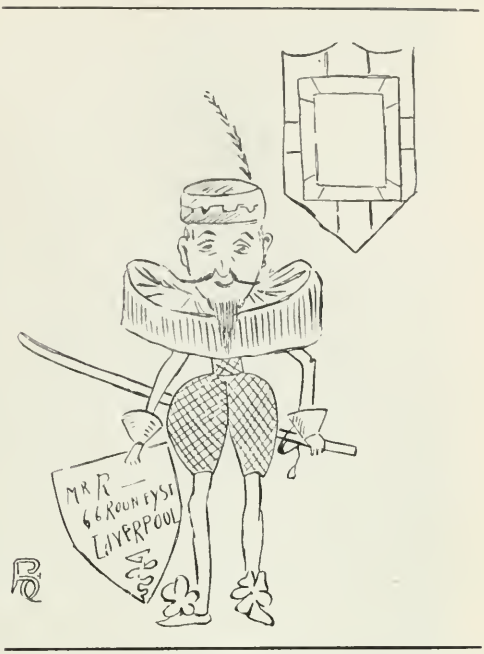
15) is a specimen of Hibernian wit, presumably when slightly under the *influence*. It never got farther than the G.P.O., where the original envelope adorns the pages of one of the books of curious addresses.

The illustration now given (No. 16) is, I think, one of the cleverest of the enigmatical addresses; it was intended for one of the London papers, the *Daily Telegraph*.

The two following designs (Nos. 17 and 18) seem to have no particular application, but serve as unique and fanciful embellishments to the envelopes. The first is a much-caricatured young woman doing duty as a letter-carrier; and the second, perhaps, suggests the writer's leaning toward or longing for knighthood, slightly in caricature also.

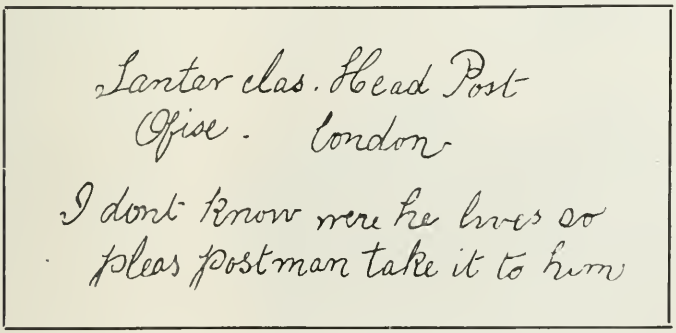
The last address on our list (No. 19) is one that stirs a chord of memory in all our hearts. Who that has passed the years of childhood does not look back with wistful remembrance to the days when Santa Claus, best and most beneficent of saints, was not as firmly believed in—nay, perhaps more firmly—than any idol of our later experience? And who did not write the annual letter expressing all our heart's desires, in the assured hope that we would be heard? But in our case the letter was generally posted at the fireside, it being understood that Santa Claus had his elves waiting in the chimney for weeks before the eventful Christmas Eve, ready to receive letters, and also to glean some intelligence

concerning the children's behaviour. You remember what an effect that belief had upon us; the day before Christmas was always "good child's day." But the little one who penned this letter, the address of which we give, had evidently (alas! poor baby) not so intimate a knowledge of the Saint's whereabouts as we possessed. So he is fain to commit the precious missive to the "Head Post Ofise," begging the postman—that wise man who must know where everybody lives—to deliver it safely. Let us hope that the letter reached a heart as kind as that of the ancient Saint, and that the little writer suffered not the pangs of "hope deferred."



NO. 18—ANOTHER PIECE OF FANCY.

With this illustration our article ends, only pausing to advise the readers, if they ever have an opportunity of visiting the London General Post Office, to be sure to reserve some time in which to look over the books of curious addresses. These productions may indicate that the great body of persons to whom penny postage is a boon, often have difficulty in writing their addresses. It would also be a nice subject for investigation to compare the records in our own Canadian General Post Office and find whether or not our system of public schools prevents our people from producing as many curious addresses as are credited to the people of the United Kingdom.



NO. 19—TO THE CHILDREN'S SAINT.

THE MAKING OF A BISHOP.

WITH THE ANTECEDENTS AND HISTORY OF A CANADIAN BISHOPRIC.

By E. J. B. Pense.

IN the light of recent religious progress and rapid uplifting of work, the familiar saying that we can never grind with the water that is past, is painfully brought home to the zealous adherent of the good old Church of England. The early days of British Canada gave opportunities of great promise, but the ingathering of the first half century was unworthy of a great church which brought across the seas the then highly conscious pride and traditions of the established religion of the kingdom. But perhaps this very pride was one of the early weaknesses, as it is even this day, in the air of an unquestioned freedom of ecclesiastical government.

The influx of English-speaking settlers to Upper and Lower Canada was inconsequent until the advent, in 1782-4, of the host of United Empire Loyalists, seeking here, as their leader proclaimed, for their persecuted principles a sanctuary, and for themselves a home. The only Protestant clergymen in the country at that time were the military chaplain at Quebec and the Rev. Mr. Delisle, sent in 1780 to Montreal by the Home Government, which thus linked grace with conquest. The Loyalists halted at Sorel, Lower Canada, for the winter, and one of the great English mission bodies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, appointed Rev. John Doty to their pastoral aid. Far-away fields are always greenest, and the main body of the new colonists moved on to Upper Canada, settling at Fort Frontenac and westward along the shores of the Bay of Quinté for fifty miles.

WILLIAM LENNOX MILLS, D.D.—THE NEWLY ELECTED CO-ADJUTOR TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO.

Among those who had felt the bitterness of republican triumph and revenge was Rev. John Stuart, a native-born American of sturdy Scotch descent. He had been missionary to the Mohawk Indians in New York State, but for peace' sake, and with national impulse, he came to Canada and linked his fortunes with the Loyalists. He was a wel-

THE NEW ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL AS RESTORED 1900.

come addition to the little band at Cataraqui, otherwise Fort Frontenac, later to be Anglicized as King's-town, and to become more euphonic as Kingston. In an upper room of the partially restored French fort this earnest man gathered a slender congregation. From this humble retreat he planted and reared the Anglican Church in Upper Canada. There were but one thousand families in the Province, including fifty at Cataraqui and ten at York, and the work did not grow from any impulse of natural inclination or numbers. He was as true a missionary as those now serving in lands called heathen. He had to conduct an academy through the week that the moral culture of the people might be advanced to the point where religious service could be sincere and where teaching would be effective.

Through Mr. Stuart's efforts, St. George's Church was constructed in 1792, being preceded by the formation of a vestry. The original wooden building, after two migrations up street, settled down forty years ago into humble duty as a carpenter's workshop, on Wellington Street, from which unsanctified use, though it followed near to the great Master's early calling, it was rescued a few weeks since by being torn down for fuel purposes.

Rev. John Langhorn became travelling missionary along the bay-shores, in 1787, and St. John's, Bath, rose to view in 1795 as a support to his ministrations. It is still the parish church, added to a little, yet bearing the antiquated landmarks of pioneer endeavour. But old age such as this is honourable.

In 1793 Rev. Jacob Mountain was consecrated and appointed to the See of Quebec. It was several years before the hale and hearty bishop could count his clerical force larger than three in Upper Canada and two in Lower Canada. In 1803 he held his first visitation at Montreal; five clergymen attended ; two were too distant to answer the call. At this time Rev. John

Stuart had the care and supervision of five Upper Canadian missionaries, so that the church's force must have been mainly in the Western Province.

When Mr. Stuart died in 1811 and was laid to rest on Grave Street, in what is now St. Paul's churchyard, Queen Street, his nephew, George O'Kill Stuart, was called from York to the parish of Kingston as a more important station. It was a time of resting in the religious as well as political ranks. The Family Compact were content to rule the Province as a sort of vested right, and the clergy, receiving their support from English societies or from provincial revenues, with occasional grants from the British Crown towards erection of churches, imbibed the spirit of the trusty sentinel rather than that of the apostle or missionary. Aggressive work was the exception, and it is recorded that for the next thirty years, time for trustful planting, "the Church grew slowly."

CHANCEL VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S, 1900.

RT.-REV. WILLIAM B. BOND, BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Meantime a vigorous Scotchman, teacher of the Kingston Academy, studied from personal inclination, became a priest, and advanced through his talents and force to be the church leader of the West. He measured the geographical position and made Toronto the centre of church action. In 1839 Rev. John Strachan became the Bishop of Toronto, with the whole Province for his diocese. But he had a new and grand encouragement. Two years before, the financial position of the church had undergone a revolution. From a chain of missions, sustained by grants from year to year, and dreading the instability of favour from the Crown and even from the generous London Society, it emerged in 1836 a cordon of well-endowed rectories. The benefaction had been impending for forty-five years.

In 1791, through the influence of Governor Sir John Simcoe, one-seventh of the Crown lands in the Province had been set apart by the Imperial Parliament "for the support of a Protestant clergy." Sir John's idea was

a Church of England clergy, a colonial continuation of the Established Church. This view was eagerly sustained by local adherents of the faith, and the long agitation between them and the "sects," as they were pleased to call them, did not go down into history until the statesmanlike Clergy Reserves Act was passed about mid-century. Sir John Colborne and his parliamentary advisers gave first effect to the Act of 1791 in 1836, by proposing fifty-seven rectories, and issuing patents to forty-four, assigning them portions of the sevenths or Clergy Reserves, an average of over four hundred acres each. It freed these churches from need, and was a well meant if misguided policy. It was the courageous act of public men who loved their church and longed to do her loyal and loving service. Far better, though, had it been for the church if they had withheld their hands. They elevated forty-four rectors to independence of their people, inviting them to be careless as to their approval or affections and indifferent as to protests or censure. They created an aristocracy of the clergy—relegated them to time-serving when they should have been alert and ambitious to expand their work. The blight has lasted for sixty-four years, and it is likely to be felt in the new century. Those who move about the congregations can readily single out bodies which have risen by voluntary effort, because of the contrast afforded. Endowments have made ineffaceable traces along the ecclesiastic map; very clearly is this seen in occasional decadence on the old-settled and assisted front, and in the more hopeful life and progress in new districts, where clergy depend on the people's support. Had the money been devoted to a clerical superannuation fund and to the care of widows and orphans of ministers it would have done a far nobler service, especially if the commutation funds of some of the dioceses had been supplanted.

MOST REV. JOHN TRAVERS LEWIS, D.D., LL.B., ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO.

Truly the church grew slowly. Bishop Strachan was prompt to organize, and one strange outcome was not the formation of a Synod, the order of church government from apostolic days, but the creation of the Church Society, composed of voluntary subscribers from among clergy and laity, to meet regularly in advisory capacity. This mere toleration of the laymen lasted for thirteen years; in 1853 the formation of a Synod was accomplished under pressure. Church life began to feel a thrill, like that of a newly launched ship. First, the Diocese of Huron was set apart to the West, then the Diocese of Ontario to the East—the one to be the champion of evangelical thought, the other to be the exponent of the higher and the prevailing churchmanship, though its young, clever and handsome bishop had been elected over Archdeacon Bethune by an earnest and excited majority of evangelicals. Such is the irony of fate. Bishop Lewis must have been grievously misjudged. As go the bishops, so in time go the clergy, and by-and-bye the people. Those who remember Archbishop Lewis in his prime, and witnessed his strength of purpose reflected in warm controversies where his powers of logi-

T. BEDFORD JONES, LL.D, D.C.L., ARCHDEACON OF KINGSTON.

cal and concise expression were not lost, were prepared for a fitting sequel to his ambitions. When thirty years of his episcopate had been reached, there was written an increase of clergymen from forty-eight to one hundred and thirty-three, of congregations, from eighty-nine to two hundred and eighty-three. Almost all of these had been assisted by the Diocesan Mission Board, supported by annual collections and voluntary offerings. And this leads back to the thought, how very much more might have been accomplished if this mission spirit had inspired the church in Canada in its earlier career.

At this stage of self-gratulation the churchmen of Ontario heard the call of the Provincial Synod for aggressive work, to be led off by the division of dioceses and increase of episcopal power. The call reached four larger and wealthier dioceses, but Ontario alone moved; she set apart the Diocese of Ottawa in 1896, with four-elevenths of the funds of the old Synod, and the daughter arose even stronger than the mother, to be, under Bishop Hamilton's zealous, pious guidance, one of the most fruitful portions of the clerical vineyard. The old diocese assumed the burden of building-up again with a stout heart, although the archbishop had broken down in health, creating no common void, through the residence abroad of a long-trusted leader and a wise administrator. The endowed rectories were its portion chiefly, but so also were the barest spots of the mission field. The services of another bishop to assume the active work were absolutely necessary, and that meant a second episcopal stipend. It was planned to ask the people for $25,000 as a temporary relief, but the missioner, Rev. C. J. H. Hutton, found the answers, as he went from parish to parish, to promise $75,000. So the Synod proceeded confidently to elect a coadjutor-bishop, and after two exciting sessions in June and September of the year 1900, came to a unanimous choice—that of the Venerable Archdeacon of St. Andrew's, William Lennox Mills, D.D., of Montreal.

Bishop Mills was not chosen from among those prominent in the general gatherings of the church, because that has not been his line of ambition; he was chosen for his records of success as rector of several parishes, including Trinity of Montreal; for his scholarship and pulpit ability; for his zeal in diocesan work and for eminent qualities of head and heart. Naught but good had been heard of him. His birth in Woodstock, his early life in Western Ontario, and his education at Huron College and Trinity University, gave fitness to the call to an Ontario See—the Province was wooing back her own.

The consecration services in Kingston on All Saints' Day had absorbing interest for church people throughout the diocese; scarcely a parish, no matter how distant, was unrepresented, and excursion trains were run to the City. The desire for admission to St. George's Cathedral was so general it had to be regulated by ticket. When 1,250 seats were filled the doors were opened to a mass of people content to occupy standing room in the aisles.

Where more fitting place for a public ceremony? The noble edifice rests on

historic ground. It represents a chain, almost a continuity, of services for over two hundred and twenty years. Chevalier de la Salle, in 1676, when founding a colony for New France under the shadow of Fort Frontenac, provided a chapel for the Recollet Fathers, and Father Hennepin (afterwards famed in Western pioneer annals) was the first mission priest. Religious duty was still performed there after the British conquest, and the relapse was short ere Rev. John Stuart began that Church of England service which has been maintained steadily for 116 years. St. George's was the first church building in Upper Canada; it was rebuilt of stone on its present site in 1825-7, the military chest providing $7,500 of its cost, constituting it a garrison chapel of right for all time. It was a handsome cathedral, yet was enlarged to more imposing proportions in 1891. On New Year's morning, 1899, all was lost by fire save the substantial stone walls. One thing else was preserved, however, the brass memorial altar cross. The stately symbol of salvation and imperishable life stood unmoved in its niche, proclaiming God's service to be superior to common disaster, and seeming to prefigure the prompt restoration of His house. The cathedral has been restored in more handsome form, and the consecration was its first great ceremonial occasion.

The Bishop-Elect had been accompanied from Montreal by Dean Carmichael and fifteen of his brother clergymen; fully eighty other priests attended. The consecrator was the Archbishop of Ontario, who came from England for the purpose of installing his coadjutor and handing the diocese over to his sole charge; the assistant bishops were their lordships of Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Huron, Niagara, Ottawa and Algoma, with Bishop Walker, of Buffalo, as guest. The procession, from the Synod Hall, of the lay delegates, the surpliced choir of fifty voices, clergy in surplices and bishops in their robes, gave indubitable evidence of church strength. The singing of the processional hymn and introit brought forth a great volume of devotional expression. The cathedral, pronounced by two of the bishops to be the finest Anglican church in Canada, demonstrated its capacity. The spacious and dignified chancel gave seats to the choir, bishops, visiting clergy, and the canons and rural deans of the diocese. The archbishop, who said the communion offices, was a pathetic figure, in his physical weakness, accentuated by the never-becoming mitre and by a trailing scarlet robe held up by choir boys; but there was no question of the vigour of mind or the rare quality of cultured and well-trained voice for which he has been distinguished. The Bishops of New York and Toronto were gospeller and epistoler; the Archdeacon of Kingston, Dr. T. Bedford Jones, sang the litany; and the venerable Bishop of Montreal preached forcibly, remarkably for one of eighty-six years, on the necessity of Christians taking heed unto themselves. His address to the Bishop-Elect, his warm friend and counsellor for many years, was fatherly and deeply impressive—just dramatic enough to be whole-

VERY REV. BUXTON B. SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF ONTARIO.

some. The consecration service was unquestionably grand, and conducted in perfect order and solemnity under Dean Smith and his priest-vicar, Rev. G. L. Starr. It raised the mind of visitors from other religious bodies above the thoughts of ritual or doctrinal differences to a sense of the beauty of holiness and of the propriety of a great temple of worship. It was an occasion not soon to be forgotten, especially by the church people of Kingston, who have brought their cathedral and its offices to a rank which no large city in Canada can hope to more than equal. The musical service was almost perfect.

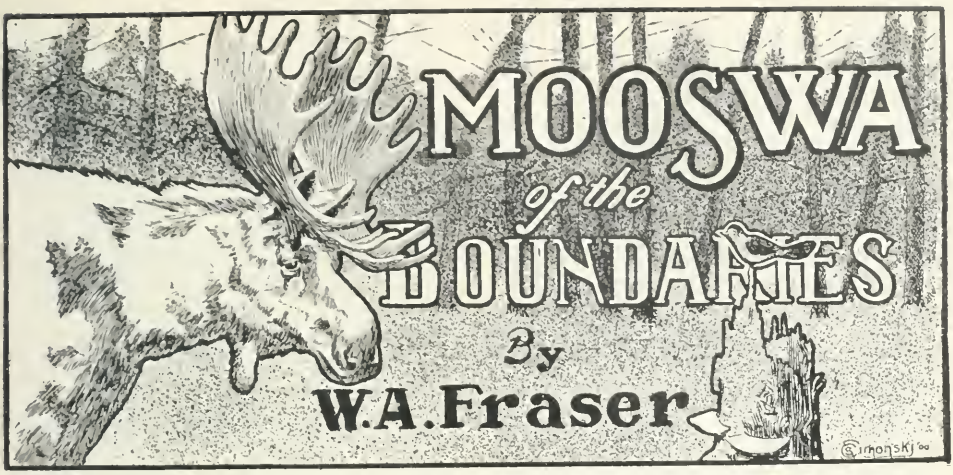
The addresses of clergy and laity, accompanying gifts of a pectoral cross and cathedral throne to the new Bishop of Kingston, were loyal, warm and hospitable, and his replies affectionate, hopeful, and impressive. That he had won all hearts was evident at the reception in the evening, when over fifteen hundred citizens of all classes, with visitors from the diocese, paid their respects. This welcome has been enthusiastically echoed in the parishes he has already visited on a tour of the diocese undertaken immediately. Such personal popularity is rare, and the Synod of Ontario enters on its second epoch under the happiest of conditions and with the courage of fresh hope and strengthened resolve.

AN INDIAN LULLABY.

SLEEP my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the marsh-bird's cry ;
The sighing breeze in the forest trees
Shall be thy lullaby.
Thy father tracketh the wounded bear,
The moose to its covert flies ;
But my little papoose can have no care,
With sleep in his coal-black eyes.
So, sleep my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the marsh-bird's cry ;
The sighing breeze in the forest trees
Shall be thy lullaby.

Sleep my little papoose, sleep on,
Sleep sound on the wigwam floor ;
Soon thy shaft shall find the mountain hind,
And thy knife be dipped in war.
The Big Chief camps on the coyote's trail,
There's blood in the western sky ;
But my little papoose hears not the wail,
With sleep in his coal-black eye.
So, sleep my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the bittern's cry,
Lest the sombre rhymes in the sachem pines
Should be thy lullaby.

Claude Bryan.



CHAPTER V.—THE GAME OF SLIDE.

"ROYAL Son," said the Red Widow next morning, "what is the burrow of the Menkind like?"

"Ask Carcajou when he comes, mother," replied Black Fox; and he related the incident of the night before.

"Are you sure, son, that the Kitman's mother is not with him?"

"No, dame, she is not."

"Then he will get into trouble—that is certain. Well, son, together we must advise against this slayer who has the cunning of Carcajou and the Man-knowledge of Wie-sah-ke-chack."

"What shall we do, dame?"

"Now, thy red brother, Speed, must take the message to the strong runners of our comrades, Mooswa and the others, to meet as has been arranged; and when François has passed with the traps, go you five after the Man and gain knowledge of where they are placed, and do the things that are necessary for safety in the Boundaries. The watcher over Animals has sent snow last night for the first time this year, so your task will be easy. Just the length of a brisk run higher up the Pelican is a cut-bank with a hole as good as this. Before you were born, with your beautiful silver coat, I lived there. Now, François, even as he told the Man-cub, will trap here, and who knows but he may put the fire-medicine with its poison breath in the door of our burrow, and seek to drive us out to be killed?"

"That is true, most wise mother; the sight of the twisting red-poison is more dreadful than anything; for it smothers and eats up, and is swift as the wind, and it spreads like the flood in the river, and it fears neither Man nor Beast."

"Well, son, while you follow the trail of this evil Trapper, I, with all your brothers, will go to the other burrow."

So while Speed glided swiftly through the Boundaries uttering his whimper-call to Muskwa, Rof, Mooswa and Carcajou, François and Rod each shouldered a bag of traps and started to lay out, for the winter's hunt, the Marten road, as was called a big circle of traps extending perhaps thirty miles.

The Boy was filled with eager, joyous anticipation. During his school-days in town he had thought and dreamed of the adventurous, free life of the fur trapper in the great Northern spruce forests. That was chiefly because it was bred in the bone with him.

"Here is de Marten tracks," cried François, stopping suddenly; and with precise celerity he built a little converging stockade, by placing in the

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ground sharp-pointed sticks. Within this he set a small steel trap, covered it with leaves, and placed beyond the head of a fish.

"What's that track?" asked the Boy.

"Cat," answered François; "dat's Mister Lynk. He like for smell somet'ing, so I give him castoreum for rub on hes nose—perhaps some necktie, too."

He cut a stick four feet long and four inches thick and to the middle of it fastened a running noose made from cod-line.

Then, building a stockade similar to the last, and placing inside a fish-head smeared with castoreum, he bent down a small poplar and from it suspended the noose, at the entrance to the stockade.

"Now, Mister Lynk, he go for smell dat," explained François. "He put hes fat head t'rough dat noose; perhaps he don't get him out no more?"

They moved on; and behind, quite out of sight, but examining each contrivance of the Trapper, came Black Fox, Muskwa, Blue Wolf, Mooswa and Carcajou. Whisky-Jack was with them—now flying ahead to discover where the enemy was, now fluttering back with a dismal "Pee weep!"

Carcajou at times travelled on three legs. "Got a thorn in your foot?" queried the Jay solicitously.

"Toes are cold," answered Wolverine shortly.

"He-a-weep!" laughed Whisky-Jack sneeringly. "They were hot enough last night when you called on François."

"Hello!" Carcajou exclaimed suddenly, "I smell castoreum; or is it Sikak?"

When they came to a Lynx snare, almost immediately, he circled around gingerly in the snow, examining every bush and stick and semblance of track; then he peered in the little stockade. "It's all right," he declared; "that François is a double-dealing Breed. I have known him to set a snare like this for Pisew, and a little to one side put a number four steel trap, nicely covered up, to catch an unsuspicious, simple-minded Wolverine."

"But that's a snare for Pisew, right enough," continued Carcajou. "Watch me spring it!" he commanded, tearing with his strong jaws and stronger feet at the fastening which held down the bent poplar. Swish! and the freed sapling shot into the air, dangling the cordlike noose invitingly before their eyes."

"I believe they are heading for your house, Black Fox," remarked Rof as they trudged on again.

Sure enough, as the friends crouched in a little coulée they could see the Half-breed covering up a "number four" directly in front of Fox's hole. Near the trap François deposited two pieces of meat.

"If the old lady comes out she'll get her toes pinched," remarked Carcajou.

Black Fox laughed. "When François catches mother, we all shall be very dead."

When the Trapper had gone, the comrades drew close and gingerly reconnoitred. "Only one trap!" cried Carcajou. "This is too easy." Cautiously fishing about in the snow he found a chain. Pulling the trap out, he gave it a yank—something touched the centre-plate, and it went off with a vicious snap that made their hearts jump.

"Is the bait all right, Whisky-Jack?" asked Black King. "Was there any talk of white powder?"

"There's nothing in it," replied the Bird; "I saw them cut the meat."

"Well, Jack and I will eat one piece; there's a piece for you, Rof. In this year of scarce food even the Death Bait is acceptable. Are you hungry, Muskwa?"

"No; I am sleepy. I think I'll go to bed to-morrow for all winter. You fellows have kept me up too late now."

"Give me a paw to break the ice in the stream, Muskwa—I'm going to cache this trap," said Carcajou.

"All right," yawned Bear; "I can hardly keep my eyes open. I'm afraid my liver is out of order."

Muskwa slouched down to the river.

Wolverine grabbed the trap in his jaws and followed. Bruin deftly scraped the snow to one side, uncovering a patch of the young ice, and two or three powerful blows from his mighty paw soon shivered a hole in it, and Carcajou dropped the trap through.

And so all day the conspirators followed François and the Boy, undoing their work.

To Muskwa's horror, near the nest he had prepared for his long winter's rest they found a huge Bear trap. At sight of its yawning jaws drops of perspiration dripped from Bruin's tongue. "Sweet sleep! Who in the name of forest fools told François where my house was?"

"Whisky-Jack, likely," snapped Carcajou malignantly.

"Not I," declared Jay. "I swear it! I keep the law. What evil I've got to say of anyone I say to his face; I'm no traitor. You're a thief, Carcajou—your ears were cut off for stealing! But did I ever accuse you of betraying our comrades?"

"Never mind," answered Wolverine; "I didn't mean it. Nobody told François; it was the trail of your own big feet, Muskwa."

"How shall we spring the trap?" asked Bear.

"Don't touch it," commanded Carcajou. "Just leave it and François will spend many days waiting for your thick fur."

"But if I 'hole-up' here the Man will break into my house and kill me while I sleep."

"How can he find you?" asked Jack incredulously. "It's going to snow again; you'll be all covered up deep; and he'll never know where you are."

"Won't he, little brother? Man is not so stupid. How do you suppose I breathe? There'll be a little hole right up through the snow, all yellow about the edges, and François will find that; also, if there's frost in the air he'll see my breath. No, I've got to make another nest now."

"We'll help you fix a new house," said Black King; "but you had better wait—perhaps this snow will go away; then there will be no tracks to lead Trappers to your nest."

"And to think how I worked over it," lamented Muskwa. "For a week I carried sticks until my arms ached, and scraped up leaves and spruce boughs and soft moss until my hands were sore. Umisk boasts about his old mud lodge, with the lower floor all flooded with water—its enough to give one rheumatism. I shouldn't like to live in a cold, cheerless place like that! If I had just pulled all that nice covering over me before the snow fell I should have been as comfortable as little Gopher in his hole."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Muskwa," said Black King; "we'll ask the old lady about this thing. You wouldn't mind a nice dry hole in a cut-bank somewhere, would you? She knows all the empty houses from Athabasca to Peel River. I am in the same fix myself, for the family are moving to-day."

"That's a King for you!" cried Whisky-Jack.

"Now, we'll go back," ordered Black Fox; "the Man has set all his traps. If you discover anything new, come to the dead cottonwood—the one that was struck by storm-fire—at Two Rapids, and give the Boundary call. I don't want you making a trail up to our new house for François to follow."

For the next few days François was busy completing his Marten road, quite unconscious of the undoing that had followed him. Fifteen miles out he constructed a small rest-house that would do for a night's camping; thus he could nicely go the round of his traps in two days. The people of the Boundaries watched him, and wherever they found a trap they sprang it and ate the bait. Winter had properly set in, streams were frozen up, the ground was covered with snow, and the days were very short. One morning the Red Widow heard Beaver's plaintive whistle from the cottonwood.

"Son," she cried to Black Fox, "Umisk calls. Something has gone wrong in the forest." The King turn-

ed over, stretched his sinewy legs, and yawned. It was a full-drawn, lazy protest against being roused from slumber, for a brace of pin-tail Grouse lying in a corner, gave evidence of much energy during the previous night.

"Bother this being King!" he yapped crabbedly. "To take care of one's own relatives is trouble enough. By the howl of a hungry Wolf! I saved Stripes from a trap yesterday—just in the nick of time to keep him from grabbing the bait. Now, Trowel-Tail is after me. This place was bad enough when there were only animals here."

Again Umisk's shrill little treble cut the keen, frosty air.

"Hurry, lad!" cried the Widow. "Probably his family is in trouble."

Black Fox stuck his head cautiously from the entrance to their burrow and peered through the massive drapery of birch-tree roots which completely veiled that part of the cut-bank. "Mother," he said, "make my brothers use the log-path when they're coming home, or François will hole us up one of these fine days."

"I have told them, son; your two brothers were cross-hatching the trail all yesterday afternoon. There are three blind holes within five miles up the stream, and to each one they have made a nice little false trail."

"That's all right, mother; we can't be too careful."

He stretched each hind leg far out, throwing his head high to loosen the neck muscles and expand his chest, then shook the folds of his heavy black coat and yawned again. Then, stooping low in the cave mouth, with a powerful spring he alighted upon a log which crossed from one bank of the stream to another. Umisk was whistling a quarter of a mile away down the left bank, but Black Fox started off up the right. As he trotted along he sang:

"The trail that leads from nowhere to nowhere,
Is the track of the King of the Tribe of Beware."

Suddenly he stopped, crept under a big log, and then emerged, tail first, backing up cautiously and putting his feet carefully down in the tracks he had made. "They'll find me asleep in there," he chuckled; then hummed softly:

"Under the log the King is asleep;
Creep gently, brother, creep;
Under the log is the old Fox nest;
Creep, brother—mind his rest."

Suddenly, jumping sideways over a great spruce lying prone on the ground, he started off again, singing merrily:

"The track that breaks,
Is a new track made;
For eyes are sharp
Where the nose is dead."

Down the stream, below where Umisk was waiting, Black King crossed, saying to himself: "Now, François, when I go home the trail will be complete, with no little break at my front door—dear François, sweet François!"

With Umisk was Carcajou waiting for the King. "What's up?" asked Black Fox.

"The Man has found us out," squeaked Umisk despairingly.

"Too bad, too bad!" cried the King with deep sympathy in his voice. "Anything happened — any one caught?"

"Nothing serious at present. One of the babes lost a toe—mighty close shave."

"How did the Breed work it? The old game of breaking in your house—the burglar?"

"No; that's too stupid for François. Muskegs! but he *is* clever. The thing must have been done last night. He cut a hole in the ice of my pond near the dam, then shoved a nice, beautiful piece of poplar, with a steel trap attached, down into the water—one end in the mud, you know, and the other up in the ice. Of course it froze solid there. First-Kit, that's my eldest son, saw it in the morning, and thinking one of our breadsticks had got away, went down to bring it back. Mind you, I didn't know anything about this; he is an ambitious little chap and wanted to do it all himself. Of course the

poplar was fast—he couldn't budge it; so he climbed up to cut it off at the ice, with the result that he sprang the trap and incidentally lost a toe."

"It's great schooling for the children, though, isn't it?" remarked Black King, trying to put a good face on affairs.

"It's mighty hard on their toes," whined Beaver. "Hope it wasn't his nippers—forgot to look into that."

"Nothing like bringing them up to take care of themselves," declared Carcajou. "All the same, my woodchopper friend, you just cut off that stick and float it with the trap to one of your air-holes; I'll cache it for François."

"I was thinking of keeping it," added Umisk, "to teach the youngsters what a trap is like."

"Well, just as you wish; only I'll go and make a greenhorn trail from the spot off into the woods, so our busy friend will think I've taken it—Hello, Nekik!" he continued, as Otter came sliding through the snow on his belly; "has François been visiting you, too?"

"I don't know; there is something the matter with my slide. It isn't as I left it yesterday."

"Birds of a feather! Birds of a feather!" screamed Whisky-Jack, fluttering to a limb over their heads. "What's the caucus about this morning—discussing the chances of a breakfast this year of starvation and scarcity of Wapoos? Mild winter! but I had a big feed. The Boy no more knows the value of food than he knows the depravity of Carcajou's mind."

"Great hand for throwing away hot pork, isn't he, Jack?" asked Wolverine innocently.

The Jay blinked his round, bead eyes, snapped his beak, and retorted: "They put in their evenings laughing over the roasting you got when you dropped into the fire."

"Where's François, babbler?" asked the King.

"Gone out to bring in Deer meat."

"Did he make a kill?"

"U-h-huh! my crop is full."

"Not Mooswa?" broke in Black King with a frightened voice.

"No—Caribou. Such a big shovel to his horn, too—must have been of the knowledge age. Ugh! should have known better than to let a Man get near him. Of course, François stuck the head on a tree to make peace with Manitou, and I'm fixed for a month. But you had better keep away, Carcajou, for he's getting a train of Dogs."

"Dogs!" growled Blue Wolf, coming into the circle; "who's got Dogs?"

"You'll have them—on your back, presently," snapped the Jay. "Saw you sniffing around there last night. If your jaws were as long as your scent you would have had that leg off the roof—eh, Rof? Burnt feathers! but I smell something," he continued. "Has any one found a castoreum bait and got it in his pocket? I don't mean you, Beaver; you don't smell very bad. Oh! here you are, Sikak; it's you—I might have known what sweet forest flower had cut loose from its stalk. Have you been rolling in the dead rose leaves this morning, my lover of perfume?"

The white-striped Skunk, ready to resent any insult, pattered with quick, mincing little steps into the group, his back humped up and his terrible tail carried high.

"Smothered anybody this morning, Sikak?" asked the Bird.

A laugh went around the circle at Jack's sally, for Skunk's method of fighting did not meet with universal approval. Blue Wolf thought Sikak was a good piece of meat quite thrown away. When hungry he could manage Badger, or even Porcupine; but Skunk! Ur-r-r, agh!

"Good-morning, Your Majesty!" said Lynx as he arrived.

"How is everybody up your way?" queried Jack. "How are all the young Wapooses?" Lynx grinned deprecatingly.

"Pisew is not likely to forget the Law of the Seventh Year," remarked Carcajou with a sinister expression,

"so he's not so interested in young Wapoos as he used to be."

"What is the meeting for?" asked Lynx.

"François has been visiting the pond of our little comrade, Umisk," replied Black King.

community must have fishery laws, and have its fisheries protected."

The Otter slide was exactly like a boy's coasting chute on a hill. A smooth, iced trough ran down the snow-covered bank, for a matter of fifteen feet, to the stream's edge, and

BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS. DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

"Rof was going with such speed . . . . that he couldn't gather for a spring."

"And has been at my slide, too," declared Otter.

"Well, comrades, we had better go with Nekik and examine into this thing," commanded the King.

"Oh, of course," cried Jack; "every

ended in an ice-hole that Otter managed to keep open all winter. Generally speaking, it was Nekik's entrance to his river home, and, in the event of a danger that demanded a quick disappearance, he could shoot down it and

into the water like a bullet. It was also a playground for Otter's family, their favourite pastime being to glide helter-skelter down the chute and splash into the stream.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Black Fox. "There's a nasty odour of Man about, I admit, but your slide seems all clear and smooth."

"Something's been changed. I had a little drop put in the centre for the youngsters, and they liked it—thought it was like falling off a bank, you know; now that part is filled up nearly level, you see. I don't know what is in it—was afraid to look; but I think François has set a trap there."

"I'll find out," said Carcajou. "These traps all work from the top—I've discovered that much. If you keep walking about you're pretty sure to get into one of them, but if you sit down and think, and scrape sidewise a bit, you'll get hold of something that won't go off."

Talking thus, he dug with his strong claws at the edge of the slide. "I thought so," he exclaimed suddenly. "Here's a ring around a stake—I know what that means!"

Feeling for the chain, he presently pulled out a number four steel trap. With notched jaws wide open and tip-plate holding its flat surface up, inviting the loosening pressure, it was a vicious-looking affair.

"Let me spring it," said Wolf; "I'm used to them." Grabbing the chain end in his teeth, he threw the trap over his head as a dog does a bone in play, and when it came down the sides clanged together with hurried fondness.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" whistled Otter. "Something told me not to go down that slide. I felt it in my bones."

"You'd have felt it *on* your bones," piped Jay, ironically, if you had slid your fat belly over that trap."

"Oh, I'm just dying for a slide and a bath," continued Nekik; "here goes!"

"Wait a bit!" commanded Carcajou, grabbing him by the shoulder; "don't be too eager. That isn't François's lucky trap. If he has discovered your front stream you can just depend upon it his lucky trap is laid away somewhere for you—it's got two red bands painted on the spring."

As these words of wisdom fell from Carcajou's lips his comrades gathered their feet more closely under them, and apprehensively searched the surrounding territory with their eyes. "Where will it be?" cried Nekik, distressedly.

"In the water," answered Carcajou with brief decision.

"Dreadful!" whimpered Otter.

"François is a heartless wretch," declared Beaver. "He tried to play that trick on me."

"Where was that, Paddle-Tail?" queried Jack.

It was when I lived up on Pembina River. You know the way with us Beavers—we always take a month or two of holiday every summer and visit our friends. It was in June, I remember. I opened the lodge to let it air, and started down stream with my whole family. Of course we passed many Beaver roads running to the river, and when we came to one belonging to any of our friends we'd pull out of the stream and go up on the bank. Carcajou, you know the little round bowls of mud we Beavers leave on our river roads as visitors' cards?"

"Yes," replied Wolverine; "they're a rather good idea. You always know just who has passed, don't you?"

"Yes, we can generally tell. Well, as I was saying, we went up the bank in one of these roads, and by the odour of the little clay mound I knew that Strong Jowl, a cousin of mine, was just inside the wood—or had been. So the family went among the poplars to have a bite to eat, and just as we were felling a tree whom should I see but François drifting down the river in his canoe. We kept pretty close, you had better believe. When the Breed came opposite our road he stopped his canoe, let it drift gently up to the bank, pulled out a trap and set it in muddy water just at the foot of the path. He was clever enough not to touch the land, even with his paddle, so there was no

scent—nothing to warn a poor Beaver of the danger. Then he floated on down. If I had not seen the whole thing this depraved taker of our lives would have caught me sure ; for you know how we go into the water, Nekik, just as you do—heads and hands first."

"That's an old trick of François's," exclaimed Carcajou, "and you'll find that is just what he has done here. If Mister Nekik will feel gently at the foot of his slide he will find something hard and smooth—not at all like a stick or a stone."

"Fat Fish ! but I'm afraid of my fingers !" whistled Otter.

"Is Nekik afraid to safeguard his own slide?" sneered Whisky-Jack.

"Shut up, Quarrel-maker !" interposed the King. "You know Otter is one of the pluckiest fighters inside the Boundaries. It's only brainless chaps who tackle things they know nothing about."

"Dive their beaks into hot pork, Your Most Wise Majesty !" echoed Lynx with a fawning smile.

"Sakwasew will look for the trap," exclaimed Lynx as Mink, attracted by their chatter, came wandering down the stream. "Here, little Blacktail," he continued, "just dip into the hole there and look for evidence of François's deviltry."

"It's against the law of the Boundaries," pleaded Mink, "for me to use Otter's ice-hole. By the kink in my tail, I'm not like some of my comrades, always breaking the laws."

"Aren't you, Mink? Who cut the throats of Gray Hen, the Grouse's children, last July, when they were still in their pin-feathers? But I suppose that isn't breaking the Law of the Boundaries," cried Lynx, taking Mink's observation to himself.

"Stop wrangling, you subjects !" commanded Black King, and the silver fur on his back stood straight up in anger. "I'll order Rof to thrash you soundly if you don't stop this."

Pisew slunk tremblingly behind a tree, and Carcajou, humping his back, exclaimed : "Brother Nekik, I'll fish out that trap for you ; I'm sure it's there—my good nose lines the track of a Man straight to the hole."

In less than two minutes he triumphantly swung a steel-jawed thing up on the bank. "There, what did I tell you?" he boasted proudly. "But the ring is on a stout root or stick—cut it off, Umisk, with your strong chisel-teeth, and Fisher will carry it up that big hollow poplar and cache it in a hole."

"I will, if you spring the jaws first," agreed Fisher.

Otter was overjoyed. "This is fine!" he cried ; "I'll be back in a minute !" And he darted down the slide as an Indian throws the snake-stick over the snow.

"What fine sport !" remarked Carcajou, when Nekik came up again, shaking the water from his strong, bristled moustache.

"Shall we have some games?" suggested the King. "I'll give a fat Pheasant to the one who slides down Nekik's chute best—that is, of course, barring Nekik himself."

"But the water, Your Majesty," interposed Pisew.

"I don't want to wet my feet," pleaded Wapistan, the Marten. If you'll make the race up a tree I will take part."

"So will I," concurred Fisher.

"Or three miles straight over the hill," suggested Blue Wolf.

"Make it a wrestling match," said Carcajou.

"No, no," declared Black King. "No one need go in the hole, of course. When you come to the bottom, spring over to the ice—that will be part of the game."

After much wrangling and discussion they all agreed to try it. Mink went first, being more familiar with slides, for he had a little one of his own. He did it rather nicely, but, forgetting to jump at the bottom, dove into the water.

"That rules you out," decided the King. "You left the course. Go on, Rof."

Blue Wolf fixed himself gingerly at the upper end of the slide and, at the

last minute, decided to take it sitting, riding down on his great haunches. This worked first-rate until the ice was reached. Rof was going with so much speed by this time that he couldn't gather for a spring; his hind quarters slipped through the hole, which, being just about his size, caused him to wedge tight. He gave a roar of surprise that made the woods ring, for the stream was icy cold.

"Keep your nose above water or you'll drown, old Bow-wow," piped Jay. It took the combined strength of Beaver and Carcajou to pull the grumbling animal out.

"By the white spot on my tail," laughed Black King, "but I thought for a time you were going to win. Your turn, Pisew." Lynx made a grimace of dislike for his cat nature revolted at the thought of water; but he crept on to the slide with nervous steps.

"You won't get in the hole," jeered Jack; "your feet are too big." Pisew tried it standing up, with arched back, for all the world like a cat on a garden fence. As he neared the bottom at lightning speed confusion seized him—he tried to spring, but only succeeded in throwing a half somersault—and plunged headlong into the water. The Jay fairly screamed with delight. "Didn't scorch his tongue a bit!" he cried. "Give him the tail feathers of the Pheasant to dry his face with, oh, Your Majesty! Ha, ha, ha! Pe-he-e-e!"

Pisew scrambled out, filled with morose anger. "That's another failure," adjudged the King. "Who is next?"

"Carcajou's turn," instigated Whisky-Jack. "He knows all about sliding up and down chimneys—he'll win, sure!"

"I shall try it," grunted the fat little chap; "but if you make fun of me, Jack, I'll wring your neck first chance I get." Wolverine shuffled clumsily to the starting-post, studied the slide critically for a minute with his little snakelike eyes, then deliberately turned over on his back and prepared for the descent.

"Tuck in your ears!" shouted Whisky-Jack. Now, this was an insult. Carcajou's ears were so very short that they were generally supposed to have been cut off for stealing. However, Wolverine started, tail first, holding his head up between his forepaws to judge distances. When he struck the bottom his powerful hind feet jammed into the snow, and the speed of his going threw him safely over on the ice, where he landed right side up, on all fours.

"Capital! Capital!" yapped Black King, patting his furred hands together in approval. "That will be pretty hard to beat. Skunk, you're a clever little fellow—see if you can make a tie of it with Carcajou."

Sikak moved up to the slide with a peculiar rocking-horse-like gallop. Taking his cue from Carcajou, he decided to go down the same way. Now, in the excitement of the thing, all the animals had gathered close to the slide, lining it on both sides.

Skunk had never travelled in this way before, and was nervous. During his delay in getting a straight start, Carcajou and Mink, half way down, got into an altercation about a good seat that each claimed.

"Keep it then, Glutton," whined Sakwasew, starting across the chute. As he did so, Skunk got away rather prematurely, coming down with the speed of a snow-slide off a roof. He struck Mink full amidship, and his anger was furious. A wild scramble took place.

"Fat Hens!" shrieked Black King, as he fled through the forest, his long brush tail trailing in the snow.

"I'm choking!" screamed Carcajou. "Was there ever such an odoriferous chap on the face of the earth?" and he scurried away with his short legs, just for all the world like a Bear cub.

Fisher climbed a tree in hot haste, as did Marten. Mink dove into Otter's hole and disappeared. Even the Jay clasped one claw over his nose and flew wildly through the forest, almost knocking out his brains against bran-

ches. In ten seconds there was no one left on the ground but poor little white-striped Skunk. The collision had sent him rolling over and over down to the ice bottom of the stream. He got up, shook himself, used some very bad animal language, and slunk away to his family to tell them of the trick that Carcajou and Mink had played him.

"That glutton was afraid I'd win the Pheasant," he confided to Mrs. Sikak, "but I broke up the party anyway."

To be Continued.

THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND STORY.

By Annie Ashmore.

ONE sultry day in June a tall, pale girl was driven into the grassy yard of Wyndham Farm, and assisted to alight by the hotel team-driver. The man then went to the kitchen door and summoned the house-mistress.

"Won't you take a boarder?" asked the stranger timidly; "the hotel is full, and I—I would try to be no trouble."

"I don't take 'em, as a general rule," returned Mrs. Wyndham, with a sharp glance at the slim, graceful figure before her; "I guess Peter's Mary-Anne would take ye in."

As she spoke, something in the sweet, downcast face of the young woman smote the plump little house-wife with pity.

"Where ye come from?" she parleyed.

"The Upper Provinces—Montreal. I have been travelling three days."

A slim hand fluttered to her heart as she leaned against the garden gate; her lips quivered and turned white.

"Ye been sick, ain't ye?"

"Not very well," replied the stranger faintly.

"Ye pore dear! Come right in. I'll take ye an' welcome," pulling her into the honeysuckle-wreathed porch.

"I thank you from my heart! My name is Belmont—Frida Belmont. I want rest—and quiet."

"You'll git it here! I guess ye want some mothering, too, ye pore child!"

"I do, indeed!" murmured Miss Belmont, with her great dark eyes full of tears.

"My only darter is married an' livin' in Californy; we'll jist make out she's come home for a spell!" said Mrs. Wyndham, kissing her. It was an all-sufficient welcome.

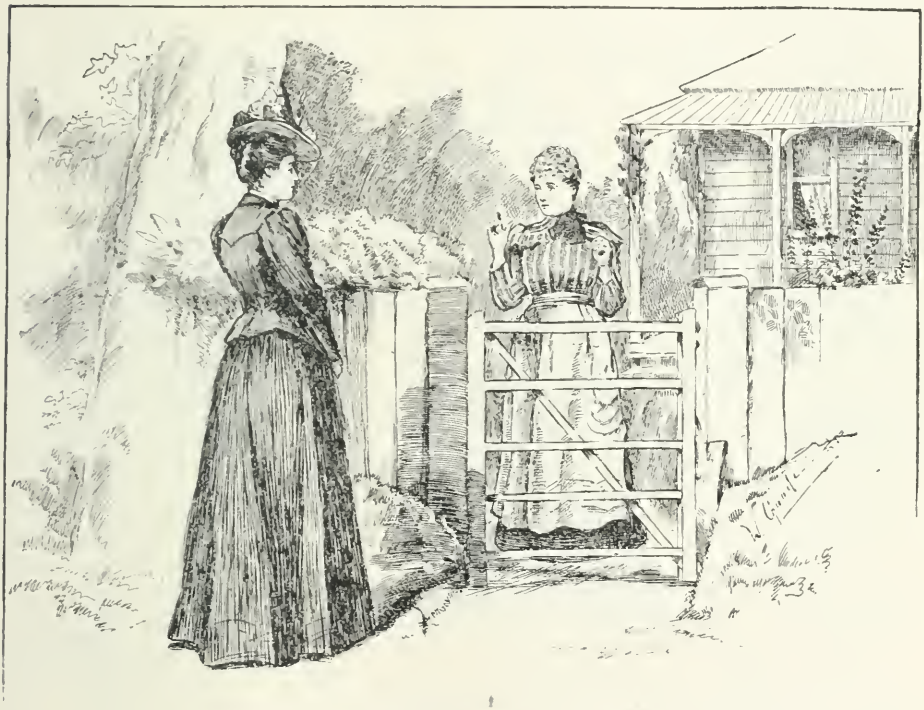
Surely the Garden of Canada! Like a baby's pinafore it stretches along the northern shore of Nova Scotia, with irregular bays for arm-holes, and for hem the red cliffs which pile up the waters of Northumberland Strait as they dash against it. Spacious are the fields that march over hill and hollow; luxuriant the yellow wheat that dips before the salt breeze; heavy the tossing flower of red clover and bending swathes of timothy.

Down the mile-long furrow moves the plump plough-horse unhindered by stone or stump; the friable soil is clean of all that could blunt the most delicate machinery. Like English squires, the farmers dwell upon their mammoth farms, loading their schooners with rich produce for other lands, adding year by year to their bank account in Summerside or Charlottetown,

sending their sons and daughters to College if so inclined. Keen politicians and zealous churchmen are they, members of the Local House and elders in the sects to which they belong ; men of high intelligence, whose sons have brought lustre to the fair land of their birth, which fondly they call "The Island," as if there were but one.

The world knows this strip upon the map as Prince Edward Island.

Castellon Bay lies on the north shore, extending for miles along a smooth sandy beach, where the Gulf waters thunder in time of storm, or eddy in fairy circlets before summer zephyrs. Fishing-huts crown the sand-cliffs where during the season the farmers' sons and their men sleep and eat. Sheltered behind these sand ramparts lie the homesteads in warm pockets of the hills where scarce the moan of ocean can be heard, and an almost tropical temperature brings the vegetation to an extraordinary fertility. Here reigns the farmer's wife supreme while her men are fishing.



"I don't take 'em, as a general rule, returned Mrs. Wyndham.

Philip, the only son, found Frida Belmont sitting on the front door-step when he came home in the rosy evening. He was the pride of Castellon Bay ; a graduate of Dalhousie College, a genius, and the winner of the Dominion Scholarship, which entitled him to three years' study in Oxford or Edinburgh University. Withal he had the humility of the poetical temperament to whom truth is supreme.

"I jest had to take her," whispered his mother in the kitchen ; them white cheeks of hers would melt a heart of stone. Be good to her, Phil ; you know how to talk to her."

Then she led him round to the front door.

"My son Philip," she said proudly, and left them together.

Miss Belmont turned listlessly to the farm lad, but the penetrating eyes which met hers belonged to no yokel. A young man of magnificent proportions stood there gazing earnestly upon her.

"You are welcome to Wyndham Farm, Miss Belmont," he said, with his fisherman's hat in his hand; "I hope you will be happy here."

"Happy?" A bitter smile curved her lips.

Philip's heart beat fast. Was this wan lady some queen of courts come here to hide in merry masquerade from her kneeling courtiers? Yet there was no mirth in those beautiful eyes; rather a proud scorn of the ways of life.

"Yes, why not happy?" he insisted gently. If you will take me into your service I will show you how to enjoy each day as it passes, and to forget you were ever ill or sad."

"You are kind," she answered, with gaze fixed upon the red-tipped spikes of wheat on the sunset horizon, "but all I crave is rest. Oh, to find that far Land of Peace that swings outside of heaven's pearly gates for the broken spirits who are too tired to go farther!"

"Peace is for the old," cried Philip, in swift revolt; "it is joy you want!"

Frida's dark eyes scanned his face.

"How true, how sincere he seems!" she thought; "who would expect to find such a man here?"

"Joy!" she repeated tremulously. "I am not very old, yet since my father died I have had no joy. Forgive me! If I had not lost my nerves I should not have spoken so to a stranger!" She gazed doubtfully at him through rising tears.

"I shall be your servant to make this quiet spot pleasant for you," answered Philip; "and perhaps some day you will call me your friend."

The girl held out her hand impulsively. "I will call you my friend now," she exclaimed, "for I know you are true."

As the boy took that little hand in his firm grasp his heart thrilled with an unknown joy. Destiny stood there, invisible, with her fingers for the knitting and her shears for the severing.

So it came to pass that Philip Wyndham took his mother's boarder in charge. He never doubted her. With a poet's eyes he saw the lovely product of a larger civilization; she was his sovereign lady to whose service he was devoted.

"I shall show you The Island's summer pleasures," he had said, and he kept his word.

He drove her behind his sleek bloodmare round Castellon Bay, where for six miles one wheel whirled through the creaming surf, and the beach-birds chased the sand-flies among the foam flakes.

He taught her how to dive under the curling surf and to float securely on the calm sea beyond. He showed her how to steer a boat, and row against the wind; to scull through the salt rivers which bored their way among the rich water-meadows, where often they filled the boat with purple iris and odorous water-lilies. When the Day of Rest came he it was who took her to the church on the hill, and placed her beside his mother in the bare pew, sharing with her his hymn-book. Why not? The days when he knew her not had vanished from his mind; she filled all heaven and earth for him!

One day the tanned young people who composed the choir sang that quaint tune so full of fugue repetitions, which is called "Desire;" the counters chasing the trebles, and the seconds following hard after the basses. All at once Philip knew that Frida was singing at his side:

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wishful eye
> On Canaan's fair and happy land,
> Where my possessions lie."

Pale and transfixed the boy listened as might the formless earth on that far day when God called it forth from chaos; so pure, so silver-sweet, so perfect were the tones. She sang softly; and softer yet when the people

turned amazedly to listen; and then she seemed to sing for him alone.

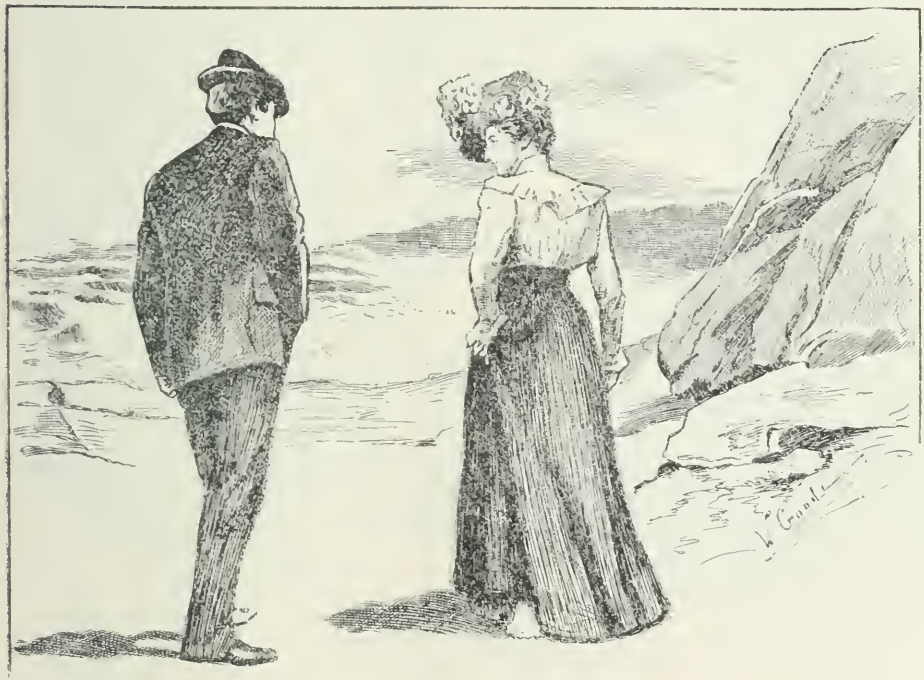
A lonely spirit, yearning for that which no earthly love can give, spoke in that thrilling voice; and he—what had he to give her? His whole being bowed in worship before the stranger.

"Phil," said his mother one evening; "are ye settin' your heart on that young girl that ye know nothin' about?"

"Mother!" he cried, "she is far above me! Can't you see that?"

"Stuff!" retorted Mrs. Wyndham sharply; ain't you as good a scholar as she is? Maybe better. An' here's a farm second to none comin' to ye by and by."

"Mother, hush!" cried the boy with tears in his eyes; "you don't understand!"



"July and August passed away."

July and August passed away. Nature was kind to Frida Belmont, and the gladness of life had come to her as the roses bloomed on her pale cheeks. Gradually her sadness and preoccupation left her, and with charming gaiety she interested herself in the duties of the farm: churning the butter for her hostess, picking the fruit for market, or making bouquets after a fashion unknown before, and vastly admired.

As the fishermen cleaned the fish on the staging after a long day's work many a glance was cast towards the path that led to the farmhouse in expectation of the tall, slim figure in the simple gown. Frida well knew what they hoped for, and who so gay as she, tripping down the springy boarding to some old stave?

"Oh the clang of the wooden shoon!
Oh the dance and the merry tune!"

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the men's sea-boots kept time, while a joyous cheer made her welcome. Then a throne of barrels and boxes must be built, and there in the summer moonlight she sat above them all and sang whatsoever they asked for, while Philip

watched her sweet face in a golden dream.

Now it would be a wild Gaelic moan for the boys whose Highland parents were in Cape Breton or Lochaber:

"Eirigh agus tin gainu;
O farewell, farewell to Fieunary!"

and the lads bent low over their tubs, thinking of the wash of Big Bras D'Or upon the black rocks, and the cottage on the shore. Then a gay screed to make all bright again:

"O here we are, three merry, merry boys,
Just come home from South Amerik-y."

Her eyes sparkled and her white teeth gleamed with fun at these comrades. For Mrs. Wyndham's boarder the honest fellows would have cut off their hands.

Philip loved best to lie on the grass at her feet and tempt her into singing for him, while the angel voice carried him up to a paradise, and his heart seemed like to burst with pleasure. Sometimes in return he would recite quaint old English plays, which he could do right well, and she would describe the wonders of art in the world's old cities with the vividness of an eye-witness.

"You seem to have been everywhere!" he exclaimed on one occasion.

"I have seen a good deal," she answered, with the shadow on her brow that he dreaded.

But little by little she bent to this faithful friend, who asked nothing but to serve her. She explored his mind with a strange eagerness; a mind so lofty and so pure that insensibly she bowed in homage before it, and the sovereign lady kneeled to the vassal. Strange questions in ethics she asked him; suppositious cases which haunted the boy's mind afterward with heavy forebodings. He longed to gain her confidence, yet dare not ask for it; with grudging hands he tried to hold back the swiftly passing days.

The mackerel fishing was abundant that year, and one morning Philip took his charge out for a long promised share in the sport.

Merry as a child was she that brilliant dawn when she danced down the sand to the boat, and took the tiller-rope to steer in the van of the whole Castellon fleet.

"I am *fey* with delight!" she said to Philip, merrily.

Three miles out from land they cast anchor and scattered the bait, while Philip taught her how to cast the long line and wind it up again; and the crew of six men each arranged a couple of lines, then watched for the first bite. Over the sun-winking expanse came the sweep as of a mighty scythe across the sea; a crescent of popply wavelets —another, and a third, wheeling grandly this way and that; then they vanished.

"They've struck!" cried Long Sandy, jerking his elbow; and in a second the whole crew were hauling in hand over fist.

Frida gazed into the green depths at hundreds of dark shapes, darting after white specks of sinking bait, quarrelling for tit-bits, utterly oblivious of the mysterious ascension of their brothers.

Something twitched her line; she gasped with dismay, then began with beating heart to pull up her line hand over hand.

Breathlessly the whole crew watched until she hauled a fine mackerel over the side. Then a cheer arose.

The ardour of the sport held her. She threw off her waterproof, tied down her hat, and stood up to her work. The hours sped by; the sun blazed on the languid waters, but the city lady was unconscious of fatigue. Her dark eyes sparkled with glee; her cheeks rivalled the damask rose; the Spirit of Joy stood in Philip Wyndham's fishing boat that day.

"We must knock off; it is noon," he said, regretfully, and the men began to draw up the anchor.

Then a wonderful thing was seen. The "schools" massed; a multitude of fish appeared all round the boat, thronging upon each other in countless

millions, until a St. Peter, minus faith, might almost have walked the sea.

In a trice the men had out their gaffs and were spearing the victims into the tubs, and even dipping them up by the score with their hands.

In astonishment Frida gazed through the bottle-green water at the packed throng; they were so tame she could almost lay her finger on their little heads.

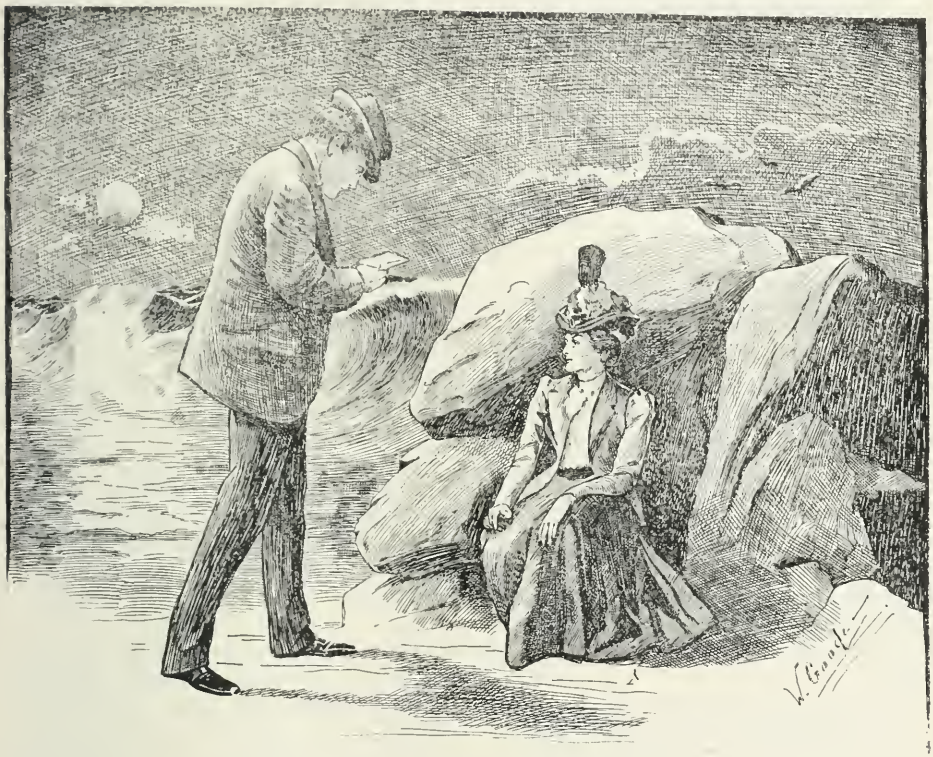
Philip took the delicate little hand which he tenderly examined. "I shall bind it up," he said, "and you will not suffer long."

"Suffer!" she repeated, with a strange laugh; "I shall never suffer again! You have healed me."

The lad's face paled.

"What have I done?" he stammered.

"You have taught me that truth



"I have sent my answer; I go to-morrow."

Before fifteen minutes the boat was loaded to the gunwale and headed for home, the red flag of success flying at the peak, to show the fleet they had been "lucky."

The girl leaned back, exhausted, in the stern. The wide sail stretched between them and the crew.

"Never have I been so happy!" she smiled; "and see my battle scars." Her forefinger was deeply cut by the line.

and purity are worth all the wealth and fame in the world," she answered, "and I am going to make this sweet sanctuary my home, and teach music for a living." With a defiant smile she said it, laying her wounded hand upon his breast as if in witness to her vow.

Philip kissed the little hand with a blinding flash of joy. The crowning hour of his life had come. That evening when the great catch of fish had

been packed away, he changed his fisherman's garb and hastened home with an eager step.

She was not on the doorstep under the honeysuckle. Ah, well! she must be tired. He would find her in the little parlour crooning wordless melodies like a bird in the dark, but no! she was not there. A dreary blankness overhung the house.

He found his mother in the dairy turning the great cream-cheeses.

"Where is Miss Frida to-night?" he asked; "is she very much fatigued?"

"Not as I see," answered Mrs. Wyndham, regarding the boy's glittering eyes keenly. "She's been gayer than a lark ever sence she come home with her fish. She's off to the rocks to watch the boats come in this hour past."

Without a word he sped away, while his mother watched him anxiously.

The moon cut silver notches in the wet sand ripples; the wash of the waves sounded far away.

Half-way across the beach a boy on horseback passed him with a folded letter in his hand. Philip recognized him with an uneasy surprise as the telegraph messenger from the village.

On the dark ledge of rocks that shut in Castellon Bay he found her, crouching in the moonlight, pale and cold as stone.

"What—what has happened?" gasped the boy, bending over her.

A telegram was in her hand. Dumbly she held it out.

"*Your mother is dying. You must return.*"

"Then you leave us?" His lips were stiff.

She wrung her hands. "God knows whether it is not a lie!" she muttered, fiercely, "but true or false I must go since they have found me. I have sent my answer; I go to-morrow."

The liquid music of falling waves; the merry laughter of the fishermen across the silver sea filled the stunned pause.

"Philip," cried the girl, "I thought I had a right to my own woman's honour, but they drag me from my sanctuary!"

"Your honour?" he repeated, hoarsely; "who can dare to assail your honour? I will guard it against the world!"

"You cannot. I have not told you. I am a runaway wife. She made me marry a man I loathe because he held my future in his hands, and she is ambitious for me. I thought I could do it, but—I left him on the marriage day."

Shuddering, she cowered on the cold ledge of rock, and hid her face.

A sob of anguish tore from the young man's throat as he knelt beside her. Not for himself did he weep, although hope and love were in ruins; but for her—for her, his queen!

"They pluck me from the very horns of the altar," she moaned, "and like the fugitive of old I must go."

"Frida! Frida!" cried Philip, wildly.

She laid her trembling hands upon his shoulders; with a last lingering look she gazed upon the noblest man she had ever known.

"I know, my Philip," she whispered, "and death is not more bitter. God repay you for your truth and sacrifice to me."

She kissed him once; it was their farewell.

A few weeks afterwards one of Canada's greatest singers fell dead of heart disease on the boards of her husband's opera house in a provincial city. There were whispers of a forced marriage, and a selfish mother wild with remorse.

Young, gifted and beautiful Elfrida Belmontaine went to her rest mourned by a whole nation, and loved by one man.

"You are mine now, my Frida!" he said, and the frost-bound heart broke its bands.

All that was years ago. Philip Wyndham is a famous poet now; like the bird with the thorn in its breast, he sings to a suffering world because he too has suffered.

MANSFIELD, M.D.

By H. A. Keays.

AFTER their consultation the two doctors left the house together. They had met over this case many times now, for it was one which baffled them equally.

After an April day of delusive sunshine, it was a stormy night. The wind sissed landwards from off the black-booming lake, with the edge of a sickle against the corn, and the eager buds, bursting with promise of fruit and flower, shrivelled and died in their fragrant birth. At the corner, where their ways forked, the younger man would have hurried away, but the old doctor hesitated.

"Mansfield," he began, with evident reluctance, "you *are* engaged to Dora May?"

There was a peculiar insistence in his voice.

"Why certainly."

"Well, thank God, my good fellow, that you are, for I'll wager every hair on my head and go bald through all eternity if there's another such girl on this dirty earth."

"Oh, naturally, that's what I think," admitted Mansfield. But he spoke as if he hardly heard himself.

"I tell you that woman's a demon," Dr. Moodie continued with explosive irrelevance.

"What woman?"

The two words cut into the end of the old man's sentence like icicles fallen from some dim planet a million leagues away.

"What woman?" There was an inferno of indignation in the repeated question. "There is only one such woman, Mansfield, and you know it as well as I do."

With that the two men melted apart by mutual consent. Along with beards and bifurcation, the ability to say the last word soon enough may perhaps be reckoned an equally distinguishing masculine characteristic.

A few minutes later Dr. Mansfield entered Mrs. May's drawing-room. The girl, waiting for him, sprang up with a little cry.

"No, I shan't kiss you," she fumed with pretty petulance. "I've been waiting——"

He stooped down to her and, lifting her chin with one finger, calmly tilted her pouting lips to his.

"Oh, Apollo, what a superior caress!" she exclaimed rebelliously, but she subsided against his shoulder with a contented sigh, and began to pull the ends of his moustache with teasing fingers.

"But where have you been to-night?" she asked presently.

"Oh, visiting a patient," he answered carelessly. "You know, dear, a doctor's——"

"Yes, yes, now don't preach," she interrupted naughtily. "I quite understand that when I'm your wife I must never, never expect or even wish to see you except when nobody else wants to. But you know I'm not your wife yet."

"No."

She looked at him severely.

"You're sulky to-night."

"Sulky?"

"Yes, sulky. So sulky that if we were married—well, I suppose this is one of the times that you'd be whipping me or leading me about by my hair. Oh, yes, you would. Isn't it awful to think of? It's only because you haven't yet promised to love and cherish me until death do us part, that you don't——"

"Dora, Dora!" he protested.

"Do you know," she said unexpectedly, "I heard to-day that Mrs. Charters is dying?"

"Did you?"

"Yes. Isn't she?"

"Oh, Dora, don't let's talk 'shop.' I'm sick of my profession to-night."

"I don't want to talk 'shop,' Leonard. But if merely speaking of Mrs. Charters is talking 'shop,' why then, all the town talks 'shop.'"

Dr. Mansfield sat up straight.

"Dora, you know I never discuss my patients."

"Oh, Leonard, I'm not asking you to discuss her as a doctor. Can't you speak of her as a man?"

"As a man?" he repeated, staring at her. "Oh, as for that——" but instead of finishing his sentence, he got up and began to pace the long drawing-room restlessly. As the girl watched him her tender eyes glistened.

"Leonard, come here," she called out presently with pretty imperiousness. "Sit down at once. You look like an imprisoned tiger, and besides mamma says you are wearing out a regular track in the carpet."

He sat down silently. The girl leaned towards him and stroked his strong hands with timid, fitful fingers. There was a shadow on her lovely face.

"Do you know what I think, Leonard? I think that woman is a perfect fiend."

There was a passion, unfamiliar to him in the still intensity of her voice, and it almost seemed as if the very words must have turned to stare at themselves on her fair young lips.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, drawing his hands away from her as if her fingers were thorns, "That's the second time to-night I have been told that."

"Ah, then other people talk to you about her?"

She nodded her head convictingly.

But his lips were steeled to utterance again, and he let her talk on in unresisting silence.

"Aunt Belle told me such a lot today. I can't understand it. It really seems as if that woman has quite enough good in her to know she's bad. Why, if she was only all good, she'd be splendid, Leonard."

"Oh, I don't know, Dora. I'm not sure but what evil's a pretty jolly thing after all. It would be insufferably dull down here if it wasn't for the naughty people."

"Oh, then I suppose you'd like all the women in the world to be like Mrs. Charters?"

"Heaven forbid! I should be sorry to see wickedness lose its charm from lack of contrast, Dora," he said teasingly.

"Yes, but seriously, Leonard, I always felt as if that woman was a kind of leper. And she knew I did."

"Did she?"

"Oh, yes. I remember the first time she met you—a year ago at the Leslie's ball. She was lovely to you, just to spite me. Do you remember?"

Remember?

Does a man ever forget his first childish grief, his first childish joy, the unfading ecstasy of his heart's earliest dream, the last cold touch of love's dead lips?

Dr. Mansfield said nothing as he stroked his sweetheart's shimmering hair with a dull hand.

"That night I couldn't sleep, darling, thinking of her—and you," the girl went on, sweet and tremulous under his touch. "But after that I never worried, because I saw that you didn't care. Ah, you didn't know how I watched you, sir!"

"Did you, Puss?"

"And this morning when Aunt Belle said that Mrs. Charters had never failed to win any man she had set out to conquer, I didn't say a thing, because I wouldn't even mention her name with yours, Leonard; but oh! you don't know how proud of you I was in my heart. Oh, Leonard, I don't think you begin to know how much I love you."

With an exquisite yielding of herself, she lifted her suddenly wet eyes to his, and the young man gathered her close in his arms, while he murmured those love-worn words of which the ears of women have been covetous since that time so long ago when the first two souls discovered themselves in flesh.

"But I can't understand it, Leonard. Aunt Belle says she's so clever." She waited for him to speak.

"Yes."

"And awfully good-hearted."

"Yes."

"But she isn't what you'd call a beautiful woman?"

"No."

"And children just adore her. I think that's so strange, because, you know, they always say children judge character correctly by instinct."

"Yes."

"But she's not good, Leonard."

"No."

"And she didn't care a snap for her own poor little baby."

"No?"

"She's a cruel woman."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then how can she be kind-hearted, too?"

"I don't know."

"She took Jack Magill away from Bessie Call. She didn't care a bit for him, but they were engaged and happy, and that was enough. She separated the Willings, just because she thought Mr. Willing was too fond of his wife, I suppose. And think of all the young men she's held captive ever since she came to this town. And yet Aunt Belle, who hates her, actually said that for a downright good time she'd rather talk to her than to any other woman in this town."

"I dare say."

"Oh, what an uncommunicative boy!" the girl exclaimed petulantly. "You're as prickly as a burr to-night. I can't get anywhere near you."

"My dear," he said, elaborately widening his arms, "if this is what you want——"

But she beat him into silence with a sofa-cushion. Then she studied him with an elusive frankness which might have charmed him had he only eyes to note it.

"Leonard," she asked suddenly, "do *you* like Mrs. Charters?"

Far away in the big house a cuckoo-clock struck eleven in cadences which rose and fell in mournful unison with the wailing wind.

Dr. Mansfield rose abruptly.

"Dora, you will lose your beauty sleep. I must go, dear."

But she stood in front of him, her little hands clutching the edges of his coat.

"Do you, Leonard?" she repeated.

His clear blue eyes looked steadily into the soft, appealing brown of hers as he answered calmly, "I? Like her?"

He paused a moment, considering. "Why, Puss, I think I hate her," he said deliberately.

A sob broke from the girl.

"Why, darling, what is it?" he asked in the tenderest alarm.

"Oh, I don't know, Leonard. I'm tired, and you've been—Oh, such a funny, funny boy to-night."

"Dora, I'm going to lose a patient," he said gravely. "Every physician hates that, and I've fought for this woman's life."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry. I was naughty," she said, smiling winsomely at him through her tears.

It seemed as if she could hardly let him go. He kissed her good-bye so many times that at last he said, with the merest shade of impatience in his voice, "Oh, my dear, I ought really to begin to say good-bye to you as soon as I arrive."

She let him go then, and as the big carved door swung stealthily to upon its noiseless sockets behind him, she flew to the tower window in the library, and watched his lessening figure until she could no longer separate it from the swaying shadows, and the last faint echo of his footsteps died upon the encroaching distance.

Then alone in the lofty silence of a room lined with the lettered passion of all the world's great loves and hates, the girl exclaimed in a bitter whisper, "Oh, I'm so glad she's dying! I'm so glad she's dying."

And then to her white conscience the words came hissing back from the shrouded darkness beyond her, and with a vague, unreasoning fear she fled

away from them. She vanished swiftly up the wide staircase, a fair and spotless maiden, pausing before she slept to kiss her lover's pictured lips a hundred times, and falling at last asleep only to murmur his name as she followed him in her dreams to the very abyss of eternity.

She did not see him again for several days, which was so unusual an event that it perturbed her greatly. But his patient had died the very night of his visit, and it was likely that he was trying to catch up with the work which had fallen behind while he had been giving Mrs. Charters extra attention. For she heard that he had "moved heaven and earth" to save her life. The case had been obscure, and naturally interesting.

Still he might have sent her a note.

So that when she was finally summoned one evening to receive him, there was a piquant frost upon her girlish charm as she entered the drawing-room. But she had hardly crossed the threshold before she knew herself face to face with a crisis, before which all the minor grievances of life went down like motes before a juggernaut.

For Dr. Mansfield stood there, leaning against the mantel-piece, his face drawn and haggard, and the eyes which he turned upon her dull caverns of despair unlit by any gleam of love.

"Oh, Leonard," she cried, "what is it? What makes you look at me like that? Where have you been, dear? Why didn't you come?"

She fluttered close to him like a timid bird. But he drew away from her.

"Leonard!"

The smothered reproach in her voice stirred him.

"Don't, Dora," he said huskily. "I have come to tell you something. If you look at me like that I can't. And I must. I have tried for days to persuade myself that I needn't tell you—now."

His accent was so significant that the girl's eyes flashed into flame. But for one instant she wavered, then she faced him. Her father had not died a hero, the victim of a cruel Indian hand far out on a lonely western plain, without bequeathing his high spirit to the daughter who came after him.

"Oh, I understand it all." Her long-strangled intuitions had sprung full-fledged into birth, as only a woman's can. "You have come to tell me that you cared more for Mrs. Charters than you do for me."

He stared at her in bewilderment.

"And you mean that you don't care?" he said at last.

For an instant she looked at him, with eyes which might have stung his soul, then she said coldly, "Is that all? Because this is not a pleasant interview, and I would just as soon have it over."

"No, it is not all," he exclaimed passionately. "It isn't the beginning. But I thought you loved me, and now——"

She threw out her hand with a fierce gesture. "How *dare* you talk to me of love? You! *You!* What do you know of it? You, who love me to-day, and—and—her to-morrow. Don't speak to me."

But the scorn in her voice goaded him into impetuous speech.

"Dora, listen to me! I will say what I want to. I can't understand myself. If I did I shouldn't be here now. Don't you know the other night I told you I hated Mrs. Charters? So I did. But I hated her *because* I loved her. Don't you remember telling me you felt sure I didn't care for her after the ball. Yes, I did avoid her, because I knew she was the kind of woman a man was safest away from." He hesitated.

"I have no right to blame her, Dora. But long before she called me in to attend her she had made me understand in a hundred ways——"

He paused again. The girl nodded her head silently. She was leaning back in a chair, her eyes shut, as if she sought blindness from the blow which must fall. The utter forlornness of her slight figure, so still and unresistant in its misery, might have turned the edge of a less relentless

fate. But suddenly she sat up, straight and aggressive, with flaming cheeks.

"Leonard, did you ever discuss me with her?"

"On my soul, Dora, never!" he exclaimed impetuously. But in a moment he added, with the appalling self-honesty which characterized him, "That is, if we did, we never said so."

She covered her face with her hands, for the tears would come. The unconscious "we" smote her so cruelly.

"Oh, Leonard, how could you?" she moaned.

He wondered himself; but in that very instant the face of Patricia Charters rose up before him, pale and bewitching, with its dark, subtle eyes voicing an eloquence beside which all other women's uttered words were dumb. The music of her merry laugh, never so gay as when she was sad, besieged his listening heart once more, though the envious silence of Death had stilled its sweetness forever. What other woman's tears were more piquant than her smiles? It seemed to him that her pretty tricks would stick to his memory like burrs as long as time and he endured. Her wit, her daring, her wild caprices had for him all the fascination of a revolving kaleidoscope for a child. What other woman could have risked so much and lost so little? How had she combined in such bewildering proportion the fresh innocence of youth with the bloom-destroying experience of a woman who had eaten so freely of the tree of knowledge—not of good, but of evil?

He had asked her that once, and she had answered, "Why, M.D., when I was a tiny girl I remember climbing up on a chair and looking at myself a long time in the glass. I was trying to find my soul. And at last I said to it, 'Pat, you know you can be either an angel or a devil. Which are you going to choose?' And then I whispered, because I was awfully frightened, 'Oh God, if you don't mind, please, I think I'd like to try a little of both.'" "Well, I guess your prayer was answered—at least in one respect," he had said grimly, and she had laughed approvingly.

Her astounding frankness was, perhaps, the most subtly alluring of her many charms. She stole his inmost thoughts, and flaunted them tantalizingly in his face. She analyzed herself and him with a minuteness which at first irritated, then appalled, and then hopelessly fascinated him. He caught the trick from her perfectly, and was soon studying his own soul under the microscope with all the cold scrutiny of scientific research. He weighed his emotions without a quiver—at least he thought so—and sorted and laid himself away in neatly labelled sections, without a pang at this matter-of-fact tagging of the deepest mysteries of his being.

He ceased to think of himself as a man. He became a specimen, valuable because so accessible. Until that day when Mrs. Charters' insistent eyes had tortured from him the verdict of the doctors on her case. She lay quite still for a moment. Then, suddenly, she flung out her hands to him with a bitter cry: "No, M.D., don't let me die. I don't want to die. I haven't any friends in heaven. They're all in hell."

After that, in the cruel, hurrying days of the last two weeks, he forgot all about his rôle as a specimen. He but lived and fought with Fate like any common human clod.

But for all that, she died, with her hands clinging to his, and her beautiful eyes calling to him for help from their glazing depths, as the dense night of eternal darkness closed in upon her.

And now, with all his nature still quivering, he had come to reveal himself to his betrothed.

"Perhaps if you had known her as I did—" he began again, after a long silence, but Dora chilled him with a proud gesture.

"Leonard," she said presently, "Leonard, I must know. I must. Did you—did you—ever kiss her?"

He could have smiled. In the face of the deep involving of his soul with that dead woman's it seemed so puerile a query.

"No," he answered coldly. "But I would have given my soul to."

"Thank you," she said proudly. "Your frankness is admirable, but somewhat gratuitous." She moved to the door, but he held her as she swept past him.

"Dora, listen! I'm going away. I've offered my services as an army surgeon."

She wavered, and then turned to him helplessly. If she had not loved him better than herself it would have been so easy to be proud.

"Oh Leonard, don't go! You never loved her. You only think so now. Some day you'll know better. You'll know you loved me best."

"Perhaps I shall, but I don't now," he answered, inexorably honest. "The trouble is, Dora, I've been loving two women. Some one has said that at heart all men are bigamists. It must be true, or I can't explain myself."

She winced under his words, but an intuition born of her love sustained her even now.

"You're too honest, Leonard. You ask yourself too many questions. I should think a doctor would have known better than to pore over symtoms, like a student, until he thought he had the disease. I suppose we've got the germ of everything in our bodies and our souls if we chose to look for it."

"Oh, Dora, you don't understand——"

"Don't I? Do you suppose I didn't know?" she demanded with sudden upheaving passion. "Why, Leonard, from the very night of the ball I followed it all, step by step."

He stared at her stupidly.

"Yes, and you pry and pry, and then you're so honest that you're brutal. Why, you're so honest that I believe you'd almost tell a lie in making sure that you told the truth."

He listened to her in amazement. He had never suspected this simple child of sublety. He had thought her as plain to him as a page of primer prose.

All at once she turned to him with a little cry.

"Oh, Leonard, don't you care anything for me? And I'm so good. I've never done a thing in my life that I would be ashamed to have you know." Her cheeks flamed. "Could Mrs. Charters have said that?"

"No."

"Why, they say I'm the sweetest girl in this town." She smiled at him wanly.

"And I'm—well, oh you know, Leonard—" Was she going to speak of her wealth, for whose sake so many men had craved her "sweetness?"—"Why, Leonard, you know I'm not ugly, and oh! I love you so terribly." Her voice died into a whisper, so faint that he barely caught it.

"Ugly, Dora, you're as beautiful as an angel!" he exclaimed in deep, strong tones. The bitter pathos of it all, this simple mustering of all her girlish virtues to tempt him back to her side, melted his heart to her like wax in a furnace.

But she hid her face from him, and began to sob. Her humiliation was greater than she could bear.

"Go away!" she whispered passionately. "Good-bye."

"No, no, Dora," he protested. "Don't you know I may never see you again? I can't leave you like this."

She sat up instantly.

"Do you want to kiss me?" she asked, with a naïveté at which he could hardly hide a smile.

She was such a child—when she was not a woman. A week ago he had had her all analysed and labelled, and she had required very few tags, for there was nothing complex about her. But now it struck him with the force of discovery that no human being is simple, except, perhaps, the one who deems him such.

The next day he went away, out upon the field of bravery, a wiser and a better man, with all his nature enlarged and sweetened by the vision he had had of the love which holds the hearts of men true to all that is most noble in themselves.

IOLANTHE.

By C. Langton Clarke.

EVERARD DUNBAR, alone in his little room in the office of the Tolchester *Courier*, scribbled the last line of a bunch of copy, glanced hastily over what he had written, and then rose and stretched himself.

"I think I am getting a little sick of it all," he said, audibly. "It is a ridiculous occupation, and I ought to have put my foot down when old Bluenose got me into it. I have been a success certainly, but then I might have been equally successful as a cook or a man-milliner, and that would have been just as absurd for an able-bodied man. I am tired of it and disgusted with it, and for two pins I'd chuck it up to-morrow."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his heel, and laughed rather grimly, as he did so.

"If they could only see me," he said, "how some of them would open their eyes; how they will open them some day; and now for dinner and to dress for the small-and-early at the Walcotts'."

Everard Dunbar was a young man who, some years previously, had drifted into journalism after undergoing the initial stages of preparation for several professions, and had done fairly well. As a reporter he had proved himself better at serving up his news in attractive form than in hunting for it. He had a good style, and on more than one occasion had written a flippant editorial on local politics, which the chief editorial writer, jealous of any encroachment on his special department, had nevertheless liked well enough to use. He had been finally assigned to special work, and had proved a success.

The Tolchester *Courier* was a paper which had a large circulation, particularly its Sunday edition. Its departments were generally conceded to be almost equal to those of any metropolitan journal, and of all its special features the brightest, in the estimation of the reading public, was its "Woman's Empire," conducted by "Iolanthe," Iolanthe's "Hints on Fashions," "Medical Suggestions," "Answers to Correspondents," and "Side Talks with Girls," were universally read, not only by the women folk of Tolchester and the surrounding district, but often by the sterner sex also. In her "Answers to Correspondents" were replies to women of all ages, on all conceivable subjects, and many read them for the sake of speculating on the queries which had elicited them. It was evident that Iolanthe was the repository of the secrets of half the female population of Tolchester.

And yet a strange mystery surrounded the "identity of Iolanthe." In the heading which adorned the top of her page she was depicted as tall and slender, with abundant masses of hair, and a Grecian profile. As no one resembling this picture had been seen in Tolchester, it was clear that the portrait was to a large extent an imaginary creation of the *Courier* artist; nevertheless, the impression made on the public was decidedly favourable to Iolanthe's personal appearance, and it was currently reported that a certain young lady, a devoted admirer of the gifted writer, had given her lover his *congé* on hearing him express his conviction that Iolanthe was stubby, with red hair and a squint.

No one outside of the *Courier* office had ever seen Iolanthe. Members of the staff smiled indulgently when female relations or acquaintances begged to be informed what her real name was and where she lived. Sometimes they returned such preposterous answers that the questioners grew offended, but so far the secret had been guarded as re-

ligiously as the Free Mason's ritual.

"My dear," said the chief editorial writer to his wife, "the—the woman's employment with us is strictly on the understanding that her name is not to be divulged. When it becomes known she will quit. If I were to tell you, you would, with the best intentions, no doubt, go cackling it all over the place, and we should lose a valuable and, I may say, cheap, feature. Iolanthe is a myth, so far as the public is concerned, and we will let her remain so."

It was rather late when Dunbar, in company with his particular chum, Cassels, also of the editorial staff of the *Courier*, presented himself at the Walcotts' dance and was effusively greeted by the hostess.

"Naughty man," she said, shaking her finger at him," "to come so late, when I have been dying to introduce you to quite the nicest and prettiest girl I know. Come along now:" and Dunbar was led across the room to where sat a tall, decidedly good-looking girl, with a rather haughty expression.

"Alma," said Mrs. Walcott, "let me introduce Mr. Dunbar, a great friend of mine; Everard, this is Miss Tressilis."

The young lady bowed formally, and with an air of indifference, which suddenly changed to one of animation when Mrs. Walcott continued:—

"Mr. Dunbar, dear, is one of our rising journalists. He is on the *Courier*."

"I am very glad to meet you," said Miss Tressilis, smiling pleasantly. "A dance? Oh, certainly!" and she held out her programme, on which Dunbar, unrebuked, proceeded to inscribe his initials several times.

The two hours that followed were very pleasant for the young man, and after he had danced three times with Miss Tressilis he was inclined to agree with Mrs. Walcott in the opinion which she had expressed about her.

It was while they were seated in a remote and comfortably cushioned nook after the fourth dance together, that Miss Tressilis broke a rather long silence by saying:—

"You are on the *Courier*, are you not, Mr. Dunbar? Mrs. Walcott mentioned it, I think, when she introduced you. Are you an editorial writer?"

"I have not yet climbed so high," replied Dunbar. "At present I do special work."

"But I suppose you know everybody on the paper, don't you?"

"Well, not every one, Miss Tressilis. You see there are a good many in the business department and the pressmen and stereotypers and mailers with whom I am brought very little into contact. My acquaintance is pretty much limited to the editorial floor and the composing room."

Miss Tressilis did not seem to be paying much attention.

"I wonder whether you would do me a great favour?" she said.

"If it is in my power you may rely on me," replied Dunbar, gallantly.

"Tell me," said the girl, fixing her large and luminous eyes full on Dunbar's—"tell me Iolanthe's real name."

Dunbar felt himself growing red. "It is an office secret," he replied. "Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because I love her," replied Miss Tressilis, in a voice that quivered with emotion. "She is so true, so noble-hearted, so feminine; don't you think so?"

"Feminine?" replied Dunbar; then, recovering himself, "oh well—yes, if you say so, no doubt she is."

"Do you know," continued the girl, "for weeks it has been my dream to meet her, to put my arms about her and kiss her and tell her how I love her. Is there any possibility of my dream coming true, Mr. Dunbar?"

"Er, well, really, you know, hardly, I am afraid," replied Dunbar. "She—she is very anxious that her identity should be kept secret. She dreads publicity and all that, you know; she is the sensitive and retiring sort."

"I know she is, the dear,"—Dunbar winced—"but if you will not tell me her name, at least tell me what she

is like. No, stop, I will describe her to you and you shall tell me whether I am right. In the first place she is tall and dark."

"You are right, so far," replied Dunbar, glancing almost unconsciously at a mirror that hung opposite.

"And she is very handsome, is she not?"

"Well, no, I am afraid not," was the hesitating reply. "At least not particularly so," he added, seeing the disappointment in the face of his fair questioner.

"But I know she has lovely eyes, large, and dark and soulful."

"Dark eyes? Oh, yes, certainly."

"And soulful;" insisted Miss Tressilis.

"They are full of something," replied Dunbar; "perhaps it is soul, I am sure I don't know. You see, I never gave the matter very much thought."

"I can see her," said Miss Tressilis, with a dreamy look in her own beautiful eyes, "sitting in her office, fitted up like a boudoir, with lovely pictures and knick-knacks all about her. No one could have such beautiful thoughts unless they were surrounded by beautiful things. No woman, at least.

"It makes a lot of difference," said Mr. Dunbar, "but you are sadly mistaken. Iolanthe's office is far from resembling a boudoir." Here he broke into a laugh which he abruptly checked. "I beg your pardon, I am sure, for smashing any little corner of your idol, but really, Iolanthe's office is fitted up just like mine."

"And what is your office like?" asked Miss Tressilis, with interest.

"Well," replied Dunbar, "to be exact, there is an old desk and a pair of hard-seated chairs, a table for filing exchanges, a waste-paper basket and a couple of cuspidors."

"A—what?" asked the girl, opening her eyes. "Cuspidors?"

"Yes, but I need not have included them in the inventory."

"And you say that Iolanthe's room is exactly like yours—with cuspidors?" asked Miss Tressilis, in horror-stricken tones.

"Ha, ha! To be sure not," replied Dunbar, with an embarrassed laugh. "I was thinking of my own room."

There was a minute's silence, and then Miss Tressilis turned to her companion.

"I am going to confide in you," she said. "I am one of Iolanthe's most constant contributors.

"Yes, I know you are," replied the young man, absently.

"How could you possibly know that?" asked the girl, opening her eyes. "I enclose my name, but my *nom de guerre*, or whatever you call it, is quite different; no clew at all. How could you possibly know? Surely, surely, Iolanthe does not show the letters she receives to others in the office. Oh, that would be horrible! If I thought some man had seen those letters I should die with mortification."

The girl's anxiety was so evident that Dunbar hastened to reassure her.

"Do not disturb yourself," he said. "On my honour, no one sees those letters but Iolanthe, who would deserve a good thrashing if it were otherwise."

"What a horrible way to speak of a woman!" said Miss Tressilis, evidently much relieved. "But tell me, how did you know that I was a contributor?"

Dunbar flushed a little. "Well—you know," he said, "any one not a fool could see that. No woman could take such an interest in the editor of a page like that without—oh, without writing to her and telling her, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"But you spoke with so much certainty," said the girl; "quite as if you knew all about it, not as if you merely surmised it. But I suppose it is all right. Oh, yes, I write to Iolanthe constantly. I tell her all kinds of things, and ask her advice about, oh—lots of things that a girl wants to know."

"Personally," said Dunbar, "I think these question columns for women's pages are rot. They pay the paper, of course, or we wouldn't run them; but—don't be offended—I don't think

they are quite healthy. A girl writes to me—that is, of course, supposing I am a woman editor—and wants to know whether I think the young man who is paying her attentions is really in earnest, and then she tells me what he does or says, and how he looks at her, and all that sort of thing. How am I to know from such data? If I reply, 'I fear the young man is trifling with your affections,' I may be doing a very estimable young fellow a great injustice; if, on the contrary, I encourage the girl to receive the attentions, I may be helping a worthless scoundrel. And then, again, it's not good for the girl to be exposing her secret thoughts to a stranger like me, instead of her mother. I—er—I am still speaking, of course, from the standpoint of a woman editor."

"It seems almost a pity you are not one," replied Miss Tressilis, with some resentment. "You seem to know a good deal about it; and I don't agree with you at all. I think it is good to have some one—some kind, loving woman, such as I am sure Iolanthe is—to confide in and ask advice from."

"Even in matters of the heart, as I believe these affairs are called?" hazarded Dunbar.

"Yes, even in that; I know a girl who was saved from a great deal of misery by Iolanthe. She wrote the girl a private letter, exposing a young man who was paying her great attentions."

"But that was because the girl mentioned the name of the cad in question in her letter. Iolanthe happened to know a good deal about him."

"I suppose you would think that rather a sneaking thing for a woman; but pardon me, how do you know that the name was mentioned?"

Dunbar looked slightly nonplussed. "Why, how could Iolanthe have possibly warned the girl against any special man if she did not know him?" he said.

"No, I suppose not," replied Miss Tressilis, in rather a doubting voice. "Tell me, Mr. Dunbar, do you know Iolanthe very well? And do you admire her very much?"

"I can't say much as to admiration," replied Dunbar, "but I will admit that I am exceedingly solicitous about her welfare."

"One of her best friends?" queried the girl in a low voice.

Dunbar laughed rather bitterly. "I don't know," he said. "Some people would tell you that I am Iolanthe's worst enemy."

"You are very mysterious," said the girl, almost fretfully, "and I hate mysteries. I always think the Sphinx must have been an awful old bore."

"Which is as much as to say that I am an awful bore?" asked Dunbar.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that, but you see you have done nothing but talk of Iolanthe, and one is apt to get a little tired of one subject."

"I!" cried Dunbar in astonishment, at this instance of feminine inconsistency. "Why, you—"

"Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say," broke in the girl, "but let us change the subject; you have been the Sphinx, now I will be the Delphic oracle, or whatever it was that used to answer foolish questions from behind a curtain. Look." She caught a curtain that hung behind the seat, and with a pretty gesture shrouded herself in it. "Now, I give you three questions. So think of something important."

It was while Dunbar was hesitating over how personal he dare make his inquiries that Cassels's most unmusical voice broke in:

"Well, Iolanthe, old man," as the speaker laid a hand on Dunbar's shoulder, "if you have got all the fashion pointers you need and have entertained enough of your interesting contributors, let's be hoofing it home."

In speechless horror Dunbar gazed into the face of his friend, and saw out of the corner of his eye the curtain swing back and a pale, set face looking at him.

"Oh I beg your pardon!" said Cassels, thunderstruck at this apparition. "I thought you were alone." He was

conscious that he had given his friend away, but happily ignorant of the extent of his ill-doing.

"Is this the person?" asked Miss Tressilis, in a dreadful voice, and laying considerable stress on the word "person," "who writes under the name of Iolanthe?"

"Why, you see," Cassels was beginning, with a very red face, when the girl turned on Dunbar.

"Are you Iolanthe?" she asked, sharply.

"There is not much use in denying it," replied Dunbar. "Yes, I am."

"I should not think it would hurt you much to deny it," said Miss Tressilis, with bitter scorn, "an untruth or two extra would not make much difference."

"I think, old man, I will wait for you in the library," said Cassels, and fled ignobly.

"I am not aware of having told any untruths," said Dunbar, trying rather unsuccessfully to assume an air of offended virtue. "I do not think I have stated anything that was not strictly so, and, besides, I was anxious that my secret should not leak out."

"So *you* are Iolanthe," said Miss Tressilis, looking at him with an expression which called the blood into his face. "You, a man with a strong body and with brains, and yet you prefer to twaddle to a lot of women in print instead of doing a man's work."

"You spoke differently of my work just now," replied Dunbar, a feeling of annoyance overwhelming his embarrassment. "I don't think you characterized it as twaddle then."

"That was when I thought it was written by a woman," replied the girl. "Oh, it is horrible, ghastly! To think that you have read my letters. How hatefully you must have grinned over them! You are not very likely to marry, Mr. Dunbar, now that you have seen what an unutterable donkey a woman can make of herself."

This was a change of front with a vengeance.

"I told you just now that I heartily disapproved of women's pages," replied Dunbar, "but you disagreed with me. I am at least consistent."

"And you mean to imply that I am not, I suppose, but how dare you call yourself consistent? If you disapproved, why did you lend yourself to encouragement?"

"We have to do a good many unpleasant things in our business," replied Dunbar, rather weakly.

"Unpleasant? Dishonourable, you mean," replied Miss Tressilis. "No, pray, don't try to excuse yourself, you are not only dishonourable, but ridiculous, and I," and she added, with a little gulp, "I suppose I have made myself ridiculous too, but then I didn't know, and you did. I think I will wish you good evening, Miss Iolanthe No, thank you. I can find my own way back without an escort. I should say chaperon, I suppose." And with these words Miss Tressilis arose and departed, leaving her companion looking decidedly crestfallen.

When Dunbar went down alone to the cloak-room, he found Cassels waiting for him with contrition stamped on every line of his features.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," that young man said. "I wouldn't have skipped out if I hadn't seen that you both would rather have had it out alone. Was she—was she one of your congregation?"

"Oh, all right!" replied Dunbar, shortly. "I suppose it had to come out sooner or later, though the time was rather inappropriate. Yes, she was one of the flock, all right."

"She didn't seem to take it very kindly," ventured Cassels, with a lively recollection of a set face and flashing eyes. "Was she mad?"

"Just a little," replied Dunbar, with a mirthless laugh. "Oh, yes; she called me dishonourable and ridiculous, and left me standing there feeling both. And the worst of it is that she is just the nicest and sweetest girl I have ever met; but my goose is cooked now. She will never recognize me again."

"Oh, yes, she will," replied Cassels,

hopefully. "She is hot now, but she is sure to be interested in you."

"You can bid good-by to Iolanthe," said Dunbar, after a short silence, "a long and fond farewell. To-morrow, after I have had a little talk with Bluenose, Iolanthe's funeral will be conducted with neatness and despatch, and you fellows won't have to strain yourselves to keep your wives and sweethearts from finding out who she is."

"And the paper?" queried Cassels.

"The paper?" replied Dunbar, with great emphasis—"the paper be damned."

* * * * *

It was just a year after the Walcotts' party that Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar sat in their little drawing-room. Mr. Dunbar in an easy-chair, with his wife comfortably established on the arm.

"Do you remember what I said to you a year ago to-night, Everard?" asked Mrs. Dunbar.

"You said so many things, dearest," replied her husband. "Please particularize."

"I asked you whether you thought I should ever be able to put my arms around Iolanthe's neck and kiss her, and tell her how much I loved her."

"I remember very distinctly," said Dunbar, "and what a shock the question gave me."

"And you said it was extremely unlikely?"

"I believe I did."

"Well," replied Mrs. Dunbar, putting her arms around him and imprinting several vigorous salutes on his lips, "it only shows, Everard, that whatever else you may be, you are a very poor prophet."

THE FAMOUS SPEECH OF REV. MAJOR SMITH, C.B.

OUTLINING CANADA'S RELATIONS TO THE EMPIRE.

MR. Chairman and Gentlemen: There is no toast so dear to me as the toast to "Canada and The Empire." I have been accused of being one of the Founders of that Empire, and I am proud of the charge. (*Hear, hear.*)

When the Imperial Federation League was started in this country, I was one of its first officers. And, gentlemen, if it had not been for that League there had been no Empire. (*Cheers.*)

If it had not been for the part that Canada played, through the Imperial Federation League and its successor, the British Empire League, the statesmen of Great Britain would never have been able to conceive an Imperial policy. It was Canada who led the way. (*Loud cheers.*)

Long months before the Boers sent their haughty and insulting ultimatum which brought on this just and holy war, I was one of those who saw that war was inevitable. I at once wrote Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Wolseley, telling them that there would be war in South Africa, that Canada would willingly send troops, and that they had better ask the Australian Colonies and New Zealand to do the same. Gentlemen, as you know, the war came on, Canada sent her troops, Australia sent her troops, and we had the proud satisfaction of knowing that Canada had saved the Empire. (*Prolonged cheers.*)

The blood of our brave Canadian boys shed on the red sand of South Africa in behalf of righteousness and peace, has cemented the Empire as nothing else could have done. Canada has made the world stand aghast at the way in which she has drawn the

Empire together and changed the course of history. (*Applause.*)

And then I come to Preferential Trade. When I saw Sir Wilfrid riding in a Royal carriage through the streets of London at the Jubilee, the thought struck me that we should grant those Londoners a preference in our tariff, and enable them to sell their goods in Canada. Again we led the way. Our action stirred the Empire to its depths, and the nations of Europe tottered on their thrones. (*Cheers.*)

We have a grand country. We have built a transcontinental railway which joins the motherland on the East with Australia and India on the West, and we are perfecting a system of cables which will girdle the earth. We have built naval stations at Halifax and Esquimalt, where British cruisers may rest and refresh. We have built up a sturdy nationality which, as Kipling says :

> Daughter am I in my mother's house
> And mistress in my own.

(*Long and continued applause*).

Gentlemen, I look forward to the day when this great Empire shall be arrayed against the world. We have a divine mission to send the Gospel to all nations and bring them under that flag that is the symbol of liberty the world over, and which signifies the open door at which all may enter. We have the greatest navy that the world has ever seen, and we have the hearts of oak to make it omnipotent. We are working toward a Council of the Empire in which Canada shall be represented and bear the burdens which she should bear. (*Hear, hear.*)

We are no weaklings ; we are willing to bear our share of Empire, and when the Lion calls, the cubs will be heard to answer. I am not in favour of Imperial Federation or the handing over of our tariff to outside control, and I believe that all our military expenditure should be made under our own supervision. But outside of these things, I believe in Imperial co-operation, so that on all international commissions to decide questions in which Canada is interested we shall have a complete control of the negotiations. We must maintain our self-respect and our independence, and we can best maintain these within the Empire of which we are so proud. (*Prolonged cheers.*)

We have preserved the unity of that Empire. We have taken as our watchword, "The Union must be Preserved," and have maintained that where the flag and the Empire are concerned there must be no party except our party, no one rewarded except ourselves. We have built up this Empire on the traditions of the past, and under the ægis of peace and liberty, and we will brook no interference. What is best for the Empire is best for Canada, and what is best for Canada is best for the Empire. We are not looking for tangible rewards for our statesmanship, but we know that our loyalty is best for our trade. Great Britain is our best market, and as long as that is so it is easy and best to be loyal. Surely no one can object to that ! We must have trade, and Great Britain is the only market open to us on advantageous terms. The old guard of the Manchester School are now making their last stand in Great Britain. When Mr. Chamberlain succeeds Lord Salisbury we will see the Empire's trade reorganized on new lines. Great Britain is now dependent on foreign nations for her supply of wheat and corn. Under the new conditions this would be purchased mainly from the Colonies. The future is bright with hope. *(Here the speaker seized a Union Jack and held it aloft.)* This flag will ever be our motto. (*Speaker sits down amid tumultuous applause, and a Cabinet Minister who is present whispers to a friend that it is expected that the Premier will soon recommend the speaker for special Imperial honours.)*

—*Delivered in Ottawa, Toronto, Kingston, and Halifax at different times.*

HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

FIRST PAPER.

By John Reade, F. R. S. Can.

Morituri te salutant morituram.

ALTHOUGH it is only as a matter of convenience that we parcel out the earth's time into centuries, and, in reality, a century begins and ends every moment, our philosophy is not proof against the temptation to personify these divisions of time. Students of history come to have their favourite ages, and even grave writers assign moral qualities to these "broken parts" of the "world without end." Sometimes the name of a great man or woman is used instead of the decimal system, or a single expressive word indicates the character of an age. The Age of the Patriarchs, of the Judges, of Solomon, of the Maccabees, of Herod; the Homeric Age, the Age of Pericles, of Alexander the Great, of Augustus, of Constantine the Great, of Charlemagne, of Hildebrand, of Saint Louis, of the Renaissance, of the Reformation, of the Revolution (English, American, French), of Elizabeth, of Frederick the Great, of Napoleon, are among such aids to memory. The Jubilee, originally of Jewish origin, and based on that regard for the number seven and its multiples which is by no means dead, has acquired in our day a sanction that is both magisterial and popular. The church had long since adopted it, using its authority, however, to shorten the period, if deemed advisable. For retrospect the Jubilee period has the advantage that it is comprised within the mature years of many lives. The authenticated cases are rare, indeed, where man or woman has been able to look back over a century of existence and recall any of the events of its beginning. With the half century it is otherwise.

Looking back from these terminal months of the half century, at its beginning in 1851, what strikes us as its predominant, its essential characteristic as distinguished from any preceding period of like duration? At first the movements of every imaginable origin and aim seem so numerous that, regarding the world of men with the mental eye, seeing the chaotic rush to and fro over the face of the globe, and listening to the confused and conflicting cries, we are disposed to give up the problem in despair. But, as we take closer views, with rests for reflection between them, we begin to see a certain order in the apparent chaos, and at last we realize that there is something like a prevalent tendency amid all the complexities of this world-wide tumult, conflict and rivalry. That tendency is toward union, amalgamation, co-operation. That there are a thousand disintegrating agencies at work it is needless to insist. Such elements are always present, and some of those that will especially attract our attention are peculiar to the period under review. They operate as a solvent, decomposing some of the great fabrics of human society. But even here we may, in some cases, discern a process necessary to a new synthesis more in keeping with the new environment or the new point of view. The decomposition is not all bad, nor is the unification all good, and it is only when interpreted as the requisite harbinger of some grand social reconstruction from which all humanity will be the gainer, that we can contemplate with equanimity the twofold process.

It is noteworthy that the period under review began and ended with a World's Fair. The motive that prompted in

Prince Albert's mind the organization of the first great International Exhibition, was far removed from any policy of "splendid isolation." He made known his aims at the Lord Mayor's banquet which inaugurated the event. "Gentlemen," said the Prince Consort, "the Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions." Sir Robert Peel also spoke with an enthusiasm that was quick with a statesman's hope. "On a Roman holiday," he said, "hecatombs of wild beasts were slain and sanguinary conflicts took place of man against man. We propose to gratify the people by other agencies more in harmony with our civilization and our Christianity . . . . to draw closer the bonds of amity and general intercourse by the honest rivalry of industry and skill." It has fallen to France, first among the nations of the continent to follow England's example, to give the closing Exhibition of the century. Between the inaugural world-gathering of 1851 and the grand display of the earth's products and human skill that drew the multitudes to Paris during the present year, every great division of the earth has responded to the impulse imparted by the first World's Fair. If the aspirations after a reign of universal peace which were cherished by the more sanguine of the sharers in the original experiment were doomed to disappointment, the experiment itself was no failure. On the contrary, it was in many ways a triumph of unprecedented fruitfulness, affecting the whole vast field of invention and skilled labour and urging to happy rivalry the manifold ingenuities and energies of all mankind.

Starting point and goal are indeed relative and, for the most part, convertible terms. The Great Exhibition of 1851 and all the like events of the last half century may be regarded as the terminus of a route of manifold progress to which paths converged from the whole peopled world and its countless strongholds of invention, energy and enterprise since human thought began. To give the *raison d'etre* of the Crystal Palace would, in fact, necessitate a survey of the Christian and pre-Christian centuries that went before it. But for our present purpose it will suffice to recall its central significance. Displays of national wealth had preceded it. But they had a note of hostility, of menace to outsiders. It was its world-wide comprehensiveness that made the Prince Consort's scheme a new thing among men. It disclosed the birth of tendencies, aspirations, strivings, which though essential to Christ's teaching and never wholly alien from the practice of His elect disciples, had hitherto been without recognition in statesmanship and economic science. It remained for the first year of the half century now ending to give realization to an ideal so evangelical and such a departure may reasonably be accepted as the not unfit beginning of an era so variously fruitful as ours.

When it is remembered that a gathering of the nations so apparently inspired by good will and the love of peace was so quickly followed by a desolating war, and that from the summer of 1853 wars and rumours of wars have not ceased to harass the earth, it may be concluded that the promise of the first World's Fair has had but meagre fulfilment. Nor has it been by the naked sword alone that the kindly yearnings of 1851 have been laughed to scorn. The poet who was in a peculiar manner gifted to voice both the hope and the doubt of his age, made this outbreak of war in 1854 the occasion for denouncing the corruptions of peace, its hypocrisies, its greeds, its degeneracies. Not long before his death he shocked many to whom his young enthusiasm had been a beacon-light in days of gloom by a palinode in which the past was praised at the expense of the present, and the Golden Year was indefinitely postponed.

If in that melancholy strain Tenny-

son gave expression to a natural reaction from the overpraise of an age which had its shortcomings as well as its merits, he could not still that strong rhythmic pulse of reasoned hope which was the nation's response to his earlier, truer, "sweeter music." It was in that very year that, having crowned himself with the official

> "Laurel, greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base,"

he first raised his voice as a prophet of good on behalf of his young and gentle sovereign. A dozen years later he did honour to the dead Prince in words which may here be fitly quoted.

> "O silent father of our kings to be,
> Mourned in this golden hour of jubilee,
> For this, for all we weep our thanks to thee."

At a critical hour in the Empire's and Canada's history—as some of us can surely recall—the beloved consort of our Queen was reft almost with suddenness from her side. The second great London Exhibition had to be opened without the presence of him who had done so much to ensure the success of the first. As the Laureate sang :

> "The world-compelling plan was thine—
> And lo ! the long laborious miles
> Of Palace ; lo ! the giant aisles,
> Rich in model and design ;
> Harvest-tool and husbandry,
> Loom and wheel and enginery,
> Secrets of the sullen mine,
> Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
> Fabric rough or fairy-fine,
> Sunny tokens of the Line,
> Polar marvels and a feast
> Of wonder, out of west and east,
> And shapes and hues of art divine !
> All of beauty, all of use,
> That our fair planet can produce,
> Brought from under every star,
> Blown from over every main,
> And mixt, as life is mixed, with pain,
> The works of peace with works of war."

The historian of British Commerce (Leone Levi, F.S.A.) has succinctly described that first International Exhibition, and characterized the main classes of exhibits. The Crystal Palace, built by Paxton, of glass and iron, and covering an area of more than 1,000,000 square feet, was filled with the products, natural and technical, of the whole busy earth. Great Britain and her colonies occupied half the area, and of the other half France and Germany took up the better part. Nevertheless, in the foreign divisions there was not a country in "the four quarters of the globe" that went unrepresented. There were 13,937 exhibitors, and of these 117 obtained the Council medal; 2,954 the prize medal, and 2,123 honourable mention. The visitors were computed at more than six millions.

If in the industrial and commercial sphere the International Exhibition can justly be regarded as one of the essentially significant outcomes of our half century, it stands by no means alone as evidence of that widespread feeling for combination, collaboration, unity, which has marked the progress of the last fifty years. A far-reaching movement for the unity of Christendom was one of the most remarkable, and, in a sense, most fruitful of the agitations of our half century. First among these to be mentioned is the Vatican Council, convened by the late Pontiff, Pius the Ninth. His Holiness made known his purpose to convoke the Council on the 26th of June, 1867, to the prelates assembled at Rome on the occasion of the 18th centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. On the 29th of June, 1868, (the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul), the invitation was formally issued, and the objects of the Council were set forth in the Encyclical *Aeterni Patris Unigenitus Filius*. The hope was expressed that it might be accepted as an opportunity for reconciling the divisions of Christendom, and to that end invitations were addressed to the patriarchs of the Greek Church and the non-Roman communions of the West. The former, headed by the Patriarch of Constantinople, declined the invitation. Of Protestants, the late Dr. Cumming, whose sermons and addresses on the interpretation of the Apocalypse excited not only interest, but with not a few a measure of alarm, or at least of lively expectancy, affirmed a willingness to attend the Council, provided that he were permit-

ted to give a reason for the faith that he held. Through Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Manning, he was given to understand that any discussion on questions which the Holy See considered as long settled, would be inconsistent with the dogmas and practice of the Church. The Council met on the 8th of December (festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary), in the year 1869. On the 18th of July, 1870, the decree of Papal Infallibility was proclaimed, and the Council remained in session until October 20th ensuing. It was then adjourned until November 11th, when it was postponed *sine die*. Of the 1,037 prelates who were entitled to a seat in an œcumenical council (cardinals of the three grades, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, generals and vice-generals of monastic orders), there were present on the opening day 719, subsequently increased to 764.

"Apart from the immediate purpose of the discussion," writes a learned Catholic noble, "two speeches were memorable—that of Archbishop Conolly, of Halifax, for the uncompromising clearness with which he appealed to Scripture, and repudiated all dogmas extracted from the speculations of divines, and not distinctly founded on the recorded word of God; and that of Archbishop Darboy, who foretold that a decree which increased authority without increasing power, and claimed for one man whose infallibility was only now defined, the obedience which the world refused to the whole episcopate, whose right had been unquestioned in the Church for 1800 years, would raise up new hatred and new suspicion, weaken the influence of religion over society, and wreak swift ruin on the temporal power."

The former of these learned, eloquent and courageous prelates was the cherished friend of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of Joseph Howe, and of Principal Grant. The other, who lived long enough to see one of his prophecies fulfilled, not, however, through the cause that he indicated, but through a series of events which involved his own fate as well as that of the temporal power, was that once formidable Archbishop of Paris, who fell a victim to the Commune.

We refer to the Vatican Council here as one of a number of outward signs of a strong attractive force that was bringing communities and individuals to look each other in the face as they had never done before. Some may recall that the Pope's invitation was accompanied by an understood *Non Possumus*, and, indeed, the treatment of Dr. Cumming's invitation soon made this clear enough. The Council was, nevertheless, a reminder to the Christian world that its rents were still unclosed, and an expression of desire for the healing of all schisms. It gave the signal for a movement which left no part of Christendom unaffected, and even the doctrinal agitations to which it gave rise, caused waves of sympathy to pass over the hearts of separated brethren. Those who, looking at the central purpose, dreaded the fresh laceration of the Church through dissension on an untimely theme, saw, if they lived, but small fulfilment of their fears. On the contrary, in view of what fate had in store for him and his successors, Pio Nono, either like the architect of his mighty temple, "builded better than he knew," or knew better than those who deemed themselves wiser, the heart of papal Christendom. The dogma that good men had secretly, and bold prelates openly condemned, proved to the dethroned Pontiff of a worth that far exceeded that of earthly crown or sceptre, and, in the minds of many pious Catholics, turned the loss of temporal sovereignty into a blessing. By-and-by we may see how far the Church of Rome has shared in the new thought of the age. Meanwhile, we may ask whether there are any other manifestations of the desire for unity.

What is known as the Lambeth Conference or Pan-Anglican Synod, was first proposed by Bishop (now Archbishop) Lewis, at the Provincial Synod of the Anglican Church in Canada. The formal motion was made on the

20th of September, 1865. The Archbishop of Canterbury (then the Most Rev. Archbishop Longley), introduced the subject in Convocation, and, in the Upper House, gave it the support of his official and personal influence. Later, in response to the request of the Lower House, His Grace issued the invitation to the Bishops of the Anglican Communion in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Colonies and the United States of America, on the 22nd of February, 1867. The Conference met on the 24th of September, 1867. Although the Convocation of York held aloof at the first conference, there were bishops present from all parts of the world—eighteen English, five Irish, six Scottish, twenty-four Colonial, and nineteen belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. An address to the faithful, signed by all the bishops, was issued in English, Latin and Greek. Like conferences were held in 1878, 1888 and 1897, under the Presidency of Archbishops Tait, Benson and Temple. At the second conference, out of 173 bishops invited, 100 attended, the Archbishop of York, who was absent from the first, being present (as well as several bishops of his Province), and preaching the inaugural sermon. At the third conference 211 were invited, and 145 attended. In 1897, of 254 invited, 200 took part in the proceedings. The most welcome fruit of the "Pan-Anglican" movement has been a partial healing of the wounds of 1776-1781 and 1812-1815. It has certainly, in so far as the communions that have their centre of allegiance at Canterbury are concerned, proved a strong and stable bond of union between English-speaking people at home and over-sea. The efforts put forth (especially in 1888, by the report of a committee, signed by the then Bishop of Sydney), with a view to securing a reunion of the British Protestant Communions, though it has not yet produced any practical result, is of value as a striking evidence of the tendency that we are now considering.

The Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, or, more properly, the Alliance of Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system, took definite shape not long after the Vatican Council was opened. The honour of advocating it as a practicable scheme has been assigned to the Rev. Dr. McCosh, late President of Princeton College. It also received much help from the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, formerly Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and was not improbably suggested by the success of the Presbyterian Union in Canada, which healed the breach of 1843, and of other secessions from the parent church of an earlier date. The Council has met in Edinburgh, Philadelphia, Toronto, Glasgow, etc. At the last meeting in the city of Washington, D.C., in September-October, 1899, the Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, Toronto, was elected President. Another Canadian, the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the *Westminster*, protested against the persistent discussion of worn-out subjects, and called for a programme more in keeping with the needs of our time—"practical, live and modern." All this he was promised when the Council should meet at Liverpool in 1904.

Canada, which gave so large a support to the great secession of 1843, was the first part of the Presbyterian world to show and follow a path to reconciliation. The example has not been in vain. On the part both of the Free Church and the earlier seceding communions there is a growing sentiment that, where churches have the same confessions, little is gained by division. Nevertheless, in Presbyterianism as well as in Anglicanism there are disintegrating forces at work. But of these the consideration is deferred for the present. What we are now contemplating is that centripetal movement which, for good or evil, has been so marked a characteristic of our half century.

The various communions that trace their descent to the great movement of John Wesley, organized a plan of regularly recurring œcumenical councils

of which the first took place in London in 1881, and the second in Washington, in October, 1891. The word "œcumenical" might, at first sight, seem too ambitious for any Protestant body, but when it is recalled that John Wesley took the peopled world (œcumené) for his parish, there is in this case a peculiar fitness in it. The Washington Council gave rise to some spirited debates from which it was made evident that the Wesleyans of the United Kingdom shared in that broadening of dogma which has marked the religious progress of British Christendom and which had placed one of the authors of "Essays and Reviews" in the high seat of St. Augustine, Theodore and St. Thomas. The disclosures seemed to take some of the cis-Atlantic members by surprise. One of the ornaments of that Council was the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., editor and reviser of Dr. Carpenter's great work on the "Microscope and its Revelations." He was at Montreal when Dr. Carpenter, the friend of Sir J. W. Dawson, imposed his hands on the head of our Dr. Osler.

Congregationalism was not likely to stand still in the midst of such activity. One of the most remarkable outcomes of its spirit, as modified by the thought and conditions of the time, was the scheme of union formulated and issued at the Triennial Council at Syracuse, in October, 1895. It took the shape of an elaborate joint report of two committees—one on Denominational Comity, the other on Union with other Denominations. In briefest form, it offered as a basis of union acceptance of the Holy Scriptures, discipleship of Jesus Christ, belief in a church whose essential mission is to preach the Gospel, and liberty of conscience in interpretation and administration. On this basis it was hoped that the churches might have fruitful fellowship and co-operation and look forward hopefully to the ultimate visible union of all churches into one body of Christ.

Not least interesting to students of human society, in connection with the drawing together of the Congregational churches, has been the fresh light shed on the incunabula of the system, both in England and Holland. Congregationalism, once the rival of both "Establishments" for ecclesiastical supremacy, is associated with some of the greatest leaders and events in our chequered history, and formed one of the germs out of which the great adjoining republic was, in due time, to spring to life. It is also, in a sense, a "mater ecclesiarum."

The church that Roger Williams founded and then abandoned, and which is now one of the most flourishing denominations on this continent, has also participated in the unitary tendency of our time. The energies of the Baptist churches have been especially shown in organizations for the young and in home and foreign missions. The Friends (who were largely represented in the Loyalist settlement of Ontario) had also their convention. Liberal Christianity showed its strength in the same way. But these gatherings of bodies of like name, creed or polity, sink almost into insignificance when they are compared with the strength of organized work indicated by such agencies as the Young Men's Christian Association, the World's Christian Temperance Union, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League (whose name shows it to be Wesleyan), the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, the Church Army, the Young Women's Christian Association and others of general or special religious or moral aim.

Among movements which, though not expressly organized to promote the unity of Christendom, have done much to bring members of all Christian communions into co-operation for the special end of reclaiming the lost sheep of any or all of them, the Salvation Army holds a foremost place The Volunteers of the United States form a branch (schismatic, unhappily) of the same wonderful organization. Such efforts as are indicated by the name of the Boys' Brigade have also taken many forms, while other specialties of Christian work—some of them of real

importance—it is simply impossible to enumerate. They all bear witness to that prevalent note of our age which, whatever it may imply for the years to come, no historian can ignore. The aspiration after unity had its almost incredible culmination at the Columbian Exhibition, held at Chicago in 1893, in what was called the Parliament of Religions. On that occasion professors of the oldest and the newest creeds met in harmony in the same hall, spoke on the same platform. A Prince of the Church of Rome offered prayer, invoking the divine blessing on the deliberations of a gathering composed of "Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics," as the Anglican collect concisely groups them, as well as faithful of his own great communion, smiling Orientals of various schisms, headed by a Greek archbishop, and "pious variers" from both new and old Rome bearing the designations of their choice. To these were added representatives of Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism; of the Brahmo Somaj, of the Moslems and Theosophists of the New World, and other intermediaries between to-day and uncounted yesterdays.

In no respect has the revolution that has come to pass in our time been so profound or so sweeping as in education. The boy or girl of to-day takes as a matter of course advantages of training that were denied to even the most favoured of the young people of fifty years ago. This improvement, which affects every grade of school as well as the colleges and universities, consists not merely in a more reasonable division of labour among the various branches of knowledge—instead of giving exorbitant precedence to one or two of those branches—but in better qualified teachers and an architecture and equipment of school and college buildings more in keeping with health, bodily and mental, and the development of all the powers. These reforms which disclose, on the part of communities and individuals, a wise foresight and a generosity that vies with the piety of mediæval founders, may be said to fall well within our semi-centennial. At first the old foundations of Europe obstinately opposed the innovations demanded—less classics and mathematics and more natural science, an open door to all creeds and both sexes, and fuller provision for the needs of practical life. It was feared at first that concession meant the death-blow to classical scholarship, but this has not been the case. The classics of Greece and Rome, while they are omitted by those who would, by the old regime, have been forced against the grain to undergo a perfunctory course of them, are studied with profit under able masters by those who are drawn to them by innate gifts. These may, if they choose, complete their course in the schools of Athens or Italy under trained teachers of archæology.

For natural philosophy and applied science the equipment in some institutions is of an almost embarrassing abundance. Well stocked museums answer and stimulate the enquiries of those who love natural history, while outdoor excursions and sometimes summer expeditions supplement what is taught in class. Even psychology, once taught wholly by book, has now an apparatus of its own that vies in amplitude and delicacy with any of those indicated above. Fifty years ago the idea of having a professor of anthropology at Oxford would have "shocked all common sense." It was not until 1884 that the British Association admitted it to the honour of a section—Prof. E. B. Tylor being its first president, with Dr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Wilson and Horatio Hale among the vice-presidents.

To be Continued.

A DAY'S SONG.*

A REVIEW.

TO all lovers of true poetry the announcement of a new book by John Stuart Thomson will be very welcome. For some years Mr. Thomson has been a constant contributor to periodicals noted for the exceptional quality of the poetry they select, and his first volume, "Estabelle and Other Verse," published in 1897, proved that verse admirable in its separate and individual examples was also admirable in the mass. In his latest volume Mr. Thomson has deepened the impression created by "Estabelle." In "A Day's Song" he has gained complete control of his voice, so to speak, and in many respects has improved in the technique of his art. In an age when young poets are too apt to strain after effect, and borrow any simile that may startle and shock, when the barbarisms of Kipling have come to be the stale stock-in-trade of many who write to catch the popular ear, it is refreshing to find a poet whose nature prompts him to seek inspiration from men who never will grow old, who are everlastingly youthful both in their methods and the ideas they convey. Mr. Thomson has fellowship of ideals with Robert Bridges in our day, and they both are akin to the masters of song who charmed Elizabeth's time—to Carew and Campion, to Fletcher and Johnson—that is to say that in Mr. Thomson's verse one is charmed by beauty of movement, by naive turns of expression, and by purity of diction. In the ideas expressed, allowing always for the modern standpoint, there is the same joy in the freshness of objective nature; the later poems have the idyllic outlook that we find when we turn the pages of these old masters of the lyric. He is forever haunted by the idea of the purity of nature, her dewy charm and exquisite beauty. His style is happily calculated to convey such impressions in clear and limpid images and cadences.

Mr. Thomson is moreover an observer of nature upon his own responsibility; not taking for granted the epithets and phases which have been used by others, he applies frequently a new criticism of his own to the familiar aspects. In the section of his book that he entitles "Spring," many of his most felicitous verses will be found. In "A Spring Song" and "April Groves" the effect he produces and sustains is fresh and unhackneyed. A verse from the latter poem may be selected in proof:

"What rare employment hath the vernal wind,
Blowing to yellow flames the daffodil,
How spends the spring the riches of her mind
To form and dye another blossom still,
A wild bud rarer than the lotus bloom,
Touched with a tint of pink unknown before,
And petals polished smooth as Kashmire's rose,
Woven on finer loom
Than those that knit the veils the Tyrians wore,
Lucent as stream that over marble flows."

This stanza is a favourite form with Mr. Thomson, and he brings out its power of sustained melody with an unerring hand. The long poem "Autumn," with its rich colouring and quiet tone, and "A Winter Village," with its pleasant homely pictures are written in this form, well chosen for the subjects. The latter poem is an excellent example of Mr. Thomson's skill in arousing new interest in well-worn familiar scenes, and if space would permit it might be quoted at length. The section devoted to philosophical poems, the one which transcribes the stoical philosophy, has a fine refrain:

* "A Day's Song," by John Stuart Thomson. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, gilt top, 124 pp.

"Denial asks such favours small;
Yea, greater is my dignity:
So rich am I, I give up all;
Longings nor hopes now conquer me.

Possessing nothing, I give o'er
The wish for joy, so am supreme.

The two sonnets in the same section, "The Glamor," and "The Months," are solid and well-executed; the last has many lines of great beauty, and the movement of the sonnet itself is excellent. These two poems show the desire which Mr. Thomson has for perfection of form. Of greater individuality, however, are his short lyrics. For example, "Even-time," in which the poet has invented the mould into which he has poured his ideas. This short sixteen-line poem is so happily conceived that it must be quoted as a fair example of "A Day's Song."

"In meadows deep with hay I see
The reapers' steel flash sparklingly,
And bobolinks at play;
And in the iris-bordered coves
Frail lilies, shaded by the groves,
Moor all the golden day.
I watch a flicker rise on sun-lit wings
High where a pewee sings,
Apollo's messenger
To the lone piper of the fir.
Where rolling western hills look like
Waves of aerial seas, the sunsets strike,
And, wrecking, dye the clouds with gold.
Moon-wheeled, Eve's chariot is rolled
On through the high, star-spangled doors,
To Night's dark murmurous shores."

The poem "Israfel" is worthy of special praise for its quiet beauty:

He touched the chords, he heard the sound
Spread like the moon at night;
He was an angel who had found
Reverie, delight.

Unto himself he played, nor knew
What trembled on the strings;
As the uprising lark the dew
Shakes from his wings.

. . . . . .

He saw the seraphs, like a flame,
Rise to the blinding throne;
Cherubs and angels, name on name,
And he alone

Absent, the guardian wings descend,
To bear a mortal's prayer,
Or save a man's soul at the end
Of his despair.

But he was held by this content
Of helpless, thralling joy,
As fading petals close the scent
That they destroy.

He was no hero, yet the flow
Of those far echoes seemed
The plaudits that the victors know,
Or, sleeping, dreamed.

Like incense of a secret prayer,
Breathed from the holy night;
Like the warm auburn of his hair,
It soothed his sight.

He dreamed, and still he struck the harp,
And sprayed the crystal shower,
A burst of bird-notes, clear and sharp,
In a spring hour.

Recurrent melodies that blend,
As rainbow colours melt;
Notes glowing, self-consumed, that end
Before half-felt.

He was God's angel innocent,
Called to no glorious strife:
Love's pureness, that in its fragrance spent
Its beauteous life.

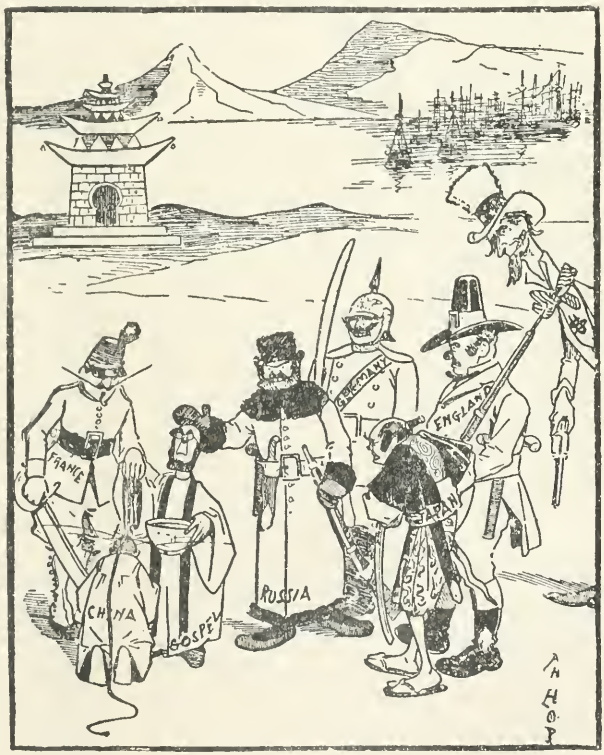
"Psyche in Tempe" is a lyrical treatment of a well-worn subject that wins an impression of modernity from a classical story. In Mr. Thomson's first volume there were several ballads of striking quality, and the best, "The Vale of Estabelle," is reprinted in the new book. It has a distinctive beauty, and it would be hard to find a ballad that has a more haunting cadence. Seemingly simple and artless, it has a thrilling power that recalls Edgar Allan Poe, and no one can read it without a memory of some little graveyard that will always thereafter be linked to "the little time-stained headstones in the vale of Estabelle." The volume itself is a very dainty example of the bookmakers' art, in perfect taste throughout, a suitable gift for lovers of poetry and well-built books. Without, it is a harmony of green and gold; within, the abode of charming melodies and graceful pictures.

D. C. S.

Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

ONE of the most important developments in international affairs during the century which has just closed has been the great growth of the policy of expansion or Imperialism among the leading nations of the world. This has been characteristic particularly of the latter part of the century. Since 1870, when the German Empire was unified and consolidated, we have seen a steadily increasing rivalry in the acquisition of new territory. Into the causes of this we need not enter; but the fact should be mentioned as the dominant factor in the international policy which the new century inherits from the old. During the past thirty years nearly all the wars have been made profitable by gains in territory, even if they were not prompted by the desire for gain. The British Empire has grown enormously; but, proportionally, France's dominions have increased almost as fast; Germany is not far behind; Russia has steadily absorbed whole districts; even Austria added a province in the Balkans; Italy tried, although with poor success, to found an empire in Africa; Japan conquered ports and a great island from China; and, lastly, the United States has set out in the same course. It is remarkable that so far conflicts between the rival powers have been avoided. The process cannot long continue without conflict. For what is there left? Africa has no more unclaimed lands; the islands of the Pacific are divided up; and China, whose fate is even now hanging in the balance, is the only rich prize in Asia. South America will escape only as long as the pretensions of the Monroe doctrine are negative in character. It is now, as it were, a preserve for the United States. How these rival ambitions can be adjusted is the problem for this century to solve. There have already been beginnings of friendly co-operation as in Crete and now in



"CHRISTIANIZING" CHINA.

CHORUS OF THE POWERS (to Missionary): "You have done well, little man. You have applied the lotion; we will rub it in." —*Sydney Bulletin, N. S. W.*

The Great President. The Ex-President. Mr. Kruger.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY ——

—Cape Town Owl.

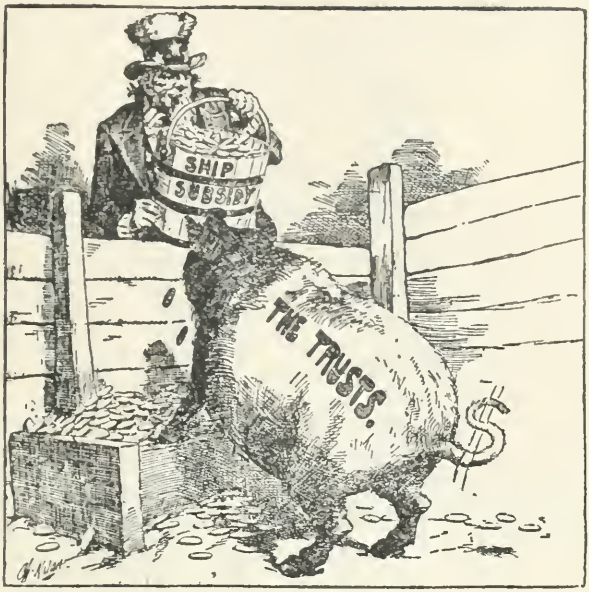
China. If this new policy continues to develop we may find that ambition will have a new field in international co-operation, but unfortunately there is nothing in what has already happened to warrant any great confidence that civilization has yet reached the point where continued co-operation is possible. It is hard to believe that the nations which now have such impetus along the lines of expansion could be suddenly checked and made content with problems of administration instead of those of acquisition. We must, therefore, face the not remote probability of conflict. If this is to be avoided, the voices of those who disapprove of pushing national ambition to the point of extreme danger must be heard. Frederick Harrison, in a recent article, used a phrase with reference to the British Imperialism of to-day which, while it cannot be accepted as altogether truthful, has yet in it some suggestiveness. He called this Imperialism the new "Mahdism." It is the thing which might be called "Mahdism" which the nations must avoid.

Strained relations between Holland and Portugal were revealed during the past month. No serious consequences are to be expected for the very simple reason that Britain immediately announced herself on the side of Portugal, and no other great Power was ready to take the side of Holland.

The trouble arose over slight disagreements in regard to what Portugal should have allowed at Delagoa Bay and was the outcome of the active favouring of the Boers by the representatives and people of Holland, and the neutrality of Portugal, or, if anything, its partiality toward the British side. It has been known for many years that Britain was inclined to stand back of Portugal, but the presence of the British fleet at Lisbon when this last situation became acute, and the speeches of the British Minister and British Admiral, in which the word alliance was distinctly used, and which were answered in like terms by members of the Portuguese Government, left no doubt that the understanding between the two countries is of a formal nature. In the light of what was said at Lisbon it is easy to understand why Portugal raised no great objection to the use by British troops of the route from Beira into Rhodesia.

Poor Paul Kruger! If it were not that there are so many aspects of pathos about the old man who has visited Europe with the hope of obtaining assistance for his country in her extremity, it would be hard to resist the temptation to satire. He was received in France with applause and hurrahs, but the French Cabinet decided that it was not opportune to bring Transvaal affairs before the Chamber at the present time. He desired to visit Germany, but the Emperor sent him a gentle note to the effect that interference on his behalf was not opportune and therefore his visit to Berlin could only arouse the anger of a country with which Germany was on friendly terms. He desired to see the Czar of Russia, but the Czar had sense enough to have a period of illness. He was therefore compelled to carry his mourning to the Netherlands which State can give him nothing but sym-

pathy. Poor Mr. Kruger, the world he has invaded with his cant and hypocrisy is fully supplied with these two virtues and knows how to appreciate them at their true worth. He is like Humpty-Dumpty, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't make him President of the Transvaal again.



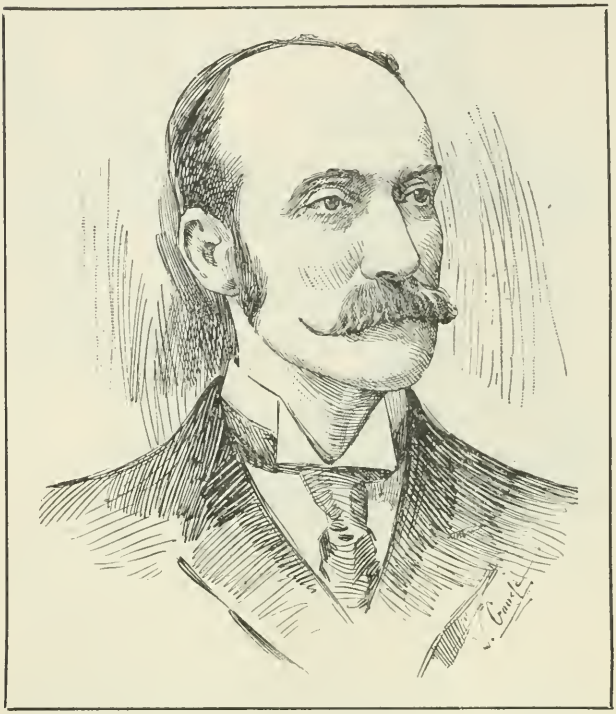
MORE, ALWAYS MORE.

—*The Philadelphia North American.*

The United States has not settled the Philippine problem, but it has grown tired of a discussion of it. With a sigh of relief it has turned to a discussion of an older theme, the possibility of an Isthmian Canal to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. The Isthmian Canal Commission has reported concerning the partially-built Panama Canal and the proposed Nicaraguan Canal. The former will cost 150 millions to complete; the latter 200 millions to construct. The former gives a twelve-hours' passage; the latter a thirty-three-hours' passage. The former is under the control of Colombia and the present syndicate; the latter is under the control of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. If the people of the United States could buy out Colombia and the Panama Canal Syndicate, they would finish that canal. If they could buy off Great Britain and bury the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, they would build the Nicaraguan Canal and guard it with U.S. regulars. Either is a difficult problem, and the discussion is therefore very interesting. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, now being considered, does not do away with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and is therefore not satisfactory to the U.S. Senate, the body which must ratify it or reject it. It will therefore reject it by proposing amendments which Great Britain, the other party to the treaty, will not accept. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty will therefore fall through, and the United States will fall back on the Monroe doctrine and Great Britain on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It will be a case of "As you were."

What next? There is a possibility that the outstanding Canadian questions will be off-set against the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the United States yielding some of its fishery and Alaskan claims, and Great Britain yielding the Clayton-Bulwer treaty so as to enable the United States to build the Nicaraguan Canal and close it in time of war. The possibility is remote, however, and it is likely that the outstanding questions between the two great Anglo-Saxon Empires will remain unsettled for some years to come.

The British Cabinet has been reconstructed. Lord Salisbury is now Prime Minister only. Lord Lansdowne is Foreign Minister and Mr. Brodrick succeeds him as Secretary for War. Mr. Chamberlain remains sponsor of the colonies, and Mr. Goschen retires,



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.—THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Lord Selborne is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lord Lansdowne has been received in his important office with mixed feelings. He is not a strong man, but he was the best man under the circumstances. As Governor-General of Canada he was a fair success. As ruler of India he was not a failure. As controller of the War Office he was conservative yet progressive. As Foreign Minister he will be courteous and safe. His ability may be middling, but his character and accomplishments are above reproach.

Lady Lansdowne is well remembered by many Canadians. She is one of the group of sisters immortalized by Lord Beaconsfield in "Lothair." She was married in 1869, and was then considered a great beauty. She is tall and slight, has perfectly formed features and an eminently aristocratic air. She dresses well but not extravagantly. Her social career as a hostess is without a blemish, and as wife of the Foreign Minister of Great Britain she will have a responsible part in the ruling of the world during the next five years.

The war in South Africa is dragging out a weary length of days. The famous Boer general, de Wet, has been corralled and forced to fight his last fight some nine times and is still at large. Apparently he has more lives than the cat. The new commander-in-chief, Lord Kitchener, has called for more mounted infantry. He recognizes that foot soldiers are of little use against the Boers—except, of course, they be Canadian foot soldiers. He will use mounted infantry to fight out this guerilla war. When he gets enough at hand, he will speedily make matters warmer for Mr. de Wet than even the optimistic correspondent has been able to do. But all this takes time. Meanwhile, we shall continue to hear of the British Tommy surrendering in large chunks. Tommy's legs are good, but they are not good enough for the fast retreats or swift advances necessary.

How would it do to shorten the course at Aldershot and send the British officer, and as many Tommies as possible, to finish the course by hunting wapiti and bear in the Rocky Mountains and rounding up cattle on the plains of Alberta?

The pacification of South Africa will be slow—so slow. The two races will find it hard to agree, and the politicians will see that the hardness of the situation is maintained. There is no Canadian who knows his native history well that will envy Sir Alfred Mil-

ner his job as chief administrative officer in British South Africa. If he had double the usual length of years to live out, his Boswell might write him down a successful man.

At last have the allies come to an agreement upon the general features of the demands to be made upon China. The terms of the joint note handed to the Chinese representatives show two things clearly, that the allies do not regard China as being in the same class as themselves, and that they are determined she shall not become a strong Power. They are working upon a certain conception of Chinese character. They evidently believe that ceremonial and form play a greater part in Chinese life than in the life of other peoples. Upon this hypothesis they insist, for example, that an extraordinary mission be despatched to Berlin to express regret for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, and that a monument be erected at the place of his assassination bearing an inscription in Latin, German and Chinese embodying these regrets; that expiatory monuments be erected in the foreign and international cemeteries desecrated; that official examinations be suspended for five years in cities where outrages on foreigners were committed; and that decrees of various kinds be published. Such measures would only exasperate Western peoples, and if carried out under compulsion would be a sham of a hollow kind. They may be effective in China. But they show that the allies are judging the Chinese, not by Western standards, but by theories of the working of the Chinese mind. It will be extremely interesting to observe the results of this experiment in applied psychology.

In more practical matters, the allies demand an indemnity, the punishment of ringleaders, the continuance of the interdiction against the importation of arms and of materials used exclusively in the manufacture of arms and ammunition, the destruction of forts commanding the line of communications between Pekin and the sea, the right to maintain permanent legation guards and to fortify the diplomatic quarter in Pekin, the right to occupy strategical points between Pekin and the coast, new treaties of commerce and navigation, and a reform of the Chinese Foreign Office and court ceremonial of reception of foreign representatives. If China felt strong enough to resist further aggression it would pay her to let the allies keep what they have now got rather than grant these demands. She has already virtually lost Manchuria and the Liao-tung peninsula, and with strong foreign guards in fortified legations in Pekin and foreign garrisons between that place and the coast, she would lose control in the province of Chili, and so be little better off than she is to-day when foreign troops completely occupy that province. Only a feeling of helplessness and a strong desire for peace could induce her to accept the terms. Taking all conditions into consideration, these terms may be the best that could be devised, but they do not settle the Chinese question; at most they only postpone a final settlement.

QUATRAIN.

LO! the dim Midnight clothed in ghostly fear,
Doth watch the coming of the spectral feet!
A priestess crowned with stars, and rapt to hear
The hush of awe wherein the centuries meet!

John Arbory.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

HAVE you ever tried to realize the wonderful difference which exists in the home life of the women of Canada at this the beginning of the twentieth century from that which prevailed here a hundred years ago? The house mother must have been a busy woman then. True, she is, generally speaking, a busy woman now; but her occupations and interests are widely different from those of her great-grandmother, upon whose individual knowledge, executive ability and domestic industry the welfare and comfort of the household so largely depended. To instance a few of the many changes in household affairs we have only to recall the fact that little wheat was grown in the country then, and that corn was largely used as a substitute. In those good old days, therefore, instead of ordering a bag of superfine flour from the grocer by telephone, the housewife who lived away from town or village, was obliged to take the dried corn and grind it on a large flat stone, slightly hollowed in the centre, by the aid of another stone which she held in her hand. The nearest grist mill was probably more than a hundred miles away. The corn-flour that she thus produced was at least wholesome, and if it contained a good deal of grist may have been none the worse for that. The bread made from this flour would be baked in a large brick oven, beside the wide fireplace, or else, lacking that, would be cooked in what was called a "Dutch" oven, a sort of iron pot standing on four legs, closely covered, around and on top of which the glowing embers were piled. Nor was there any need to specify that the finished article was "home-made," for there probably was no "baker's" bread in the country.

THEN AND NOW.

Providing clothing for the family meant a lot of work at that time and was no light undertaking, for not only were factories and departmental stores with their well-fitting, ready-made clothing at moderate prices, quite undreamed of, but clothiers' shops, or indeed shops of any kind were few and far between. Therefore the house mother had to spin the flax and wool and weave it into cloth. Afterwards she made this cloth into garments by hand, for the sewing-machine, which is now the possession of all but the very poor, was not invented for many years after the century began. When so much was involved in their manufacture it is no wonder that clothes had long lives and that fashions therefore changed slowly.

In the summer the men and women wore straw hats that had been plaited and sewn at home, and in the winter the warm quilted hoods that covered if they did not adorn the heads of the women were also made by themselves.

As to cooking the bill of fare was restricted, of necessity, and the kitchen presented a great contrast to the typical kitchen of the modern house to-day. No taps were there with their ready flow of hot and cold water. No gas nor coal range was in use, nor even the familiar wood-cooking stove of our childhood. Instead there was the big fireplace under the chimney in which burned merrily the fire made of long sticks of cordwood. An iron crane hung from one side of the fireplace and on it were pot-hooks and the jack, or turn-spit, on which the joints were suspended to roast.

They did not buy twenty-one pounds

of granulated sugar for a dollar then, because of granulated or pulverized sugar there was none. The wealthy may have used a limited quantity of the expensive loaf sugar (so called from the shape of the pyramid in which it came) but the average household depended principally on maple sugar of its own manufacture, which was afterwards superseded by the coarse brown West India sugar of commerce. The making of soap, both hard soap and soft soap, the drying of apples, and other industries of the kind were part of the yearly routine in every household. In the laundry there were no stationary washtubs, no washing machines, no wringers, no mangles, and all the laundry work of the family was of necessity done at home. "Early to bed" must have been a maxim easy to obey at that time, for there was not much temptation to keep late hours when the light of home-made tallow candles was not a very brilliant illumination for the long winter evenings. Nor were there daily newspapers, fascinating new books, nor attractive magazines to tempt one to strain one's eyes to read in that faint light. The evolution from the tallow candle to the wax or paraffine candles bought by the half dozen, the lard lamp, on to the coal oil lamp, to gas, and to electric light would of itself be an interesting history to study.

In those days, again, they did not dash off brief letters by pen or typewriter to friends in Great Britain, enclosing the same in envelopes, stamping with two cent stamps, and sending them off fully expecting the destination to be reached in a week. When one wrote "home" at the time of which we are thinking, it was no hasty effusion, but a long, closely-written document which was folded up and sealed. Envelopes and stamps were unknown. The receiver, and not the sender, paid the carriage, which amounted to a shilling at least. Under these circumstances the writing of a letter would naturally be an event of importance in the household, and as the epistle would be a month at least in crossing the Atlantic the long period of waiting for an answer must have tried the patience sorely.

It is not to be wondered at that our foremothers were not given to taking many journeys, for railways did not exist in the country, and steamships were not invented. Stage coaches were uncomfortable owing to bad roads and were very few. Passages on sailing vessels on the lakes were also costly and uncertain. Indeed, I remember hearing of a gentleman who some sixty years ago was anxious to reach his home near Niagara from Montreal, as his child was very ill. Owing to contrary winds some weeks were spent by him on river and lake before he arrived at his destination. The evolution from sailing vessels, canoes, or stage coaches, to steamship, railway coach, bicycle and automobile makes a capital illustration of progress through the century.

Of social visiting there was of course little when "neighbours" meant people who lived some miles away. Though "days" and "at-homes" were unknown to the women then, there was a true spirit of hospitality that it is feared is sometimes lacking amid the rush and crowding of these times.

As one thinks of these things one realizes that the deliverance from so much manual toil and drudgery which the invention and use of machinery has made possible to-day means for women the privilege of more leisure for outdoor life and time to cultivate the nobler parts of our being. All privileges bring with them responsibilities. To-day, as of old, the responsibility of the right living of her household, in all senses of the term, calls largely on the housekeeper, and now as never before, thanks to the application of science to the affairs of the home, every woman has the privilege, if she will, of learning the best ways in all household matters, so that disease may be prevented and the home made beautiful in every detail. What the woman of A.D. 2000 will think of us and of our ways we cannot surmise, and as we try to guess at the progress of the next

century imagination fails. By that time, however, the domestic problem will be solved, people will have learned to eat the food they individually need, and possible co-operative housekeepers will be an old story.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The Woman's Club in Montreal arranges a series of interesting lectures each season, which is very popular with the members and their friends. One of these lectures was given lately by Dr. Le Rossignol, whose subject was "Woman's Work." Dr. Le Rossignol, who is a Canadian by birth, and a graduate of McGill, is connected with Denver University, but is now delivering a course of lectures upon Political Economy at his alma mater. The statistics quoted concerning the various vocations engaged in by women had reference principally to the United States, where four-fifths of the women are employed at home. It was shown that even back to savage days women had many outdoor employments, and while the demand for female labour at present is no greater than for that of men, the question is not one of sex, but of efficient satisfactory labour. Speaking of the fact that the general education of women is defective and lacking in special or technical training, the lecturer urged that every girl as well as every boy should be thoroughly trained in some profession or business. The question of the employment of women is one of vast importance to the State. With women engaged in the industries the products are greater, wages increase, the women become producers as well as consumers, and the result is greater national prosperity. Dr. Le Rossignol's opinion is that woman's work supplements, not displaces, man's work, and that "whatever ought to be will be—the gradual evolution of woman has been and is still continually going on towards the highest goal. Woman's sphere includes all positions that women can satisfactorily fill, and being intelligent human beings, they have the right to liberty of choice." In this connection it may be said that the Paris Handbook, to which reference has been made, contains many interesting facts concerning women's work in Canada. Only to enumerate some of its unusual employments, it is interesting to know that there are two women lawyers, about twenty-five pharmaceutists, eleven dentists, very many women farmers, an ice dealer, a woman blacksmith, a lime burner, a gunsmith, a pawnbroker, and that in Fraserville, Que., the only barber is a woman.

The article in the last number on paying calls has called forth several comments from readers. An Ottawa lady urges that when attending a tea or reception cards should be left in lieu of a call afterwards. Another lady thinks that calls should not be exchanged more than once a year, unless in case of illness or in return for hospitality. Still another makes the radical suggestion that cards be sent to all on one's visiting list at the beginning of each season, and that visits in person be only made informally to particular friends or upon special occasions. Only one reader expresses the opinion that the present custom requires no modification or improvement.

MRS. JAS. STRACHAN.

"Toronto is the poorer for her death," truly said one who had known her well. They talked together of Mrs. James Strachan, whose death occurred last month. And, indeed, it is so, for in this rushing, bustling age, there are not many women whose gracious personality, whose sweet face, reflecting the sweetness and kindness of the soul within, whose whole being so truly typified the gentlewoman as she who has passed away. Mrs. Strachan was a daughter of the late Hon. Sir John Beverley Robinson, Baronet, C.B., and was born at Beverley House, Toronto, on Sept. 3rd, 1823. Marrying Captain

James McGill Strachan, 68th Regt., a son of the renowned first Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. Strachan was, therefore, connected with two distinguished Canadian families. She was educated in Toronto and England, and on her marriage, in 1844, she lived at "The Cottage," near the Bishop's Palace. She took an active part in philanthropic undertakings and in church affairs, especially in connection with St. James' Cathedral, with which she was identified since it was the wooden structure of history; and it is difficult to imagine any church gathering there without the presence of Mrs. Strachan, upon whose wise judgment and tactful leadership her fellow-workers were wont to rely. As a Life Member of the Church of England Woman's Auxiliary to Missions, and as a member of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society, Mrs. Strachan was always a regular and interested attendant. Mrs. Strachan was interested in and long connected with many of the charitable institutions in Toronto; the Boys' Home, the House of Industry, and the Toronto Free Dispensary —all revered her as a kind and practical friend. Of the last named, Mrs. Strachan was for some years the treasurer. In the Old Folks' Home from its beginning she was a frequent visitor; the ills and trials of the aged poor appealing specially to her sympathy. Mrs. Strachan's personality was of a type not found in the present generation. Trained in the old-world school of manners, her presence lent grace and dignity to any gathering on any occasion. "Mrs. Strachan, ah! she was a Duchess!" remarked a business-man of her; yet hers was the nobility which springs from the entire forgetfulness of self. In her presence men and women felt and showed the best that was in them. Beautiful alike in person and in character, in speech and in act, she has left a pure and fragrant memory, and an example which we of a younger generation shall do well to revere and in some measure to imitate.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

It is, perhaps, in the framework of her home-life, as the genial hostess and kind, sympathetic friend, that those

THE LATE MRS. JAMES STRACHAN.

who knew her best will always love to picture her.

A pathetic incident in connection with her passing away was the death of her lifelong friend, Mrs. Jarvis, née Miss Irving, on the day following, and their funerals in St. James' Cathedral at the same hour will not soon be forgotten by their fellow-citizens.

The good work which is being accomplished throughout the country by the Victorian Order of Nurses is much appreciated by those who experience it. All the nurses are, of course, in the first place graduates of recognized training schools, and to this is added a six months' training in district nursing, which, of course, differs widely from the experience gained in well-equipped hospitals. As this district training can be learned with advantage only in large cities, the two training homes of the Order are established in Montreal and Toronto, and from these the nurses pass on to work in other towns and cities in outlying districts. At the last meeting of the Board of Governors in Ottawa the chief Lady Superintendent, Miss McLeod, reported that forty-one nurses (not including those now in training) are working in various places, including Brandon, Vernon, Little Current, Kingston, Hamilton, Port Arthur, Fort Frances, Muskoka, Algoma, Halifax, New Richmond, and other places. Five cottage hospitals are also connected with the Order, and at this meeting the Countess of Minto urged very strongly the importance of increasing the number of cottage hospitals in the Northwest. It was also encouraging to find that although the fees charged, when any, are of necessity very small, yet the amount thus received has increased greatly, especially in country places.

LOVE'S TASK.

AS the pure heaven-sent snow 'mid the dark night
Covers the drear, brown earth that sullen seems,
With her soft, shining mantle and the light
Breaks on a world as fair as angels' dreams,
Love, while the world still dreams with tender care,
Covers our sad deformities, and lo! we're fair.

Helen Baptie Lough

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

FOR nineteen centuries of years the angels have sung "On earth peace, good-will toward men." For the same period of time men have acknowledged the doctrine but evaded its teaching. They have, to a great extent, been Machiavellian make-believes. When the three-century struggle between the church and heathen Rome came to an end with the reign of the Christian Emperor Constantine, the new day had apparently dawned. But different forms of Christianity, different schools of divines arose, and the days of disputes were begun. There was not yet either peace or good-will. It was a religious dispute which at the close of the eighth century divided the Empire of the East and the Empire of the West. The church of the Eastern Empire disagreed with the church of the Western Empire. In the West the church struggled with the emperors. In the Empire of the East arose the Greek Church ; in the Empire of the West, the Roman Church. There was no peace anywhere and little good-will. After the eleventh century reconciliation seemed impossible. The crusades were not undertaken in a spirit of peace and good-will and were unproductive of great results. It was a crusading army which overthrew the Eastern Empire, the great bulwark of Christendom against the Saracens and the Turks. Punishment followed, for the Western Empire began to break up. The church itself was not a unit ; there were rival Popes at Avignon and Rome, and the Council of Pisa chose a third. Then followed the burning of Huss and Jerome, the Bohemian disciples of Wickliffe, and the fall of Constantinople and the triumph of the Ottoman power in the East.

MAKE-BELIEVE VS. CHARITY.

The middle ages passed away and modern Europe with its numerous growing nations, instead of one Roman Empire, came into existence. The Eastern Church remained quiescent until the present century. The Western Church broke into pieces during that phase known as the Reformation period. The revival of learning and the frivolousness of the Popes discredited for a time the old church. From that time forward we have the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, both crying peace and good-will, but seldom practising either. The Protestants hated the Roman Catholics and occasionally burned them at the stake. "Bloody" Mary's reign in England, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, the Inquisition in Spain are events which show how the Roman Catholics treated the Protestants.

Nor has the nineteenth century been one of peace and good-will, despite the cessation of religious persecution as such, the abolition of slavery, the growth of knowledge and culture. The greatest of national aims is not to maintain peace, but to provide armaments for war. The spirit of conquest is still in the blood. A leading Canadian poet sends his last nineteenth century message to his fellow-men in the following words :

> Resound old freedom's martial call,
> Heard long our fathers' fields upon !
> Whate'er betide, whoe'er may fall,
> The mighty battle must go on.

And yet it is many centuries since Paul, the reformer, penned the sentiment : "Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." If we believe in peace and good-will, why should we not have charity and suffer long ? Why should we not be prepared to lose something rather than go to war ? If our principles are right and

destined to win, why not let them win in the ways of peace rather than in the ways of carnage?

Canada has much of the spirit of make-believe and much lack of the spirit of charity. There is a hollowness in our business life, our political life, our social life, our religious life which reveals a weakness which does not make for progress. That this hollowness is not greater than the make-believe of any other nation can be no excuse. The standards of other nations are not those by which we should measure ourselves.

TWO MEN IN CONTRAST

There are two men who are typical of the day and the contrast between them is great. We may call them Aristo and Demo.

Aristo is the son of a successful father. With inherited name and wealth, he is making himself a power in the world. To rise rapidly, to develop his individuality, to work out his plans, he must not know his neighbour. When that neighbour is in the way so much the worse for the neighbour. If the neighbour be a merchant in a small way, Aristo crushes him in a large way. If the neighbour be a rival manufacturer, Aristo changes the tariff, raises the price of the neighbour's raw product, undermines the neighbour's credit, sells the neighbour's company-stock at a low figure, or in some other way presses him to earth. Aristo recognizes that the neighbour must be overcome if the Strong-Man is to develop. Aristo therefore inaugurates a departmental store; he builds a railroad with government assistance; he floats a mining company and induces the people to buy its shares; he gets a franchise for a street railway, issues stock to the full value of the road, which the public readily buy, and then mortgages the road for its full value; he gets his competitors in the manufacture of a certain line of goods to come in with him to save expenses, and shortly afterwards as president of the company dismisses them all and runs a business which knows no competition.

Not one neighbour may be spared. The college professor who talks doctrines of which Aristo does not approve is a neighbour. Aristo makes a donation to the college, becomes a governor, and the neighbour-professor is a wanderer on the face of the earth. Aristo gives largely to foreign missions, to educational institutions, and other branches of church work, and the ministers call him blessed. To them his voice is second only to that of the Holy Ghost.

Aristo is not wholly selfish, for he has nothing personally to gain from all this. It entails a life of energy and determination. It means early rising and late retiring. It means abstemiousness with regard to theatres, wine suppers and profligacy of all kinds. It means a strenuous life and at the end a simple bier and a red-sealed document which leaves everything to one or two young men who may or may not be new Aristos.

Aristo does not know himself why he is so ambitious. His wife shares his ambitions and reaps, perhaps, greater rewards than he; but neither can she explain. It is an inspiration, divine or devilish, which is greater than Aristo himself.

The inspiration leads him to take thought and add cubits to his stature, that he may become the greatest financier, banker, manufacturer or railway operator in his country. He does not aim to be all of these, but one only. He is a master specialist, realizing by intuition that the day of the all-round man has gone. He concentrates on one thing with persistent purpose and invincible industry. He aims high and fights hard.

Demo is in strong contrast. He is of a race of artisans, and the impulse of his actions is altruism, the love of his neighbour. Demo is the apostle of nature, of nature's God, of love, light, pity, truth. Demo hates a struggle, but he has compassion for the struggler. He sees him at the forge, in the warehouse, feeding the fires of the steam-generators, shovel-

ling coal in the depth of the water-waggon of commerce, behind the counter, at the desk, swinging the axe in the bush, handling the pole or the pike on the river, wielding the hoe or the sickle in the field—and seeing the struggler he sympathizes, for he too is a struggler. Saying kind words and doing kind deeds are the work which he believes is required of him under modern civilization. He cannot understand the cold, crisp current of pagan individualism, for he has a sympathy which embraces all mankind. He cannot conceive great projects, cannot develop large undertakings, cannot be a monarch of the world of industry. He can be only kind and generous and unknown. His great heart swells up with a flood of compassion for the oppressed heathen in the kingdom of the omnipotent ruler, for those in the wilds of a great continent dying of a plague for lack of scientific sanitation, for the stricken and dying in the red war, for the orphan in a dense city or in the mountainous wilds of a mining district—the sore, and the sick, and the dying require and receive his best. He writes his poetry for them, he paints his pictures for them, he preaches his loving sermons for them, he writes his songs for them, he talks on socialism and single-tax for them, he gives his coppers and his tears for them.

What would the world do without Aristo? What would the world do without Demo?

Aristo and Demo are the only two men who stand out as prominent products of the new civilization where commerce, and industry, and money monopolize attention. If it were not for Aristo where would be our factories, our railroads, our steamships, our universities, our statesmen, our soldiers? If it were not for Demo where would be our religion, our philanthropy, our music, our art, our literature, our higher criticism, our social activity, our intellectual and moral progress?

We cannot afford to lose either of these two men. We can only pray that the one may become more god-like, and the other less god-like, so that in the Twentieth Century which now dawns upon us there may be evolved a new type, a new Strong-Man who will embody the virtues of both, a new Aristo-Demo who will lead the peoples along the chariot path which the Mighty Without-Beginning-and-Without-End has made through the Hills and Dales of Eternity.

HON. REDMOND P. ROBLIN—SWORN IN LAST MONTH AS PREMIER OF MANITOBA IN SUCCESSION TO HON. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP CANADIAN STEEL.

Many people seem to doubt that the manufacture of steel in Cape Breton, Canada's newest great industry, will be a success. With the natural aversion for details, others speak glowingly of the prospects, although close questioning reveals no real idea of the underlying reasons.

The two great manufactories of steel on this continent are at Birmingham, in Alabama, and Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. Birmingham has its coal and iron ore close at hand, but must haul its steel to Mobile, a distance of 660 miles, and then ship it 5,000 miles to Europe. Pittsburgh has not so far to ship its finished pro-

duct, but it must bring its iron ore about 1,250 miles—from the shores of Lake Superior. The former place is handicapped by being a long distance from tide-water and from Europe, and the latter by being a long distance from its raw material.

Now at Sydney, the iron ore has to be brought 400 miles by water, but the coal, coke and limestone are close at hand. The furnaces are on tide-water, moreover, and much nearer Europe than either Birmingham or Pittsburgh. Viewing these facts, and considering that to make one ton of steel it requires two tones of iron ore, two tons of coal, and a half ton of limestone, it will easily be seen that steel furnaces at Sydney should be a success. The promoters of the Sydney industry claim that they have an advantage of $5 a ton over Pittsburgh and $3 a ton over Birmingham. Sydney is destined to be a great steel-producing centre.

With these facts in mind, can any one see the necessity for granting a government bounty on Canadian-made steel? Has it even as much justification as the railway subsidy? Will some wise man please answer these questions? Surely this country has given away enough money in unnecessary subsidies and bounties without continuing the policy in a case where the promoters themselves declare it to be unnecessary.

BOOKS THAT ARE NOT READ.

The publishers of London declare that Shakespeare continues to be a popular author. His works still sell in editions varying from one dollar to twenty-five. A writer in *The Outlook* thinks that these books are bought much as bric-a-bric or pictures for the furnishing of the house. "If all who bought their Shakespeare appreciated him," says this critic, "we should be virtually a nation of philosophers and poets."

A more apt comparison, perhaps, would be to compare the purchase of a volume or set of Shakespeare with the purchase of a family Bible. An enterprising business-man in Toronto, recently imported two talkative and experienced book-men from the United States to sell family Bibles, and was rewarded by having them dispose of many hundreds of copies at $12 each. The family Bible is popular, but whether read or not is another question.

Some time ago the writer called on a gentleman whose education was of the ordinary variety, and whose home was in a small Canadian town. On the centre-table in the drawing-room was a copy of the life of a great English statesman, by a Canadian author whose books sell well in country villages. The gentleman was asked whether he had ever read it. "No, I have not; my wife bought it from some book pedlar." The inference was that the wife felt that the house should have a book or two to help out the furniture.

A short time since a newly-married young barrister in a Canadian city was showing some friends his new home. He pointed with pride to an edition of Shakespeare in twenty-five morocco-cased volumes. He remarked, "I do not suppose that I shall ever read them, but they look nice."

People are much in the habit of buying books which they do not read. Thousands of sets of Balzac, Prescott, Stevenson and the standard authors, in expensive editions have been sold in this country in recent years—not bought because the purchasers felt an unconquerable desire to read them, but because the agent was a hard man to refuse. Balzac and Stevenson are to be found in ten times as many homes as there are readers of either. If I were a writer of books and desired to be read, I should have my works published in paper covers. When people buy paper-covered books they usually read them, even if they are as dull as mine would certainly be. If a book be published in cloth or leather, with a great plaster of gilt on the sides and back, it is a sure sign that the book would not sell if it were enclosed in paper covers and offered on its merits.

John A. Cooper.

CAPT. MAHAN ON THE WAR.

HITHERTO the books written on the South African war have been by newspaper correspondents. While to the journalist we may apply Dr. Johnson's words and say that he has

> Left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
> And touched nothing that he did not adorn,

we must confess to a preference, on the present occasion, for the judgment of a man who has made a life-long study of the art of war. Capt. Mahan, known to British readers by his able work on the influence of sea power upon modern history, is equally at home in expounding the sound principles of military strategy on land.* His book, therefore, deals with the struggle in South Africa from precisely that standpoint regarding which we are most in need of information. The newspaper correspondents have brilliantly described the campaign ; the newspaper editors have discussed *ad nauseam* all questions of policy. Light thrown upon the military problems involved in the campaign, the degree of success or failure which competent authorities will award to the British generals, and the correctness of the tactics employed by both sides, especially in the Natal campaign, are the points which now call for treatment. Capt. Mahan treats of all these with an impartial air. His literary style is even and expressive, and his book an entirely agreeable one. Careful in reaching his conclusions, and apparently determined to avoid hasty condemnations or equally unmerited praise, Capt. Mahan's contribution to the history of this war is likely to be of permanent value. Two features will stand out prominently with the average reader. One is the inference that the operations in Natal were conducted by our generals, on the whole, with skill, and that the real mistake was in departing—for political or other reasons—from the plan of a central invasion through the Orange Free State. These reasons are not fully known. Once grant that they were irresistible, and in Capt. Mahan's opinion, we are bound to admire the dash and dexterity exhibited by our generals in those terrible engagements before the force was concentrated at Ladysmith. The Fabian tactics of the Boers before Ladysmith in northern Cape Colony, and before Kimberley were, in his view, fatal to Boer success. The second point on which the author lays stress, and one that will impress the Canadian reader, is the emphasis with which he characterizes colonial support. He regards it, evidently, as Imperial Federation suddenly transformed from the abstract to the concrete. This military view of its significance by a foreigner is interesting. We commend the book warmly to all who have passed the drum-and-trumpet stage of their interest in the war.

* The Story of the War in South Africa. By Capt. Mahan, U.S.N. London : Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.

Idle rumour stated sometime ago that Mr. Hewlett intended to relinquish his lucrative place in the English Civil Service as keeper of the land revenue records, and devote himself entirely to his literary labour. Be that true or not, the confidence in his own powers which would induce a man to make such a resolve is not in this case misplaced. The author of that wonder-

fully popular romance, "The Forest Lovers," need have no doubt of his public. His new novel* is equally charming, relates to the same historical period, and is marked by the same vivid colouring and picturesqueness of style. The character of Richard I is delineated with a fulness of knowledge of the time and the man which makes him wear a different aspect from the Knight in "Ivanhoe," not so impressive and enduring a figure, perhaps, but, one imagines, nearer the reality, without losing all his heroic qualities. His courtship of and a kind of morganatic marriage with the beautiful Jehans is related with great fervour, and illustrates with probable accuracy the relations which prevailed between the sexes in that age. It is more of Richard the rebellious son and the crusader that we hear, than the so-called lion-hearted King of England, and the tale, therefore, presents him in a somewhat new light.

DICTIONARIES.

Having no authority similar to the French Academy to regulate niceties of style and correctness of spelling and meaning, the English language is more dependent upon its dictionaries than the French. The republication of Mr. Murray's lecture† on the evolution of the modern English dictionary is timely. He has been editor of the Oxford Dictionary in course of preparation since 1879, a work so important that it entitles him to be heard on the subject generally. In the present lecture the scope and origin of dictionaries of our language are dealt with in a popular way. The various steps that have led historically to the modern dictionary are described: 1, the "glossing" of difficult Latin words in Latin manuscripts by easier Latin, and at length by English words; 2, the collection of these "glosses" into glossaries and vocabularies, and so by natural evolution into works like those of Johnson and Bailey. That neglect of the Teutonic origin of our language marred the early dictionaries is undeniable, hence the great Oxford publication not merely includes profound knowledge of the Greek, Latin, Saxon and French sources of our words, but aims at giving the history of words according to scientific and historical principles. What this publication will do for the English language is hard to exaggerate. It will become the authority on which lesser works of the same kind must be based during the next century. The Americans, who are masters of book-making, have pushed their dictionaries into general use, especially in Canada, with a zeal which outruns their claim, sound as it is in some respects, to be the producers of the best English dictionaries. It is manifest, however, that the conditions in the United States do not warrant the seeming ascendency of their dictionaries. For the meaning, spelling, etymology, and history of English words this and the next generation will look to the Oxford Dictionary as the standard authority, and no scholar will be satisfied with any other.

LORDS OF THE NORTH.

With a regular writer for the newspapers, one is accustomed to associate a careless, sometimes a slovenly, style of writing. But Miss Laut, whose first novel has just appeared,* has evidently the art of taking pains, and her diction is for the most part fluent and elegant. If the dialogue is occasionally a trifle stilted, the fault is easily forgiven when we read her vivid and dashing narratives of danger, escape, capture by Indians, and other remarkable experiences of pioneer life in the Canadian West. The subject is capitally chosen, the strife and bloodshed occasioned by the rival fur-traders in the early years of the last century. The author is master of the theme.

* The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†The Evolution of English Lexicography. By James A. H. Murray, M.A., LL.D., Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

*Lords of the North. By A. C. Laut. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

MRS. H. A. KEAYS, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORDS OF CREATION."

MISS A. C. LAUT, AUTHOR OF "LORDS OF THE NORTH."

TWO NEW CANADIAN AUTHORESSES.

There is, perhaps, in places too much conscientious attention to detail, but far and beyond the historical material worked in is the absorbing interest imparted to the tale. The interest in the chief personages is never allowed to flag, and unity of action is never lost sight of from the beginning to the end. In short, if Miss Laut continues to produce work of this kind, the distinguished authors of "Le Chien D'Or," and "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," may well look to their laurels. Not in years has so promising a first book appeared in Canadian fiction. With the same background, less elaborately worked in, and with the same talent for rapid and vigorous narrative displayed, there is little doubt that Miss Laut can impart to the habitat of the old fur-traders and warriors as romantic an interest as the most exacting reader could desire. The hero of the story, Robert Gillespie, takes service with the Northwest Company. The fever of the gentleman adventurers of the West is in his blood. But, primarily, he aids in the quest for the stolen wife and child of his friend, Eric Hamilton, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. Step by step the quest carries us to the hunting grounds of the Indians. Ever and anon we are on the very verge of regaining the captives. Through innumerable dangers by flood and field we pass into the heart of that unknown land where the quarrelling traders and the untamed Indians formed a drama never until now reproduced in its original elements of savagery and power. The various types of character are fairly, though not brilliantly, drawn, but the dramatic strength of the narrative is its chief merit, and in this we imagine rests the claim of the book to a popularity which should be instant and lasting.

There is something of the Disraelian manner in Mrs. Craigie's novels, and she has evidently made a careful study of the man and his works. In "Robert Orange,"* as well as in the novel which preceded it, she introduces Disraeli and some of the critics have been pleased to approve of the proceeding. There is, perhaps, nothing to object to in the use for purposes of fiction of an eminent statesman dead nearly twenty

*Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

years, and whose manner and style easily lend themselves to clever imitators such as Mrs. Craigie undoubtedly is. But Disraeli only plays a minor part in the present work. It is a study of Robert Orange, who is depicted as a man of genius, of fine ambitions, a rising politician in the House of Commons, and a pious Catholic. He is deeply in love with and engaged to marry a beautiful girl of eighteen, who has been married in France as a child to a worthless scoundrel named Parflete. She and Orange are wedded, and after they have started on their honeymoon, the news comes that Parflete is not dead, as they had reason to believe. They separate, and the bride goes on the stage where she is persecuted by the attentions of a licentious man of rank. Orange determines to fight a duel with this man, and then enters the church, giving up all thoughts of matrimony and a political career. This is the story in bare outline. Its chief characteristics, however, are the dialogues, between persons of exalted rank — dukes, marquises, earls and viscounts are at a discount in the authoress's pages — upon politics, art, religion, etc. There is much bright epigram and scintillating wit.

THE GATELESS BARRIER.

After reading this novel the average person will remain of the prosaic opinion that we still know little of

> The undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns.

Lawrence Rivers' unique experience to the contrary notwithstanding.* He is in all respects the model of a modern Englishman of fashion, with his tastes, habits, and clothes brought strictly down to date. He is summoned by his dying uncle, whose heir he is, to the ancestral home. The uncle is a recluse of materialistic views and a confirmed misogynist. He wishes, before passing away, to study the mental and moral make-up of the class which Lawrence so perfectly typifies. There are no women servants in the house, so consistently does the elder Rivers carry out his views regarding the sex. But Lawrence stumbles upon a handsome room fitted up in every way for occupancy by a lady. On enquiry he finds it was once the room of a female ancestor who died of grief at separation from her lover-cousin, another Lawrence Rivers. There is a vague tradition that her restless spirit still hovers on earth. She appears to Lawrence and they take up the tale of love which death had interrupted years before. He forgets his wife, a New York belle, whom he has left behind, and devotes himself with ardour to the enticing spirit of his beautiful kinswoman. She returns the passion, and while quite aware of her own incorporeal existence does not seem to be aware that she is talking to the nephew and not the grand-uncle. Our flesh ought to creep at this weird and mystical episode in a man's life, but somehow it does not. The elder Rivers, an interesting old heathen, dies and Lawrence does his best to induce his fairy love to forsake her elusive and unsatisfying ways and adopt a more substantial way of living, invites her, in short, to partake of a light supper. The lady disappears, and Lawrence returns to every-day existence barely in time to straighten out several threatening and perfectly natural domestic complications. The authoress of "The Gateless Barrier" presents no explanation of this mysterious affair, but she seems to think that we ought to be content to accept it as one of those inexplicable phenomena which baffle scientific investigation. Now, this is an age of enquiry, and where a reasonable solution presents itself, why take refuge in the mystical? It is fairly evident that Lawrence Rivers, suddenly transplanted from the healthy occupation of the sportsman to the overheated atmosphere and gloomy surroundings of the old English country-house, suffered from a disordered digestion. The spirit of the fair Agnes is not any more remarkable than the ghost of Marley which operated so successfully upon the character of the close-fisted Scrooge.

*The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

LEST Canadians should fear that they appreciate their own literature too much, the following quotation from the *Brooklyn Eagle* is given. It shows a keen appreciation of Mr. Fraser's grand story:

"If W. A. Fraser can continue the success he has achieved in his brilliant animal story, 'Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries,' he will be entitled to rank high among the fable writers who find their inspiration in Nature. We have here an animal story that must be regarded as one of the very best things printed since Kipling's 'Jungle Stories.' It has a different motive than Seton-Thompson's narratives, for it is a work of fiction pure and simple. It is a fair question whether Mr. Fraser's method is not better in some respects than Kipling's. The latter makes his hero, Mowgli, talk with the beasts, but while Mr. Fraser has a boy for the hero, he does not talk with the animals, but they talk together about him, and lay their plans to protect him, because of the kindness he has shown to Mooswa, the big bull moose, in the calf days, when Mooswa was a captive in the factor's pen.

"The book is a delightful picture of the woodland life of the vast stretches that flank the Rockies toward the Arctic circle. The boy who reads the story for the story's sake will be sure to be delighted, and will absorb a considerable amount of natural history. One hardly knows which to commend the most, the originality of the plan on which the book is constructed, or the cleverness which marks its construction. It shows that the author has a knowledge derived from experience which he has put into the story. Its perusal should stimulate in the minds of the reader a love of life in the open, and at the same time it will teach a deeper consideration for the wild things. The better they are understood the less will be the desire to hunt them simply for the hunting's sake, and a longing to study the life of the woods for the sake of the charm and mystery and beauty. Toward the end of the story the Boy falls upon evil times, because of the stupidity and ignorance of the half breed, and he is rescued from a death by starvation through the devices of Mooswa, who leads a party of hunters to the shack where the Boy lies sorely wounded and unable to help himself. In a word, 'Mooswa of the Boundaries' is one of the best Nature books ever published. There is a charm about it not often found in books of its type, and it is fully entitled to take its rank along with the record of the exploits of Mowgli and his friend the rock python and his brothers of the Seeonee pack."

Mr. Fraser's work has been received with much enthusiasm in the United States. In Canada the sales are excellent, the first edition being exhausted before the holiday trade was over.

The Native Art Calendars issued for 1901 are ahead of previous years in number and quality, and it is to be hoped that purchasers favoured them as against foreign productions. The Patriotic Calendar issued in Montreal, the Empire Calendar issued by Miss Mickle, Toronto, and the Wild-Life Calendar of the Publishers' Syndicate, are all worthy of high praise. The Toronto Art Students' League Calendar is even better than in previous years. The Grip Co., of Toronto, issued a series of which a Military Souvenir, Toronto Club Souvenir, Portrait Calendar and Canadian Stage Favourites are the best. These are low-priced but very suitable as mail-gifts to friends at home or abroad. Canadians should prefer them to those made in foreign countries because they inculcate a love of country at home and act as advertisements of Canada abroad.

"Song-Waves and other Poems,"

HENRY THEW STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PATROON VAN VOLKENBURG."

by the late Theodore H. Rand (Toronto: William Briggs), has been well received. The good work of this conscientious and pious singer was not all buried with his bones. His work will live for many years. This little volume was prepared shortly before his death, and contains, perhaps, his best work. The long poem "Song-Waves" is a masterpiece of its kind and one of the most remarkable compositions ever penned in this country. The volume is further distinguished by a splendid portrait-frontispiece of the author.

Mrs. T. Sterry Hunt, better known as "Canadienne," has collected her verse into a neat, compact volume, prefaced by a dramatic sketch entitled "In Bohemia." Mrs. Hunt's work is sweet and wholesome, if not of the highest lyric or dramatic quality. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

"Sport and Travel," by F. C. Selows, the well-known author-hunter, is a volume of special interest to Canadians. It contains much information concerning the hunting of big game in the Rocky Mountains in the accounts of two trips which the author made to that district. It also recounts hunting experiences in Asia Minor and on the Maimun Dagh especially. The tales are narrative in form, the adventures being described with fulness of detail and without attempt at dramatic portrayal. The photographs reproduced add much to the value of a book which should be in every sportsman's library. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; price 12 shillings and sixpence.)

"Committed to His Charge," by R. and K. M. Lizars, is a Canadian village story of only average quality. The plot is thin, and the characters not overly striking. Much of the true and genuine there undoubtedly is, but this is presented in a manner scarcely artistic according to modern literary canons. The straining after effect is quite visible in the abundance of expletives and unusual phrases—some of which might easily be described as uncouth and a few as blasphemous. (Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.)

The progress of Canadian bookmaking is well exhibited in the handsome illustrated edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath," by James Lane Allen, issued from the press of the Copp, Clark Co. The cover, initial letters, headpieces and numerous black-and-white illustrations show an advance in this kind of work which is noteworthy. It is by such work as this that Canadian publishers are gaining more and more the mastery of the book trade in this country, and the natural consequence will be a decline in the importation of United States editions. The sale of Canadian publications and editions has increased fully one hundred per cent. during the past five years and has been especially marked during the year that has just closed.

"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland, has made many new friends for its author, heretofore little known in this country. (Toronto: George J. McLeod.)

S. R. Crockett's rippling prose is always pleasing. In none of his books was this feature more marked than in "The Stickit Minister," his first volume. Here is the opening sentence of his preface to a new volume concerning the same individual: "It was in the second year of my college life that I came home to find Robert Fraser, whom a whole country-side called the 'Stickit Minister,' distinctly worse, and indeed, set down upon his great chair in the corner as on a place from which he would never rise." Such is the keynote to "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," a charming volume of characteristic Scotch tales. (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward as a novelist is no dilettante. Every book is written with a purpose—Robert Elsmere, David Grieve, Marcella, and the others. "Eleanor," her new novel (Toronto: William Briggs) is dedicated to Italy, and deals with the problems which confront the people of that country. At the same time it is pre-eminently a love-story, in which a woman loves a man who is unworthy. One novel by

Mrs. Ward will elevate the mind more than a dozen ordinary novels.

Marion Crawford's latest story is a love tale of old Madrid, entitled "In the Palace of the King." Mr. Crawford has apparently tired of the Italian studies and has chosen a new field of investigation. The book is a strong sidelight on the Spanish character. The illustrations and cover should materially assist in making this a popular novel. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.).

"The Studio" maintains its excellence in its November issue with four special supplements, three in colours. This excellent periodical should be in the hands of all those who desire to develop their knowledge of art. (5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.; one shilling monthly.)

"Our Boys Under Fire," published by Miss A. E. Mellish, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., as a memorial of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island volunteers in South Africa, is now in its second edition. It is a very fair piece of work on the author's part, and its value is increased by the numerous portraits.

"Patroon Van Volkenberg" is a tale of Old Manhattan in the closing year of the seventeenth century. The author, Henry Thew Stephenson, is a new figure in the historical romance lists, but a worthy knight. His book shows much cleverness. The coloured illustrations are a feature which distinguishes his volume among the heavy crop of the season. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Reared in Grub Street in the days of George II, with no mother, and a father who was a deist and a scoffer, Antonia Thornton was a peculiar person in peculiar circumstances. She may never have existed, but Miss M. E. Braddon would make one think she had by the realistic tale which she has written about her under the title "The Infidel." Miss Braddon writes books that interest if they do not elevate, and this one is certainly attention-compelling. (Toronto: The George N. Morang Co.)

Prof. Miller, of Chicago, has translated and arranged the love-story of Æneas and Dido, as told in the Æneid, as a drama suitable for college reproduction. This volume is also interesting for its own sake. (New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. Cloth, $1.00.)

IN MEMORIAM,

1900.

THE midnight bell in solemn cadence peals
The dirge of lifeless day;
And as toward the silent listening stars,
Its echoes flee away,

Another year has run its wonted course,
Resigned its role at last,
Laid down its mitre at the feet of God,
And sunk into the past.

And o'er the dizzy verge of crested Time,
Awe-struck, spell-bound we see
Another century lost for aye amid
The vastness of Eternity.

A. DeWitt Lee.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE ENGLISH WAY.

HE came into the restaurant car on a German railway, let the door slam behind him, smiled, sniffed, said "Oh!" and threw open one of the windows. We stared, for a German railway, where every stationmaster suggests imminent martial law, is not the place for the flaunting of an independent spirit. We—a little company of various nationalities, united only by a tacit civility to wait patiently till it should please the waiter to attend to our wants—stared. The newcomer, a mere boy but tall, treated the place as if it were a Duchy and he the Duke of it. He tucked his long legs under a table, and shouted in a high, pleasant voice: "Kellner!" to which, after a few seconds, he added the word "schnell!" Those were the only two German words he knew, and he used them frequently, with varying degrees of emphasis. Strange to say, the waiter answered the call, and took his leisurely order. He gave him his entire attention, just as if the boy were a duke and we subjects. His dinner was served while we still waited, and while he ate I talked to him. He had been with his "people" at Homburg, and now he was on his way back to a public school in England. Later he was going into the army. This he told me while he ate his dinner, and chirped criticisms of German ways. When he had finished his meal, he threw himself back in his chair and cried: "Kellner, bill! schnell!" The waiter heard and came to him, down the whole length of the carriage. The bill was presented. "Look here," said the boy, "the service is bad. I'm going to back this bill." He wrote his complaint (it was not very well spelt) in a large, round caligraphy, folded it, and dropped the document into the official box attached to the wall. Then he rose, said: "Bring my coffee into the smoking-room," smiled generally at the company, and strolled to the door. He paused there a moment, said: "Look here, 'schnell,'" and disappeared. I began my dinner. I ruminated. His behaviour was inexcusable, and yet—— Well, he carried it off. It was not underbred—it was English. I ruminated, and thought of the map of Africa and the domination that was spreading down from the North and up from the South. I did not approve, but, as I ate my tardy dinner, I think I understood—the English way.

London Academy.

A CONVERSATION.

From N. Y. Life.

A midnight in October. A full moon floats over a forest of pines. A great bird sinks slowly through the branches and lays a burden carefully on the moss at a tree trunk. A large animal trotting briskly through the wood collides with the bird and stops abruptly.

The Wolf: "I beg your pardon."

The Stork (*covering his burden carefully with his wing*): "My fault, I'm sure."

The Wolf: "Why, bless me, I didn't recognize you at first. Well met. I'm always glad to see an old friend. Got one of your stock in trade there I presume."

The Stork (*anxiously*): "Is your remark prompted by curiosity or appetite?"

The Wolf: "Politeness, I assure you. That sort of thing is out of my diet. The wolf-at-the-door and the Red-riding-hood animal are an entirely different breed."

The Stork: "What sort of food do you——"

The Wolf: "Coal, groceries, taxes, clothes, and occasionally truffles and champagne. You know I've howled

just as often on a brown stone stoop as a wooden door-step.

The Stork: "Yes—you differ from me there as a rule. I haven't done much business lately with brown stone fronts."

The Wolf: "And you have done a good bit in your time, haven't you? By the way, when were your services called on first?"

The Stork: "Oh, some months after the creation of Adam. Business was naturally dull about that time. The supply more than equalled the demand. And you?"

The Wolf: "I made my appearance later—with civilization. You'll pardon my saying it, but I think I'll out-last you. You appear to be falling away lately. Lack of exercise, eh?"

The Stork (*rudely*): "And you appear to be suffering with obesity."

The Wolf: "My normal condition. I didn't mean to make you angry."

The Stork (*sadly*): "And after all you're right. I'll be as extinct as the dodo in a few hundred years. Well, I must be flying. I only stopped for a second's rest. You see I'm carrying double to-night."

The Wolf: "Twins, eh? Shades of my Roman ancestors! I dare say you remember Romulus and Remus."

The Stork: "Perfectly. Your family and I have a great deal in common. As I leave the chimney nowadays, I always look to see you coming up the front steps."

The Wolf: "Well, I must be off. There's no rest for me night or day. I'm due at a hundred doors before morning. Which way do you go?"

The Stork murmurs an address.

The Wolf: "Dear me, how fortunate. It's the very place I'm bound for myself. The first on the list. We'll arrive about the same time."

The Stork (*picking up its bundle and spreading its wings*): "Delighted, I'm sure. Good night."

The Wolf: "Good night. See you later."

(*The Stork floats away in the track of the moon. The Wolf trots swiftly beneath the trees.*)

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

So this is Chris'mas Day, Great Scott, how queer!
Say, do you boys intend to celebrate?
If Corp'ral Smith was here—but then for him
This Chris'mas comes a little bit too late.

Now, what d'ye say, suppose we fellows here
Get up a slappin' concert after dark?
Too bad that Billy No. 3 is gone,
He was no end to navigate a lark.

But then there ain't no lack of talent, sure
There's Sarjint Flinn can dance a jig O.K.,
And Scottie Mack can give the Highland fling
And sword dance, if you don't care what you say!

Say, d'ye mind how Fightin' Jim could sing
"Come kiss me, darlin', ere we march away?
D'ye think that Jimmy ever had a girl?—
I'll bet she's feelin' mighty blue to-day.

Now, Tommy there can sing; I heard him once
Out in the trenches, and he sang all right;
'Twas "Ome Sweet Ome" he give us, but I guess
He'd better sing some other song to-night.

No, we don't want "Britannia Rules the Waves,"
No more we don't want "Soldiers of the Queen,"
But "Annie Laurie" wouldn't come amiss,
And Sandy there can give us "Bonnie Jean."

Then we can have a reel—but no, that's off—
Tim Price is useless with a broken head,
And Johnnie Brown is laid up too, I guess,
What! Is that so? Poor Johnnie, so he's dead!

Well, now, see here, this thing ain't very gay;
I don't propose to run this show alone;
You'll get your bloomin' concert up yourself—
I'm goin' to write a Chris'mas letter home!

Isabelle E. Mackay.

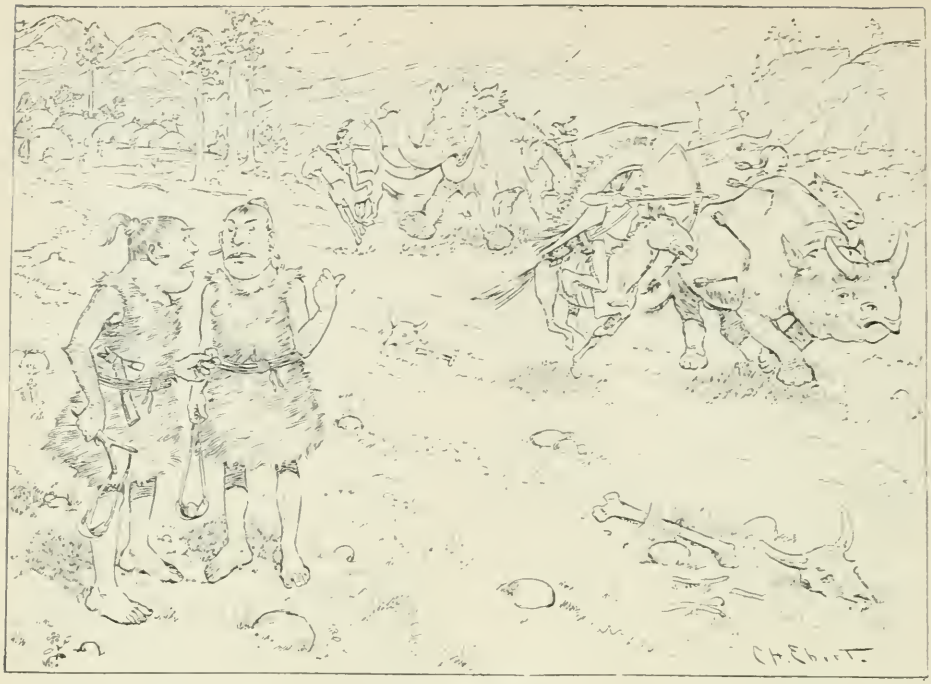
A BACHELOR.

Who collars all my scanty pay,
And with my little plans makes hay?
Who says Mamma has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair
Because "it has no business there,"
And only says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gown
And wants to put the horses down,
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who comandeers my only hack,
Returns him with a bad sore back,
And says the little beast is slack?



PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

MOUND BUILDER: "We will have to move farther west. These newcomers with their modern weapons are killing all our game."—*Life.*

Who thinks that I must ride a bike,
And makes me do what I don't like,
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low
Who sympathizes with my woe
And softly breathes, "I told you so!"
NO ONE!

—*London Punch.*

JACK'S SECOND TRIAL.

The second time that Jack proposed
'Twas really a surprise,
Though still I—gossips so supposed—
Found favour in his eyes.
His first avowal, months before,
I'd treated with disdain,
And laughed at him the while he swore
He'd surely try again.

The second time that Jack proposed
I never said a word,
Though to assent I'd grown disposed—
I simply overheard
By accident his earnest plea
While in the waltz's whirl;
The second time 'twas not to me,
But to another girl!

—*Smart Set.*

"Really, your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honour to be your coachman."

The face of the lady blazed.

"Sir!" she fairly snarled.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "have enabled me to become your next-door neighbour."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Here's another man who got away with some money that didn't belong to him," said the young woman who was reading the paper.

"How much?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"It doesn't state."

"That's too bad! I wanted to determine whether he is a plain thief, a misguided embezzler, or a bold financier."

—*Washington Star.*

PHOTO BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

Franklin McLeay

THE CANADIAN ACTOR WHO DIED IN LONDON, ENG., LAST JULY. HE WAS BORN AT WATFORD, ONT., WAS EDUCATED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, LEARNED HIS PROFESSION WITH WILSON BARRETT, AND WAS A SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR OF SOME AUTHORITY.

THE
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THE PASSING OF THE CONTINGENTS.

By Norman Patterson.

MEN come upon the stage of life, play their little parts and pass out. A short obituary notice is the reward alike of the nobleman and the labourer. Such it appears is the fate of the Canadian contingents which during the past fifteen months have claimed so much of the attention of the people of Canada, and to some extent of the people of the world. In the Militia Orders issued at Ottawa on Thursday, December 27th, appears the following two-line notice :

> "It is notified for information of all concerned that the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, will be disbanded from the 31st inst."

This is the last of a regiment which has brought more glory and renown to Canada than any of its predecessors, or than almost any other organization of men ever created in this country. The glory and the renown have not made much impression, apparently, in the Militia Department. Officialism speaks as coldly of its glorious child, as the most cold-hearted heir that ever breathed could speak of a lately departed but unlamented relative. The fate of the human organization is no brighter, no warmer than the fate of the human unit that has played out its little part and gone out by the wings into oblivion.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons, The Canadian Mounted Rifles, and The Royal Canadian Field Artillery have returned with equal distinction ; and three lines of a military order will be their ending. Strathcona's Horse will shortly return and two lines more will end this little sail upon the sea of glory.

But while officialism is as cold as the red tape with which it is bandaged, the deeds and daring of Canada's sons who have fought in South Africa will live in song and story—and history. They have shown that the men of the Canadian northern zone are men of pluck and brawn—worthy to walk

PHOTO BY CURREN

S.S. IDAHO ARRIVING AT HALIFAX WITH RETURNING CANADIAN INFANTRY. NOVEMBER 1ST, 1900

RETURNING CANADIAN INFANTRY IN THE HALIFAX DOCK-YARDS, ON NOVEMBER 1ST, 1900

proudly beside the best of the British Empire. They have shown themselves aggressive, reliable, energetic, resourceful, gallant and brave. They have made the hearts of their countrymen throb more quickly, and stirred the imagination of this young nation. They may be dead and buried according to officialdom, but their deeds will live after them, their good was not interred with their official bones.

Yes, Johnny Canuck came back—but not all of him. He marched away with a proud lip, but there was little vanity about his countenance when he returned. Men do not go through what he did without bearing the mark. His lips are thinner, and they press the one upon the other more than they did when he marched up to the steamer gangway, for it was a long year — oh, so long. The drilling and the marching on that hot African veldt; the sleeping and the groaning when the nights were cold, and blankets and tents far away; the low moaning in the field hospital, on the ambulance train, or in the crowded ward at the base; the hunger that no will-power could suppress; the ceaseless anxiety lest a careless movement might mean making himself a target for the enemy's bullet; the lonesomeness for the brothers who were laid away upon the veldt—these were some of the things that left their impress upon him. He went away a boy; he came back a man. He carried away with him a nation's untried shield; he brought it back dinted and seamed, but without a stain. He unfurled the northern nation's ensign-banner upon the Empire's battlefield, and the enemy never came within the sacred circle which he guarded. He paraded before the greatest generals of the Empire, and they clapped their hands and shouted, "Bravo." He walked upon the green sward of Her Majesty's Castle-garden, and Her Majesty acknowledged his manliness with a woman's tears. He crossed the ocean with his beloved country's honour in his hand, and he laid it again at her feet unsullied and unsoiled.

PHOTOS BY THOS. J. CURREN, HALIFAX

THE PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF HALIFAX

Over the veldt there are little mounds and crosses to show where he fought and bled. These monuments will remain. Over the Dominion of Canada, from ocean to ocean, will be rais-

PHOTO BY NOTMAN

MONTREAL'S WELCOME—PARADE ON NOVEMBER 4TH, 1900, TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS—DOMINION SQUARE TO THE LEFT AND WINDSOR STATION TO THE RIGHT

TORONTO'S WELCOME—KING STREET ON NOVEMBER 5TH PHOTO BY GALBRAITH

ed tablets and statues to commemorate his deeds. These monuments will remain. In the hearts of the people have been created proud and glad memories, and these monuments will remain. Generations will come and generations will go, but the deeds of this young man shall not be forgotten. The tables of the historian have been deeply graven, and the letters shall endure.

And yet he says as you raise the shout, "I have done only my duty." He does not, perhaps, realize how great a feat that is, how hard it is to do one's duty. He does not recognize, perhaps, that so few people in the world can truthfully say, "I have done only my duty." We admire his modesty, but must take him at his worth whether he will or not.

"High praise!" did you say? Yes, high praise for the individual, but not too high praise for the eyes of the mothers of noble sons; not too high praise for the eyes of a nation which has produced such mothers and such sons.

TORONTO'S WELCOME—YONGE STREET ON NOVEMBER 5TH PHOTO BY GALBRAITH

THE GUIDES MAKING A PORTAGE

EXPLORING IN ONTARIO.

By Claude Bryan.

THE pole still lies hid, the sacred Lhama has kept fast the bars of her gates, and the rural secrets of Darkest Africa have not been dragged forth into light—but even Ontario has recesses into which a white man has never penetrated! The Duke of Abruzzo fared two thousand leagues for his Arctic enterprise; Henry Savage Landor photographed himself bound to a Thibetan stake — but the metropolitan city of Toronto is only two days distant from a forest older than Lebanon. The fitful voice of the prospector came down from this solitude, and the seeker of pulp wood cast a covetous eye on the spruce wilderness, but the Ontario Government determined that its unknown regions should not be given over to the stranger. Accordingly an appropriation of forty thousand dollars was recently made, and ten exploring parties despatched to go up and possess the land. Unlike the Israelitish spies, they have returned bearing neither grapes nor pomegran-

WHY PORTAGES ARE NECESSARY—A CHUTE ON GULL RIVER

ates, nor yet with tales of milk and honey.

Each party was under the direction of a Government surveyor, and consisted besides, of a geologist, timber-ranger, two or three assistants, and a full complement of Indian guides, canoe and packmen. The territory—roughly bounded by the Province of Quebec on the east, the Lake of the Woods and Keewatin on the west, Hudson's Bay and its feeders on the north, and the C.P.R. on the south—was divided into ten districts, and each party, with special or general instructions, was allotted a district about one hundred miles square. Last June the choice of districts was much like the choice between two peas—but in November peradventure every surveyor would have chosen a different field. Certainly, one party felt that it had more than a human share of obstacles; and the word *portage* is not safely used in our presence. A few glimpses of Party No. 8 may haply indicate the experiences of about one hundred *coureurs de bois* last summer.

SPLIT ROCK ON THE NEPIGON

The general instructions issued to a party involved a track survey of the canoe route taken, a traverse of the main lakes and rivers, the establishment at various points of the watershed between Hudson's Bay and the Great Lakes, and the drawing of maps in scale; reports on the mineral and timber resources were required from the geologist and timber-ranger; and a camera, botanical case, etc., were suggestive of further duties.

It may be well to offer a short explanation of the instruments by means of which the work is accomplished. For the establishment of latitude there is the *transit* (which, with its heavy tripod, becomes an infernal machine on a long portage). For the ascertaining of distance by angles there is the small *quadrant*—a mystery to the layman. An *aneroid barometer* served to indicate the altitude of mountains, but with only fair precision. To ascertain the speed of currents or the distance traversed in still water a *taffrail log* was supplied. But the instrument continually in requisition was the *micrometer* and its complement the *disc-pole* or *target*. The latter is a simple staff, about sixteen feet in height; on the top it carries a disc of white celluloid, about one foot in diameter, and twelve feet below there is a similar disc in red. The *micrometer* closely resembles a hand telescope, except that its lens shows a double image of the disc-pole; an adjustment, however, which makes the two images coincide, at the same moment indicates also the distance of the disc-pole. It will be seen, therefore, how useful are these devices for water measurements where chaining is im-

possible. The average distance read thus was perhaps half a mile, though frequently the disc-pole was serviceable over a mile away. The geologist's outfit consisted principally of a geological hammer and a blow-pipe case. The latter is a familiar device by which a charcoal flame is blown upon a mineralized surface to ascertain its composition. Two large Peterboro' canoes and a varying number of birch barks were our vehicles of transport; and four tents sheltered us. The commissariat department weighed about two tons, flour and pork being the chief constituents; and this, with our dunnage, axes, guns and ammunition, made life a burden on the portages.

One morning about five o'clock a small fleet of canoes, heavily laden, pushed off in the rain from the south shore of Lake Helen—an expansion of the Nepigon River just before it empties into Lake Superior. A paddle of three miles took us to the Narrows, and nine miles farther up the river we came to Camp Alexander, which lies at the foot of two miles of rapids, the first chute on a magnificent waterway, which is also the finest trout stream in the world. Here in a blinding rainstorm we pitched our tents; and besides the discomfort of being wet, we were ravaged that night by mosquitoes. All the next day, and the next, we waded over the portage through the mud, weighed down by loads ranging from 75 to 150 pounds, according as we were whites or Indians, tenderfeet or seasoned packmen. You who have never had a pack-strap across your forehead, who have never felt a bag of flour athwart your shoulders, or staggered a mile or so under a hundred-weight of pork, will know but faintly the joy of a two-mile portage, or the perspiration which attendeth it.

With our canoes once more in the water an early start took us to Split Rock before noon, Islet Portage in the early afternoon, and for the night we camped on the south end of Pine Portage. At the foot of the rapids we landed several five and six-pound speckled trout, which made a pleasant variation in our menu. Next day we forwarded our supplies across Pine Portage, a distance of two miles. Passing round the end of the White Chute we reached Little Flat Rock in the early afternoon, and leaving the

NEPIGON RIVER BELOW SPLIT ROCK

Nepigon River we crossed Little Black Sturgeon Lake to the west and camped for the night on Flat Rock Portage—the home of the original black fly. Next morning we crossed the portage (one mile long) and had our first glimpse of Lake Nepigon. Here the Hudson's Bay Company schooner *Bella*, by arrangement, was waiting for us, and as soon as we got our supplies aboard we dismissed the Indians who had come with us from Nepigon Station.

For four days we drifted about on

A LAKE SHORE, SHOWING A TRAP LANDSLIDE

Lake Nepigon whistling for a wind, living on cold pork and bread, and sleeping on the uneven planking of a superannuated Mackinaw. Then, finally, on the fifth day, we crawled into Gull Bay, and about noon arrived at the mouth of Gull River. Here is situated, perhaps, the most important Indian village on Lake Nepigon, and in ten minutes almost the entire tribe had swarmed around the boat and the bales which we carried ashore. We made a fire, boiled some tea and ate our dinner in the unembarrassed gaze of the multitude, who were pleased to pick up what scraps we threw away. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful which worried us most all summer, the Indians or their dogs; for both invaded our camp, and with equal politeness. Whenever a white man intrudes on an Indian settlement the whole village expects to be maintained during the visit. Compromising with this rule we invited Wikwass, the chief of the Gull River Indians, to sup with us that evening. Sharp at six o'clock he appeared at the head of his retainers, a feather in his cap and withal a most pleasing figure. We had no prepossession for the rank and file, nor the howling huskey dogs, but we accepted the *tout ensemble* with resignation. Wikwass proved a most intelligent Indian; sketched out the adjacent country for us, and promised to secure us guides.

We passed three interesting days at the village and were fortunate enough to be spectators of the annual festivity which attends the payment of the Treaty money. As everyone knows, each full-blooded Indian, man, woman and child, receives from the Government an annuity of four dollars in recognition of his original ownership of the soil. For several days the Indians had been on tiptoe expecting the Agent who was charged with the liquidation of this mighty matter. It was really laughable to see their tense faces. At last, on the evening of the sixteenth of July, a sail was descried on the bay, and soon the Indian Agent and his half-bred retinue moored their lugger amid the rattle of breach-loading musketry and the barking of dogs. A loaded boat of the Hudson's Bay Company came in soon afterwards —for an Indian and his money are easily part-

TYPICAL LAKE SCENERY, SHOWING THE USE OF THE DISC-POLE

ed when bandana handkerchiefs and prismatic dress cottons are adroitly displayed. Business, however, was postponed until the morning; and the Indians laid themselves down in their birchbark teepees much as a child goes to sleep on Christmas eve.

Next day, we too made our eager way to the council-house, a log cabin around a bend in the river, and witnessed the mad scrambling for stale candies, and four dollars' worth of *Missanabie* joy. In the afternoon, of course, the Hudson's Bay boat sailed away with the money; and left us several Queens of Sheba: for of a truth Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

A CARIBOU LUNCHEON

We started on our voyage up Gull River next day. On the first portage we were deserted by our Indian guide, *who heard voices*, and we were obliged to send a man back to the Hudson's Bay post at Nepigon House to secure others more reliable. The rest of us continued to work up the river. In ten days we had travelled about forty miles, surmounting eight portages and a sixteen-foot falls. At this point, on account of its difficulties, the Indians persuaded us to circumvent the river route by a chain of lakes that circled away to the north The first of these was a lake of considerable size, *Kawagashgodelagamang*, or Jack Pine Lake; then a couple of pot-holes, a mile and a two-mile portage, brought us to another fair-sized water whose shores were covered with blue-berries. For a hundred miles around the Indians come to this lake to gather fruit, which they preserve by drying in the sun. Another two-mile portage brought us to a grassy lake, where wild duck were most abundant. It was here, by the way, that eight of us disposed of eight ducks for supper one evening. Another portage of a mile brought us to White Birch Lake, a body of water quite as beautiful as Lake Rosseau and like it, studded with islands. A short portage took us to another beautiful lake, Little White Fish Lake; thence a river with nine short portages brought us to Awaweagamang or Round Lake, a body of water about twenty square miles in extent. Here we camped several days, and despatched a small exploration

INDIANS AT GULL RIVER VILLAGE

TROUT FISHING—NEPIGON RIVER.

party which located the Height of Land about forty miles to the north-west, and found it characterized by a lake about 40 square miles in extent (Kakeeshgada), with one outlet towards Hudson Bay and another towards Lake Superior.

From Round Lake several portages and unimportant waters took us to Squirrel Lake, an angular body of water with an area of about twenty square miles, and which is the head water of Gull River. Then commenced an exciting trip down the Gull, which for about fifty miles is a continuous series of rapids and falls.

When we had descended to a point about 25 miles from the mouth, we again left Gull River and pursued a chain of lakes (of which *Buchimiga*, 18 miles long, is the chief), which circled away to the north-east, and eventually emptied into Lake Nepigon by way of Wabanosh Bay. A stormy passage across Lake Nepigon brought us again to Gull River village, where we had *cached* some supplies, and thence we set out for Black Sturgeon Bay, on the west shore, to make our way by the portage route into the waters which are carried by Black Sturgeon River into Lake Superior.

It remains but to sketch the physical conditions of this country. The prevailing timber is spruce, with jack pine, poplar and tamarac in the order named. A small area of white pine was seen in the vicinity of White Cedar Lake on the Height of Land nearest to Savanne; and here, curiously enough, some small cypress trees. The timber decreases in size as one goes northward owing to the burns, which vary from one to twenty years. Burns were largest in extent immediately south and east of the Height of Land; and of the land between Savanne River and the Gull three-fourths is *brulé*. In fact, for miles around Cedar Lake the country is practically burned into a prairie, but the sandy loam which characterizes it is too dry for agricultural purposes. Shallow muskegs are frequent. Potatoes seem to thrive well around Gull River, Nepigon House and Wabanosh; and judging from the growth of timber, blue-berries and raspberries, the climate would seem to be not inferior to that, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Sudbury.

Of the geology, the "great Trap overflow" is the most striking feature of the country. This is best seen in the "Inner" and "Outer Barn," two rock islands near Wabanosh Bay, which rise sheer from the surface of Lake Nepigon to heights of 622 and 574 feet respectively. Everywhere the Trap cleaves off into square blocks, and is barren of minerals. The Huronian is seen in the outcroppings of slate, with small blow-outs and stringers of quartz which may mineralize. About twenty miles from Lake Nepigon on the Gull River, we came across a gneiss area heavily charged with hematite, which may be an indication of iron. The formation shows the country to be destitute of coal. No limestone occurs, but red shales and sandstones, red and white, of the Animikie occur, which appear to have a calcareous cement. Isolated areas of Laurentian and Huronian appear among the Trap, but the last is the predominant formation.

Of the fauna, etc., it is apparent that the country never was stocked with beaver, but evidently lynx and marten have formed the mainstay of the Indians, along with bear, moose and caribou. Bears seem to be plentiful, for we ourselves came across about a dozen in all. We killed a caribou on Gull River, and got a glimpse of one or two moose. The fishing, of course, is the finest in the world. We caught several speckled trout weighing six and seven pounds, lake trout weighing 10 lbs., and a pike as large as 18 lbs.; white fish are also plentiful.

The Indians of the country are fairly numerous, and have large families. They speak a dialect of the *Ojibway*; but seem to be behind the eastern Indians in industry and intelligence. Up to now they have depended for religious instruction upon peripatetic Catholic missionaries; but for the most part the aboriginal inhabitants of this district have not been touched by the hand of civilization or any of its fingers.

THE MONTHS.

(*From "A Day's Song."*)

WHAT ruthless feet have trampled in the mead
The long-stemmed violets, matched to Venus' eye;
What merry maids, what laughter, here passed by,
When one late hand plucked marigolds in seed!
Here were a springy lawn, where they might lead
Light-footed dances 'tween the daisy rows;
But they passed early, and no watcher knows
What fingers poppies from their sleep have freed.

The harebell trembled to a touch unseen;
Succeeding bloom, the aster, Autumn's queen,
The last, meek flower that drank the morning dew,
Shed their rich gifts and spread their fragrance mild;
The quest speeds on, and still the Months pursue
Beauty, of Love and Life the deathless child.

J. Stuart Thomson

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XX—DR. A. H. MACKAY, EDUCATOR.

THE history of education in Nova Scotia is very interesting, reaching back, as it does, nearly three hundred years. It is closely interwoven, moreover, with the history of the Province. More than one of the changes in provincial development have hinged upon phases of educational importance, and not a few famous Nova Scotians have been prominent as educators. We may trace a ceaseless struggle to obtain the best results—a struggle early begun and faithfully carried forward against all sorts of discouragement. Limited means, isolated districts and sparsely scattered population—these and the like have operated against the spread of good educational methods. The greater credit, then, to those who from the thorn disheartenment have plucked the flower success.

Among the men who aided in the consummation of the work one stands out especially prominent. It is chiefly owing to his strong guiding hand, his impartial methods and stimulating personality that the Public School system of Nova Scotia is to-day in a state of unexampled efficiency. Dr. A. H. Mackay is a Nova Scotian by birth, sympathies and work. His life is a record of indomitable labour.

He comes of Scotch stock on both sides of the family. His grandfather emigrated from Scotland in 1822. Emigrants in those days were of a different type from many that reach our shores to-day. They came out to an unknown country under conditions that only rugged strength could have endured and sturdy courage brought to a successful issue. Such successful issue was reached in the case of the Mackay family, for, some twenty years later, they had a large farm and homestead at North Dalhousie in Pictou County. Here Alexander Howard Mackay was born on May 19th, 1848.

In those early days educational advantages were few and far between. But the lad began life under a father who had very good ideas upon the value of mental training, and a strong determination to put them into practice. From this father young Mackay received what was beyond all price—strength, mental and physical, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, that is so valuable a starting-point for intellectual advancement. Thus the home instruction fell on ready ground. One of the father's theories was that even play should have some distinct bearing upon the business of life. Such influences as this developed in the boy's character the capacity for hard work which became one of the marks of mature age. It was a severe plan, perhaps—there is a hint of the dour Scotch will—but it bore good fruit.

During this period he obtained, of course, whatever schooling he could get. But this was not of the best type. "Before 1865," to quote his own words, "the organization of public schools depended wholly upon local public spirit. Intelligent men knew that 'schooling' gave an advantage to their children in the struggle for advancement. About one thousand schools were 'kept agoing' for at least a portion of the year in the more progressive settlements. But there was no general notion of the necessity of education, nor of the duty of the community to provide for the education of all. There were no public officers like our present Inspectors to stimulate the organization of schools in backward localities, nor were there uniform standards of qualifications for teachers. Rural school houses were generally barn-like sheds, neither sightly nor comfortable, although they had whatever virtue there is in cheapness."

There was little incentive to original work for the pupils under this régime.

Young Mackay, however, early began to investigate things for himself. His taste led him towards matters scientific. Thus at various times during his boyhood, in the moments he was able to spare from the school and the farm, he made different scientific instruments from plans of his own. They were constructed upon purely deductive principles—he had small opportunity of inspecting models—but the important point was that they did what was intended. Again, his love for natural history led him to explore the resources of the pretty little glen which cut through the farm property. An outcome of this may be seen in the very excellent and practical suggestions to teachers for Local "Nature" Observations which to-day appear in the Nova Scotia *Journal of Education*.

It was not strange that a youth of this earnest and studious type should attract the attention of the Trustees of that school section. These gentlemen pressed the lad of seventeen to take charge of the local school. He did so, though without special training, and made a success of his work. It may easily be imagined that his thoughts soon took a more ambitious turn. In 1866 he graduated from the Provincial Normal School at Truro. Two years later he passed through the Pictou Academy. He received his B.A. from Dalhousie University, Halifax, in 1873.

Then he began to reap the rewards of hard and faithful work. In the year of his graduation he was appointed principal of the Annapolis Academy. This position he relinquished a few months later for a quite unsolicited appointment to the principalship of Pictou Academy, which he held until 1889. His work here was of great value. During a portion of his incumbency he visited the chief cities of the Eastern United States, making a careful study of their educational methods and appliances. And four years after his return his labours were rewarded by the erection of a new academy building, at that time one of the finest in Canada.

The principalship of the Halifax

MR. MACKAY IN 1880

Academy in 1889 opened out a wider field. His work had won high praise from the authorities, and was known beyond merely provincial borders. He had been president of the Provincial Educational Association, and was elected first president of the Summer School of Science (1887). He was a Life Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Arts of London, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. It was high time to show that the prophet was not without sufficient honour in his own country. Therefore in 1891 he was made Superintendent of Education.

This post is the most important in the whole educational structure. The Superintendent is practically head of the free school system of Nova Scotia. Dr. Mackay proceeded to justify his appointment by the gradual introduction of some very practical changes. Chief among them were these: The extension of the school term from a semi-yearly to a yearly period; the development of the industrial sentiment in common schools; the complete organization of the high-school system; and "the evolution of the Pro-

PHOTO BY CLIMO, HALIFAX

DR. A. H. MACKAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION FOR NOVA SCOTIA

vincial Normal School into a post-high-school professional training school for teachers, with facilities for special as well as general training in manual skill, domestic science, agriculture, and the general application of science to industrial development." These changes have proven satisfactory under the test of actual experience.

Deeds speak more loudly than words, and the rewards for things done form a valuable criterion of a man's usefulness. Here are some of the honours obtained by Dr. Mackay :—Dominion secretary of the Botanical Club of Canada, lecturer in Zoology in Dalhousie College and in Bacteriology in the Halifax Medical College, Honorary vice-president of the World's Educational Congress, Chicago, (1893). In 1899 he was appointed by the Governor-General a member of the "Geographic Board of Canada," and was elected vice-president of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science. During 1900 he was made vice-president of the Canadian Forestry Association, (representing his native Province), and at the June meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, president of the Biological section. He is also Nova Scotian director of the Marine Biological Laboratory of Canada.

Personally perhaps the chief characteristic of the man is his mental alertness. He has a remarkable range and thoroughness of knowledge and a ready grasp of the practical. Of medium height and rugged build, his physical strength has served him well in the unvarying strain of work imposed by his office. He has also a kindly sympathy and a helpful word for all who need it. His position calls for the exercise of plenty of tact, for there are five universities in Nova Scotia and naturally the head of the Government Educational system is a man of mark. But he makes no mistakes. He has defined the position in the following words :—"So long as present and past conditions continue in existence, the University system of Nova Scotia cannot produce the best results. In fact, there is no University system, for these colleges are neither aided, nor controlled, nor recognized by the Education Department."

An idea of the Department under his control may be gained when it is considered that, with a provincial population of 500,000, there are about 2,500 teachers employed, upwards of 100,000 pupils in attendance, and a total annual expenditure of over $800,000. The administration is in every sense broad and unprejudiced.

A. B. de Mille.

DYING SPEECHES AND CONFESSIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Martin J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian.

NOW that the years of the century are numbered, and we pause at the opening of a new period in the history of mankind to listen for the first notes of the voices that are to reach us and teach us in the new time, it may not be without value and interest to recall for a moment the tones of the voices that taught us once and are silent, and the meaning and effect of the last messages they have left for our guidance.

During the last half of the century the intellectual leanings of great masses of thinking people were guided by a comparatively small number of men of strong character and striking views. They were either "scientists"—using that word in its popular and well understood sense—or men who had so far yielded to the influence of the scientists that their views of literature and its object, of life and its purpose, of religion and its sanction, were deprived of all notion of certainty, of finality, of authority. Man, in their estimation, was a being destined to continually investigate without discovering anything; to think perpetually without arriving at any definite conclusions; to wander always in a valley of shadows in pursuit of an unapproachable mystery. These men expressed themselves in the language of practical science, the language of philosophic discussion, the language of literary criticism, and the language of poetry. They appealed to the receptive minds of the young. They created schools of thought. They had a following. They influenced the studies of many thousands. The terminology of their various forms of thought permeated the literature of our age. To doubt them was feeble; to decry them was bigotry; to agree with them was the note of emancipated intellect.

Revelation was on the defensive in their presence. Historic Christianity was a mass of narrative futilities. The saints and sages, martyrs and doctors, the guides of mankind during a thousand years, were persons with inadequate knowledge of scientific data. And so for half a century these new lights of a scientific dispensation lorded it over their adherents with a security of intellectual tenure surpassing the sternest claims of the feudal barons or the pontiffs of the middle ages.

Most of them have passed away. Their influences, though diminishing, remain with us still. The great body of their work has suffered some wrong. Time, "that gathers all things mortal, with cold immortal hands," has heaped much of it with dust. But each of them has in some fashion—not always of set purpose but only by accident or incidentally—left us what we may call a dying speech and confession indicating what—when we put all the confessions together—may be asserted to be the final failure of all they attempted to do, all they tried to teach, all they hoped to establish. We propose to gather all these dying speeches and confessions and place them briefly before the reader with a few obvious comments. They may refresh the memory of some. They may serve as a warning to others. They will in any case serve to show how slender was the claim to so much vogue and authority.

Few men of the past generation had such temporary authority over a large part of the educated public as John Stuart Mill. In the region of politics—a wide and varied area—he exercised by his writings great influence. He probably influenced directly or indirectly, the course of legislation in the United Kingdom. With that part of

his life-work we have no present concern.

But he also exercised his great logical faculty in undermining, so far as he could, the popular belief in revealed Christianity. He had no animosity towards it; he tells us he occupied the singular position of never having had any belief in it at all. When he came to sum up the results of his life-work in both directions and to leave his message to posterity what was it that he had to say? On the subject of public affairs, this is the message:—

"In England I had seen and continued to see many of the opinions of my youth obtain general recognition, and many of the reforms in institutions, for which I had through life contended, either effected or in course of being so. But these changes had been attended with much less benefit to human well-being than I should formerly have anticipated because they had produced very little improvement in that which all real amelioration in the lot of mankind depends on, their intellectual and moral state; and it might even be questioned if the various causes of deterioration which had been at work in the meantime had not more than counterbalanced the tendency to improvement."

That was a melancholy confession to be forced to make. Its great merit is its sincerity. Other "reformers" encountered like experiences in the course of time; but most of them were silent, or,

> "Often glad no more,
> They wore a face of joy because
> They had been glad of yore."

When Mr. Mill came to discuss the situation as regards graver things than political reforms, he had an equally melancholy confession to make, and a most hopeless message to send us. He said:—

"I am now convinced that no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought. The old opinions in religion, morals, and politics are so much discredited in the more intellectual minds as to have lost the greater part of their efficacy for good while they have still life enough in them to be a powerful obstacle to the growing up of any better opinion on those subjects."

What a prospect was here laid before reformers—and what a prospect for humanity. All human hopes and interests in morals, politics and religion were smothered under the wreckage of outworn schools and creeds, and there was no possibility of improvement in any direction till a great change had taken place in the fundamental constitution of the modes of thought of mankind. The teacher of this melancholy doctrine could hardly have concealed from himself the probability that no such change would be likely to take place in less than a geological period, in less than a time so long that the mind refuses to contemplate it; and in the meanwhile what was to happen to collective human society, and what was to become of the individual soul? Fortunately for mankind, Mr. Mill and his followers were powerless to prevail over the teachings and tendencies of many centuries of moral, political and religious systems under which humanity enjoyed so many blessings, and under which it suffered evils mainly when it went its own wilful or wicked way.

Another of the band of distinguished men who impressed themselves upon the minds of students, and inculcated purely materialistic views of life was Professor Tyndall. He was propagandist and aggressive at times and fought his battle stoutly with all who came forward to confront him. His last message of importance was delivered in the Belfast address, in 1874. Running into seven editions in one year, this famous address had a circulation rarely given to scientific lectures, and has not yet been wholly forgotten. It was prepared with great care, and was the result of a life of scientific study. It contained the last word which a confessedly great thinker had to say regarding the hopes and the destiny of man. "I thought you ought to know," he said, with some degree of condescension, "the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary." And what, in fine, is this environment? It consists, to all appearance, in the first

place, of a claim on the part of science to supreme authority. He says :—

"The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory. All schemes and systems, which thus infringe upon the domain of science, must, in so far as they do this, submit to its control and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day."

Twenty-five years of discovery and discussion have rendered readjustment necessary not so much on the part of theology as on the part of science. The notice-to-quit, which Professor Tyndall so peremptorily gave to theology has proved to be not enforceable by ejectment. The tenant continues to be the holder of the fee.

The grounds on which the man of science dictated terms of surrender to theology were not very strong. "The whole process of evolution," he admitted, "is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man;" nevertheless it is "simply fatuous" for theology to interfere with this inscrutable mystery. Ultimate conception of the origin of man, he asserts, is "here unattainable," and "each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs;" but theology must remain an Uitlander still. Science must indeed discuss its problems "without intolerance or bigotry of any kind"—except insistence on the fact that theology results in "intellectual death," which is not bigotry at all! "No exclusive claim is made for science, you are not to erect it into an idol," he says; still, the position of science is "impregnable," and "we claim the entire domain of cosmological theory"—which is, of course, not an exclusive claim at all. Science, he alleges, claims "unrestricted right of search" on debatable questions; but in the region of cosmological theory Theology must not stake out any claim. It is certain, he admits, that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer "will undergo modification;" meanwhile Theology must please stand aside while the process of modification goes on, while each scientific dogmatist excommunicates his brethren in turn, abandons theory after theory and passes unconvincing and unconvinced "into the infinite azure of the past." From the last speech and confession of Professor Tyndall it is obvious that humanity can gather little to encourage it in a world full of trials, temptations and sorrow.

There was a time when Mr. Matthew Arnold took himself very seriously and was taken seriously by his disciples, as the exponent of theories of literature, science, theology, and the conduct of life, which were to be substituted for the overthrown and outdated orthodoxies of our own age. The affable condescension with which he informed the upper classes that they were barbarians, the middle classes that they were materialized, and the lower classes that they were brutalized; the sad scorn with which he assured the middle class—which has produced nearly all our best literature—that what they needed was education; the calm assurance with which he asserted regarding paganism and Christianity, that both were faiths and both were gone—were paralleled only by the self-confidence with which he offered his own final solution of the vexed problem of intellectual humanity. Here is his last dying speech and confession :—

"More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science;' and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;' our religion parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness the more we shall

prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry."

Here we have, if possible, a more hopeless and unacceptable substitute for any form of religion than all the others. If Mr. Arnold had for a moment reflected on vast masses of mankind, on the diversities of race, on the ignorance, the barbarity, the low civilization of the mass of mankind, on the absolute impossibility of their being approached in any form by poetry such as he had in his mind, he would surely have had sufficient sense of humour to refrain from such an expression of serious opinion. But that was all he had to offer us, to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us, to create in us a new heart and renew a right spirit within us. The pity of it!

One more name, still living among us, remains to be noted. In 1896 Mr. Herbert Spencer completed the purpose of his life by publishing the last volume of his system of Synthetic Philosophy. An industry hardly ever surpassed, learning acquired by earnest labour, honesty as to facts never challenged, ingenuity in comparison and interpretation quite beyond compare in our time—all these good qualities his work exhibits; and his object, like that of Arnold is, to interpret life for us, to sustain us, to console us, by means of science, not poetry. And what is the last message that after six and thirty years of thought and labour, he has to leave to his followers who are to be found all over the world in great numbers? This is part of it:

"Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments, seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable."

That is, in effect, science is more religious than religion because, while the explanation of religious mysteries have a certain feasibility, the explanation of the mysteries of science is no explanation at all. Scientific reasoning is an obvious mystery itself. The conclusion of the message is as follows:

"But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested to which he (the man of science) can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Surely, after so many years of thought and labour on his own part, assisted by the thought and labour of so many others, his predecessors of the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth century, Mr. Herbert Spencer ought to have been in a position to give us a more robust and definite creed, especially in view of the notice-to-quit given by his fellow Commander in Science to the saints and sages, the martyrs and doctors of historic Christianity. Was it worth while to labour so long to produce so little? The Dutchman in "Knickerbocker," in his famous attempt to jump over a mountain, took a preliminary run of two miles to get up speed, but was obliged to sit down at the foot of the mountain to take breath!

All the scientists in turn refer to Mr. Darwin with reverence as their master. Professor Tyndall in his Belfast address tells us that Darwin overcomes all difficulties and crumbles all opponents with the passionless strength of a glacier. Let us consider for a moment what is the final message and confession that Mr. Darwin has left to humanity for its consolation and hope. First he tells us (1873) that "I have never systematically thought much on religion in relation to science, or on morals in relation to society," and this, in the case of most men of good sense, would have prevented further declarations. But your scientist likes to have opinions, and so, in 1879, being pressed by a correspondent, he formulates an opinion: "Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a

man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself I do not believe that there has ever been a revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities." The mental process is clear enough ; the habit of scientific research made him cautious about admitting evidence—as to Christ, though not as to corals ; doubt as to Christ naturally induced doubt as to Revelation ; and doubt as to both rendered the question as to a future state one of extreme dubiety. At times Mr. Darwin's doubts took a different form. "The Universe," he wrote in 1881, "is not the result of chance,"—but the fact that man's brain was developed from that of a monkey rendered him doubtful whether his opinions were at all trustworthy on that subject—though, of course, on questions of science said brain was of infallible authority. In reply to the Duke of Argyll's remark that his own volumes on "Earthworms and Orchids" made it clear that these things and their uses were "the effect and expression of mind," Mr. Darwin replied, "Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force, but at other times," and he shook his head vaguely, "it seems to go away." It is obvious, of course, that Mr. Darwin was right when he said that he had never given much thought to science in relation to religion. It is not so obvious that Prof. Tyndall was correct in describing Mr. Darwin as "the most terrible of antagonists."

The summary of scientific confessions would, perhaps, be incomplete without at least a passing reference to Professor Huxley, whose Life has been so recently published. He was a great master of scientific data and demonstration. In point of industry, sincerity and ability he was conspicuous. But he posed also as a theologian, and no man was so little fitted for the office. The strictest of disciplinarians in the use of language for scientific purposes, he permitted himself and others the most loose and ineffective use of words in discussing theological questions. He was even fierce and vindictive in his defiant denials of the doctrine of immortality. But the careful reader of the Life will see that his mind was often hovering about that doctrine and half disposed at times in its direction. Thus, writing to Charles Kingsley in 1860, he uses these words : "I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing it ; but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it." And again : "It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force or the indestructibility of matter." Ideas like these kept agitating his mind ; and like Darwin, whom we have quoted, he had moments of doubt and disquiet. Finally, in 1883, writing to Mr. John Morley (vol. 11, page 62) he says : "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way?" The words have been much discussed, explained, defended and put aside by some as a mere bit of petulance. But they go to prove that the scientific dogmatist was not more sure of his negative position than were his scientific brethren, and that his last dying speech and confession, like theirs, was a confession of failure and confusion.

In discussing these eminent men and their teachings as to science in relation of Christian society, one is conscious that there is an undercurrent of ridicule in the discussion which is ever struggling to come to the surface. The mental attitude assumed by them—their confessions of ignorance and their assumption of authority, their claims for freedom of discussion, and their constant insolence towards Theology, their declarations as to the progress of science, and their admissions that everything is a mystery still ; their sneers at Christian dogma as an ex-

ploded wreck, and their uneasy consciousness that they are nevertheless constantly on the defensive against it —all these uneasy attitudes and unconscious revelations, have a tendency to make serious minds refuse to treat them seriously. Nor is this disposition confined to those who resist and resent the conclusions of science so far as these are opposed to the doctrines of revealed Christianity. Their own friends and followers are, at times at least, afflicted with the like tendency towards ridicule. In his notable, but probably a little overlooked "Valedictory," Mr. John Morley expressed with a certain reserve, yet a certain degree of ridicule also, the general feeling of sensible men regarding the general failure of agnostic propagandism. He said :

"Speculation has been completely democratised. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for indolence and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much, and the interest of seeing on the drawing-room tables of devout Catholics and high-flying Anglicans article after article sending divinities, creeds, and churches all headlong into limbo, was indeed piquant. Much of all this elegant dabbling in infidelity has been a caprice of fashion. The agnostic has had his day with the fine ladies, like the black footboy of former times, or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own. When one perceived that such people actually thought that the churches had been raised on their feet again by the puerile apologetics of Mr. Mallock, then it was easy to know that they had never really fallen. What we had been watching, after all, was perhaps a tournament, not a battle."

This satirical mood was not the mood in which Professor Tyndall had written. "We fought and won our battles even in the middle ages, why should we doubt the issue of another conflict with our broken foe?"—that was his way of putting it. Mr. Morley was forced, or felt free, to confess that the foe was not broken at all ; and that the forces of scientific agnosticism were in many respects even sham forces. But even sham forces may be dangerous. Those who in a freak of fashion pretend to disbelieve, may, and often must, in the end, become actual disbelievers. In any case they lose their hold on the certitudes of faith, and grow cold in right-thinking and well-doing. Across the centuries there comes to us a message of more authoritative moment, and with a promise and a menace which give us a stronger assurance of truth and a higher sense of our destiny and duty : for our assurance—"I am the Lord thy God" ; for our guidance—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him" ; and for our consolation and reward—"I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

GOD'S HARP.

GOD tuned a harp for men to play,
To harmonize the earth ;
He called it Love ; but mortals, they
Gave it the name of Mirth !

Amy Kingsland Pennington.

HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

SECOND PAPER.

By John Reade, F. R. S. Can.

Morituri te salutant morituram.

THE progress of science in our time has indeed been so striking, so many-sided, so inseparably linked with every other phase of material advance, and, moreover, so intimately related to intellectual development and the trend of philosophic and religious thought, that it is an injustice to the subject to make a hasty mention of it. And yet, apart from the fact that a novice can do little more in any case, the nature of this retrospect makes it impossible, on the one hand, to ignore it, and, on the other, to more than indicate some of its most marvellous triumphs.* A venerable survivor of its half-dozen most illustrious modern spokesmen, himself associated, in modest worth, with its grandest achievement, in reviewing the century's work, reaches the conclusion that not only is it "superior to any that have gone before it, but that it may be best compared with the whole preceding historical period." If this be true of the century it is assuredly still more true of the latter half of it, as compared with all like previous periods, however selected. This advance may be regarded from three points of view: As it is related to science and men of science only, as the discovery of a new star, element, plant, animal or fossil not (or not yet) of interest to mankind at large; as it implies some real improvement to one or other of the arts of life; and as it modifies the outlook of popular theology and, perhaps, necessitates a new basis for ethics, law and the authority of ordered society. Even if it had not given rise to controversy outside as well as inside the great province of scientific thought and work, the theory of evolution—so largely adopted after the publication of Charles Darwin's elaborate argument—has proved to be the most effective and fruitful of all methods of research and has given fresh life to every class of inquiry. For forty years the principle to which Darwin's epochal book gave undreamed-of significance has been directing and stimulating not only scientific workers, but theologians, professional men, artists, men of letters—the critics especially—economists, and the toilers in the whole vast field of human endeavor. On the 2nd of November, 1859, was published the "Origin of Species," an edition of 1,250 copies. They were all sold before the close of that same day. A second edition of 3,000 followed, and before the year ended hundreds of thinkers, scientific and theological, knew that a new era had dawned. The first great battle over the theory was fought at the meeting of the British Association in the ensuing June. Bishop Wilberforce, who had already condemned the hypothesis in the *Quarterly Review*, was provoked to wrath by a needlessly combative paper of the elder Draper's. Huxley defended Darwin and the Bishop so far forgot himself in the torrent of his eloquence as to ask Professor Huxley whether it was by his grandfather's or his grandmother's side he was related to the ape family. The discussion took place in Section D, and the chair was occupied by a clergy-

* I consider it simply a duty to recommend to the reader of this magazine the work of a Canadian student of scientific progress. In "Flame, Electricity and the Camera," by George Iles (New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.), the inquirer will find a really admirable survey of what science has done for our time

man, Professor Henslow, Darwin's life-long friend. Twenty-one years after the publication of the work that raised such a storm, Huxley wrote an article on "The Coming of Age of the 'Origin of Species.'" It showed the steps by which the prejudices aroused in the public mind by indiscreet denunciation had been succeeded by acceptance on the part of some, and by an attitude of tolerant expectancy on the part of others. Of the men of science a few like Agassiz, Owen and Dawson remained hostile to the last, while others, like Lyell and Gray, were converted; of none were the views unaffected. A comparison of the earlier with the later works of Sir William Dawson will disclose a considerable modification of opinion. Indeed, the theory had indirect results which in some cases were almost on a par with the direct.

The doctrine of the correlation and conservation of forces and the molecular or new atomic theory, though recognized before, were not interpreted and demonstrated till after our half century had begun. The new chemistry, the new astronomy, biology (in its more comprehensive sense as including all the sciences that deal with vitality and its phenomena), physiology, human and comparative; geology, palæontology, and as instruments of research, the spectroscope (Kirchhoff, 1860), photography and electricity (in its marvellous adaptations and applications)—these and more have ripened for man's need during the half century just closing. In medicine and surgery the gains have been signal, especially in the use of anæsthetics, in the application of principles, drawn from researches in bacteriology (the Lester system of treating wounds, etc.), in the conduct of delicate operations, in a more scientific pathology and in the expert work of specialists in relation to various parts of the human frame. The use of the X-ray to discover bullets and other substances lodged in the body and otherwise inaccessible is the latest evidence of the solidarity of science and the brotherhood of research. Hygiene has received an attention which, if governments availed themselves of the labours of sanitarians, would bear fruit that eventually might abolish epidemics due to bad drainage and other removable causes. The discovery by bacteriologists of prophylactics (mainly by inoculation) for some dreaded diseases is another triumph of medical science. The management of hospitals, many of which have been founded by philanthropists for special or general objects during the last fifty years, is another noteworthy advance, with which may be associated the training of nurses, a movement (apart from the Church) entirely within our half century. Before it the sick were at the mercy of the Gamp Harris monster. Provision for the sick poor by countless friendly societies (Odd Fellows, Foresters, etc.), as well as the trades unions, may also be indicated among these gains. The admission of women to the study and practice of medicine was not won without a struggle. Last year Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake retired from practice after a career full of adventure at the outset and most fruitful of good to thousands. Sister of the present Dean of Wells, formerly headmaster of Rugby (the first Rugby boy to hold that position), Miss Jex-Blake determined to study medicine, and failing to find opportunities in Great Britain, she crossed the Atlantic and became a pupil of Dr. Lucy Sewall, in Boston. In 1869 she matriculated at Edinburgh University; but not being allowed to complete her studies, she (with others) took action against the University authorities. Lord Gifford's decision in her favour was reversed on appeal by the Court of Session. Miss Jex-Blake left Edinburgh and founded the London School of Medicine for Women. She took her degree (M.D.) at Berne, in 1877, and laboured incessantly, planning, administering, practising, writing, until last year when she gave up practice and retired for rest to her native Sussex.

This is only one instance, though a remarkable one, of the courageous efforts by which that enlargement of

woman's sphere that so many enjoy to-day was obtained by an earlier generation. Miss F. Nightingale, Miss Maria Mitchell, astronomer; Sister Dora (Miss Pattison), Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lilly Devereux Blake, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, the late Mrs. Curzon, and a number of others took part in this movement, so differently regarded by different persons. Later on we shall see the movement take organized shape in Canada largely through the timely and effective aid of the Countess of Aberdeen.

The woman's rights movement, primarily directed to the attainment of woman suffrage, though a development of earlier arguments and doctrines, has attained in our time a success which some generations ago would have been considered almost impossible. The revolt against conventional ideas is not indeed wholly of our day. "The Vindication of the Rights of Women," by Mary Wollstonecraft, which was one of the blossoms of the French Revolution, was marked by a truth, sincerity and earnestness which won secret sympathy from many of her sex who had not her courage or her honesty. It was from this side of the Atlantic, however, that Europe was first forced to acknowledge the injustice of many of the restrictions to which women were subjected. Their legal position, their educational limitations, their relation to the professions and to public life—on all these points there was undoubtedly need of amendment. But, had not a small band of brave and devoted women dared to confront with determination the inertia of prejudice and to rouse it to thought by keeping up the battle, the dream of "sweet girl graduates," either with or without "their golden hair," would not have had its fulfilment. That is only one of the triumphs of the movement, but it stands central among those triumphs, and represents advances in many directions. An interesting survey of the results attained by the movement on this continent and of the changes that it has effected in the conditions and prospects of young women may be read in an article by Mrs. Margaret Polson Murray (Montreal) in the *Nineteenth Century* for May last. One of the most extraordinary results of the woman move ment has been the issue of a woman's Bible, in which the passages which seem to put woman in a position of inferiority or subjection to man have been omitted or revised. The work is in two parts: the first containing the new version with comments of the Pentateuch; the second including the remainder of the Old and the whole of the New Testament.

The spread of education has greatly enlarged the number of those (both men and women) who devote themselves to literary work as a profession. The number of publications issued yearly from the press has become enormous. The flood of fiction has so grown in volume that it demands special care on the part of publishers to avoid the use of titles that have been already appropriated. Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle St., London, gave a curious example of the embarrassment which this redundancy sometimes causes. A lady had left him the manuscript of a work which was to be published under the title of "The Touchstone." While it was in press he learned that another work bearing that title had already appeared in England. As the lady was travelling in Italy and her address was uncertain, he wrote to her that he was changing the name which she had given to "The Touch of a Vanished Hand." With this heading the sheets had been set up when he received a letter from the novelist giving another title. By this time he had been informed that the title he had chosen was already in use and soon after he learned that the lady's alternative was also before the public. He, therefore, chose a third, "A Gift from the Grave," hoping that nobody would come forward with an interdict against this also. That a fair proportion of the fiction published is meritorious may be justly conceded, though few critics admit that the best

of it equals the best of the great masters of an earlier day. If this be true of fiction, it is still more strictly true of poetry and the drama. History has, however, gained by a surer scientific method and a wealth of documentary sources inaccessible in former generations. If there has been a temptation to neglect and even undervalue style in historical writing, this defect will disappear when educated readers who look for truth cease to associate it with the absence of polish. There is certainly no justification for the divorce of accuracy, honesty and open-mindedness from strength, freedom and grace of language. Criticism has been, perhaps, most affected by new ideas. Taine may be said to have anticipated the treatment of literature as a product of race and environment which must be studied as a branch of natural history. Mr. Brunetiére, who has lectured in Canada, has reduced this method to a system. It is a system which, save in delicate hands, is likely to end in all sorts of exaggerations.

The comparative method of studying literature has been made possible by the same developments which have made a large class in every nation acquainted with other communities and ways of thinking, as exemplified in their literature and their arts. Improved means of land and ocean travel, correspondence and telegraphic communication have brought about a virtual revolution. Young people of today can hardly imagine the leisurely methods of locomotion with which their grandfathers had to be contented. At the beginning of the period under review, men below middle age could remember the time when England had not a mile of railway. A man of 30 in 1850 was ten years old when the Liverpool-Manchester line, the opening of which was looked forward to with more foreboding on the part of the many than confidence on the part of the few, was still in the future. And unhappily, when the fated day arrived and Stephenson's train of 29 carriages and eight Rocket locomotives, with its 600 passengers, started from Liverpool, for one important traveller it was doomed to be a journey to death. The Right Honourable Mr. Huskinson, having with others alighted at Parkhurst to greet the Duke of Wellington (waiting in his carriage to see the unprecedented sight), the Rocket, passing unduly, threw him down and inflicted fatal injuries. It was the world's pity, for otherwise that first trial refuted all the fables of the prophets of evil. The scornful predictions of the smart young fogeys of the day are pleasant reading now. They laughed at the notion of the railway beating the mail coach. Poor old coaches! Before that trial trip of the Rocket and its mates, there were on the British roads twenty-two regular and seven extra conveyances. When they were all full they carried 688 passengers. In eighteen months the railway had carried 700,000 persons, or on an average 1,070 a day. Steam navigation had already made some headway in 1830, but it was not until 1833 that Canada showed the laggards how to steam (in spite of Dionysius Lardner) all the way across the Atlantic.

Canada was also early in the railway field. In the very year after the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester line, a charter was obtained for a line between Laprairie and St. Johns. In 1836 it was opened for traffic. But it was not until 1851 that it was extended to Rouse's Point and St. Lambert, so that, save for the short line from Montreal to Lachine, it constituted all the railway facilities of Canada (as then known) at the beginning of the half century. In fact, it was not until some years of it had elapsed that Canada had either railway connection with the United States or regular steam communication with the Old Land. This fact is mentioned here out of its due time and place in order that Canadian readers may be able to realize how complete a revolution has been wrought during the period that we desire to survey. What relates to Canada will be dealt with in greater detail after this preliminary survey is over. Electric telegraphy (in which Canada was

already fairly well off) had fifty years ago reached the submarine stage. On September 27, 1851, the first telegraphic message reached England from France. Dublin and Holyhead had been previously joined, and other wonders were to follow. Some readers of the Canadian Magazine may be able to recall a day when, amid the rejoicings of two hemispheres, the Queen of England exchanged greetings with President Buchanan. The day was the 16th of August, 1858, and there was wild enthusiasm on either shore. But the joy proved premature. Before the Atlantic cable was successfully laid between the two continents, and its permanent operation was assured, both rulers had undergone grave ordeals. One lost her beloved consort; the other saw his country rent in twain, while he was powerless to prevent it. But the interval of suspense came at last to an end, and on the 7th of September, 1866, the two hemispheres had a common pulse.

The effect of these developments on the world's thought and action cannot easily be overstated. Men cannot hear daily of what is taking place at all the ends of the earth and become familiar by the very dint of repetition with the names and circumstances, desires and doings of strange peoples, without coming in time to consider them less strange. Opportunity, moreover, has induced thousands of people to travel in foreign lands who, under the old dispensation of waggons and sailing vessels, with no means of quickly communicating with friends, would have spent all their lives at home. The extension of Sir Rowland Hill's reform so as to embrace a great part of the world, is another of the half century's gains. Photography, which brings distant scenes to the family fireside has been another of these unifying forces. In 1851 these forces had made Prince Albert's scheme practicable. The realization of it indicated one of the leading characteristics of our half century. We have seen that tendency to unite, to combine, to co-operate, exerting itself in the international and political domain. In the sphere of religion we have seen it attain a strange activity. In the provinces of commerce and industry it has been no less active and much more effective. Indeed, there is nothing more noteworthy in all the movements of this wonderful century than the rate at which the principle of amalgamation—offspring of this last generation—has been pushed by the emperors of capital and the princes of commerce and industry.

Industrial association of some sort has existed for ages. Craft-guilds, under various names, were known to Greeks, Romans, Israelites. But labour organization on such a scale as to be a power for defence and, if necessary, offence, is a conception of our day. It grew in part from a spirit of revolt—a revolt that had enough right on its side to justify it, notwithstanding the lawlessness of extremists. There is a good and a bad trades unionism. As a recognized force in civilization, social, political and international, its history forms one of the most important chapters in the record of the half century, especially of the last thirty-five years.

The subdivision of labour and the specialization of skill in every class of work done mainly by machinery makes co-operation essential to production. The completely-qualified and indepennent tradesman or artisan of some generations ago has been largely superseded by specialists in some process of a trade, so that many an article in common use once turned out by a single craftsman is now produced by the co-operation of several craftsmen and the adjustment of their several tasks to a common end. New inventions generally necessitate fresh division and create new occupations. This industrial feature of our time, brought more and more into evidence by the developments of machinery and the many applications of steam and electricity, give a complexity to industrial life that makes classification difficult. But it illustrates that tendency to co-operation which we have tried to emphasize. A man with a fragment of a trade is

forced by self-interest to seek his co-efficients.

But the most striking example of this tendency is that which has cast reproach on the very word "combine" and made "trust" a term of distrust. Of this, perhaps, only an expert should speak at all. But some reference to it could not well be foregone, as there are those who regard it as the essential factor in the transition to the goal (industrial and commercial and, it may be, social), of our age's revolution. Besides, it is at this moment almost the most obtrusive of platform questions in the United States.

"All work and no play," says the old proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." The importance that "play," in every sense, has attained in our time makes it second to none of the subjects to which that criterion of public interest—the daily press—devotes its most attractive columns. It is, however, to its international character as a witness to the existence of that tendency to draw together by which our age is signalized that it is mentioned here. Perhaps if we recall the revival in these latter years of the Olympic Games—not merely as a bond of unity to the Hellenic race, but as a centre of athletic interest for civilization—we may indicate the universality of it. Practically, a mention of our international yacht, cricket, boating, football or lacrosse contests, or those sporting tours which make the whole globe their playground, and every stage of which is eagerly watched from thousands of club-rooms and newspaper offices, may make the illustration more true, if less Pindaric. The fact is the main point, and the fact is ubiquitous.

With the centripetal force so strongly exerted in ways so manifold, one might deem it strange that the forecasts of perennial peace, so largely indulged in when the half century began, had proved fallacious. With so many causes drawing men together, with science and art, philanthropy and religion, invention and industry so active in levelling the barriers that make men strangers, what is it that still makes them enemies, eager to rush madly at each other's throats? The answer to that question is for future consideration. Meanwhile, although the promises of abiding peace have proved premature, it is some gain to know that humane enterprise has endeavoured to mitigate the horrors of war. The Geneva Convention, the St. Petersburg Declaration, the Brussels Conference and the great Peace Conference at the Hague have all tended to impress on rulers the true character of warfare, and to assuage, as far as practicable, the ferocity of combatants and the sufferings of war's victims. The Crusaders' cross was never more worthily borne in the great vain struggle with conquering Saracen or Ottoman than it is by the brave and tender cross-bearers of to-day.

The attempt to substitute arbitration for war, though it has not been greatly successful, and, where the peaceful method has been adopted, has not always given satisfaction or entirely removed international irritation, has, nevertheless, produced a considerable moral effect. The least promising phase of the relations to each other of modern states is the maintenance of immense land and sea armaments, which make a great part of the civilized world like a vast camp, while the harbours and coasts of all the continents bristle with mighty implements of destruction. This system of armed peace—which the late Prince Bismarck professed to regard as the only feasible plan of policing warlike nations—may be said to date from 1879, when the Dreibund or Triple Alliance was devised by the wily Chancellor in order to guard, on the one hand, against a French vendetta, and, on the other, against Russia's resentment for the checks of the Berlin Congress. The Hague Conference, a conception of Czar Nicholas II, failed to effect the purpose of his Majesty—the contraction within more modest limits of those swelling armaments. Count Tolstoi, the novelist and reformer, is said to have asked the Czar to show his sincerity by setting Europe the ex-

ample of disarming. But even the Czar of All The Russias is not omnipotent, and we have no reason to doubt his sincerity. His action is really one of many proofs that, in spite of giant armies and cruel warfare, there is in many thinking men of all stations a growing dislike of war as a mode of settling disputes. But aspiration, even when it approximates achievement, must often tolerate the tedium of painfully slow stages, or submit again and again to the mockery of sentimental mirages.

A glance at the map of the world will remind the thoughtful reader how far extending has been the change which the wars of these fifty years and their sequel have wrought in political geography. In Europe it is little short of a revolution. The Germany, the Austria-Hungary, the Italy, the Balkan Peninsula of 1850 will be looked for in vain in the school atlas of to-day. The German Emperor, the King of Italy, the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, the King of Servia, the King of Roumania, the Prince of Bulgaria—these more or less august names of sovereignty indicate some of the main features of the reconstruction. Sebastopol, Solferino, Sadowa, Sedan, Shipka—these names are also eloquent —signposts in the route of advancing destiny which are charged with meaning. Solferino was followed by the truce of Villafranca, and when the conditions there agreed upon were ratified at Zurich, Austria's domination in Italy was virtually at an end. Sadowa not only made Prussia supreme in Germany but restored Venetia to Italy. Garibaldi's daring, aided by the discontent in Sicily and Naples, had already added the realm of Francis the Second to the domain of Victor Emmanuel. Sedan completed the revolution. King William was crowned at Versailles and became German Emperor in a sense far more real than that of the Holy Roman Empire. France lost the provinces that she had won from the Imperial Crown by the Peace of Westphalia, and her troops being of necessity withdrawn from Rome, the forces of King Victor, led by General Cadorna, entered that ancient city, the occupation of which was confirmed by a plebiscite. Thus, by a singular coincidence of interests, antagonisms and alliances, the aspirations of Germany and Italy were fulfilled in the same eventful year.

The occupation of Rome, though approved by most of non-Catholic Christendom and tolerated by the Catholic Powers, has never been accepted by the Vatican as a *fait accompli* against which it is vain to repine. When Victor Emmanuel opened the first Italian Parliament at Turin in February, 1861, "Rome and Venice" was the watchword of the thoroughgoing advocates of unity—those who were Italians in the superlative degree. Garibaldi was the man of action in whom they confided. He modified the watchword in a way that disclosed his purpose. "Rome or Death" was the war cry that drew to his side 30,000 volunteers, and with these on the march he encountered the Government's troops at Aspromonte. He was wounded and made prisoner. The Italian Cabinet, which had been thus far guided by France, resented the French occupation of Rome, and in September, 1864, it was arranged that Napoleon's troops should be withdrawn. Their retirement was gradually effected and at the close of 1866 they had all evacuated the States of the Church. But in the following year Garibaldi renewed his attempt and Napoleon despatched two chassepot-armed brigades to assist the Papal general, Kanzler, in checking his progress. The opposing forces met at Mentana, and Garibaldi was worsted. Again arrested, he was after a time released. Meanwhile the French troops had once more been established at Rome and there they remained until August, 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war proved the weakness of the Second Empire. In making the announcement of intended withdrawal, the French Government proposed that both nations should recur to the agreement of 1864, which, while binding

France to refrain from military occupation, obliged Italy to abstain from assaulting the Pope's territory and even to defend it if threatened. The Italian Government promised to discharge both obligations. But, on the fall of Sedan, popular sentiment proved too strong for King and Ministry, and on the 6th of September the decision was reached that Rome should be the capital of the monarchy. A plebiscite sanctioned the annexation by an overwhelming majority. The Vatican and so-called Leonine City were assigned to the Pope, who was allowed to retain certain prerogatives and privileges of a temporal sovereign and was offered a respectable civil list.

The Second Empire, as the regime of Napoleon the Third is called, belongs entirely to our half century. It was succeeded by the Third Republic, which, having held its ground for thirty years—for twenty-five since the adoption of the constitution—has come to be regarded as the final choice of the nation. It is somewhat curious that the Republic's one ally should be that despotic and ambitious power against which Napoleon the Third had successfully measured his strength in concert with England and Sardinia in defence of Turkey's integrity. His share, mostly indirect, in accomplishing the unity of Italy and Germany, and thus materially altering the political map of Central and Western Europe, is striking evidence of the oft-quoted saying of Thomas à Kempis—"Man proposes but God disposes." And perhaps, if we examine his policy in the Levant, we shall find the evidence no less interesting.

Certain it is that the Crimean War, which broke the long peace that followed Waterloo, if not largely of Napoleonic devising, was welcomed by the Emperor of the French as a safeguard to his throne and for the furtherance of his dynastic ambitions. The failure of his plans is thought to have broken the strong heart of the Czar Nicholas. In its immediate results the war but slightly modified the map. But, although it diverted Russia's ambition into directions more perilous to England than those in which Nicholas was tending, it did not save Turkey from the loss of the Principalities. A quarter of a century later, the quarrel was renewed between Russia and Turkey, and the Czar's army approached so near to Constantinople that, but for the protests of Austria and England, supported by the other Powers, the final step to Stamboul might have been taken. For a time the Russians maintained an attitude of defiance; but at last a Congress was agreed to and the reconstruction, qualified by Beaconsfield as "Peace with honour," took place. Save for the check to Russia, the issue was strangely in accordance with the plan confided by Czar Nicholas I to Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853. He wished the principalities (Wallachia and Moldavia) to be independent: the kingdom of Roumania has long been familiar to us. He would have given Servia a like status, and it, too, has a king of its own. "So again with Bulgaria," said Emperor Nicholas; "there seems to be no reason why this province should not be an independent state." What the Czar had in his mind was the upbreak of the Sultan's dominion in Europe. He desired a Russian protectorate in the Balkan peninsula. That he failed to win, though in return he was ready to acknowledge England's superior claim to Egypt. Nor would he even object to a British occupation of Candia. Both Egypt and Candia have ceased to recognize the Sultan's control. Since 1878, Cyprus, moreover, has been administered by an English governor, and the French occupation of Tunis, which followed in 1881, seemed to end the Ottoman rule in Africa. When Sebastopol was taken in 1855, the achievement was the cause of much loyal rejoicing in Canada. In the province of Quebec, especially, the Anglo-French alliance was a source of real satisfaction. But, as surveyed from the standpoint of to-day, the policy of which it was the fruit, does not appear to have been the wisest. There were other Powers whose inter-

est in restraining Russia's ambition in Southwestern Europe was more close than that of either England or France. That strange personage, the Count of Monte Cristo, is found by his former judge, the Procureur du Roi, M. de Villefort, leaning over a table and tracing on a chart the route from St. Petersburg to China. We might fancy a symbolic Czar after the Treaty of Paris (1856), in the same attitude and employment. The route was persistently followed, with digressions southward, ever more and more definite, till the goal was reached. In modifying the map of Asia within their chosen sphere of influence, the Russians have heard frequent protests, and, more than once, a challenge, but their advance has been still continued. Progressive maps of Asia show its results.

From England's stronghold of power in the same great continent India's boundaries have been pushed back northward, northwestward and eastward; and, notwithstanding the terrible ordeal of the Mutiny, that power has been consolidated into an imperial domain (1858) whose administration (in spite of its defects) is a marvel. In Southwest Asia France has, since 1881, considerably enlarged her territories. New Japan is a noteworthy conquest for Western civilization.

The map of Africa of fifty years ago is worthy of study. Exploration and colonization, on a scale (as to occupation or delimitation) previously without precedent, have completely transformed that great continent. The discovery of the source of the Nile, so long the puzzle of geographers, the settlement of the origin and course of the Congo, the exploration of the Zambesi, the Niger and other streams, the ascent of the chief mountain peaks and ranges and the circuit of the great central lakes, associated with the names of Speke, Livingstone, Stanley and other undaunted men, have removed much of the mystery that once enveloped Africa. What is known as the partition of Africa has been revised during the last fifteen years, on the basis primarily of the Berlin Conference of 1885.

The ocean world has undergone some sweeping changes during the period under review. Borneo, New Guinea, Madagascar, Tahiti, Fiji, Hawaii, Samoa, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines—these and other islands and archipelagoes have undergone changes of ownership materially affecting their destinies.

Nor has the New World been unvisited by change during this changeful time. North America has been swept by a veritable revolution in which the three main continental countries have been in many ways transformed. This transformation has been partly due to peaceful development, partly to war. The tragedy of Maximilian's death (1867) divides the earlier from the later chapters of modern Mexican history. The same year marks the change from Old to New Canada. The Civil War (1861-65) changed the entire character of American civilization and ended the distinction between slave and free states. A *coup d'état* made the Empire of Brazil a republic. The Venezuela-Guiana boundary dispute was settled by arbitration. Alaska passed by purchase from Russia to the United States. The repetition in the New World of De Lesseps' victory, though delayed, must come ere long.

This is but a general indication of those events which have caused alterations in the political maps of both hemispheres, but it is sufficient to show how far-reaching, and, in many cases how material, is the contrast between the geography of 1850 and that of 1900.

MR. READE'S THIRD PAPER WILL BE DEVOTED TO A REVIEW OF CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT, ASPIRATIONS AND PROSPECTS.

NEW YEAR.

THE midnight grew
Wherein I saw the old year giving place
Unto the new.

Above my head
Confusedly the firmament's high face
With cloud was spread.

And from the dark
Now here, now there, upon the silent space
Some starry spark

A moment gleamed,
Then paled and of itself left no more trace
Than if one dreamed.

So unto me
Did love and hope appear a little time;
So cease to be.

Then did I grieve
Until they shone again within my clime,
Again to leave.

But now, meanwhile,
Grown 'ware of the unchanging and sublime,
I lose and smile.

O star, thy light
Is merged for me within eternal day
And lost to sight.

O changeful hope,
O passing love, ye must henceforward stay
For larger scope.

I give to you
And make you part of what flees not away
And hath no lieu.

. . . . . .

From 'neath the dim
Horizon of the east, slid up the sky
A golden rim.

Above whose side
A vasty, shining orb mounted on high
With morning-tide.

Down from the crest
Of heav'n, the empty moon moved slowly by
Into the west.

Oh, as unfit
For me, as that faint moon for morning's glow,
Vanish like it,

And fade before
My sunny spirit, not for thee to know
Or dwell with more.

Without a tear
O olden self of mine, I bid thee go—
This is new year.

Evelyn Durand.

HON. ROBERT BOND—PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND

THE RAILWAY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

By P. T. McGrath, Editor St. John's Evening Herald.

THOSE articles by Mr. R. L. Richardson, M.P., on "Government Ownership of Railways," which have been appearing in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE the past four months, have been read with the keenest interest in this colony, where the railway problem is, if possible, even more important than it is in Canada. Indeed, the first two papers supplied valuable ammunition for the recent general election campaign, the main issue in which was the endorsation or repudiation of the transfer of the Colonial Railway and allied properties from the state to individual and ultimately to corporate ownership.

Newfoundland's experience throws an instructive sidelight upon the question of who should own the railways—the country or the corporations, and an analysis of the conditions underlying our case will probably result in the investigator becoming satisfied that the answer must be one influenced by the environment and circumstances of the particular country under discussion. For instance, while Mr. Richardson makes out a strong case in defence of the proposition that the proprietary rights of the Dominion railways should vest in the Government or people of Canada, an even stronger argument can be adduced in justification of the colony of Newfoundland parting with its railway, under certain specific conditions, however unpalatable that may be to the mass of the people at the time.

Perhaps no phase of colonial economics in recent years has been more remarkable than that comprehended in the Newfoundland railway—its construction by the colony and its sale to a contractor. To bring an intelligent understanding to bear upon it, the fact must be borne in mind that the principal industry of the colony is fishing—for cod, seal, salmon and herring, and

HON. W. H. HARWOOD, Q.C.—A LEADING MEMBER OF THE BOND MINISTRY

HON. E. P. MORRIS, Q.C.—A LEADING MEMBER OF THE BOND MINISTRY

that these pursuits occupy the major portion of the inhabitants. Though the island is the tenth largest in the world, with an area of 42,000 square miles, its entire population of 200,000 is scattered around the coast-line in innumerable little fishing hamlets, within sight or sound of the sea which provides a sustenance for the hardy toilers. There are not to-day three settlements in the island lacking an outlet by sea. For a maritime people like this, therefore, to undertake railway building would seem to have been a policy little short of insane. The whole interior was an untraversed wilderness, with possibilities in the matter of agriculture and lumbering only vaguely defined. The value of its minerals, notably copper, was more assured, and the argument upon which the new departure was based was that the population, having grown to a point where the fisheries had ceased to be a support, was entitled to have the potential wealth of the interior developed and new industrial avenues opened up for the needy and unemployed.

Accordingly the railway policy was launched. An American company undertook to build a narrow gauge road to Notre Dame Bay, obtained a charter guaranteeing lands and a mail subsidy of $536 a mile per annum for thirty-five years, and proceeded with the work. Bonds of the company were floated in England, and with the money thus obtained construction was begun. But mismanagement and extravagance soon dissipated the funds, and after completing some sixty miles of the road the Company defaulted, the line reverting to the bondholders and the colony being left with the experience, and with a lawsuit against the Company which absorbed thousands of

dollars of the taxpayers' money in the succeeding years. The next essay was the building of a section of the road as a public work, managed by a board of commissioners and financed out of the colonial treasury. This proved so costly that it had to be in turn abandoned. Then the decision was made to have the line completed by a reputable outside contractor, if one could be got to undertake the task.

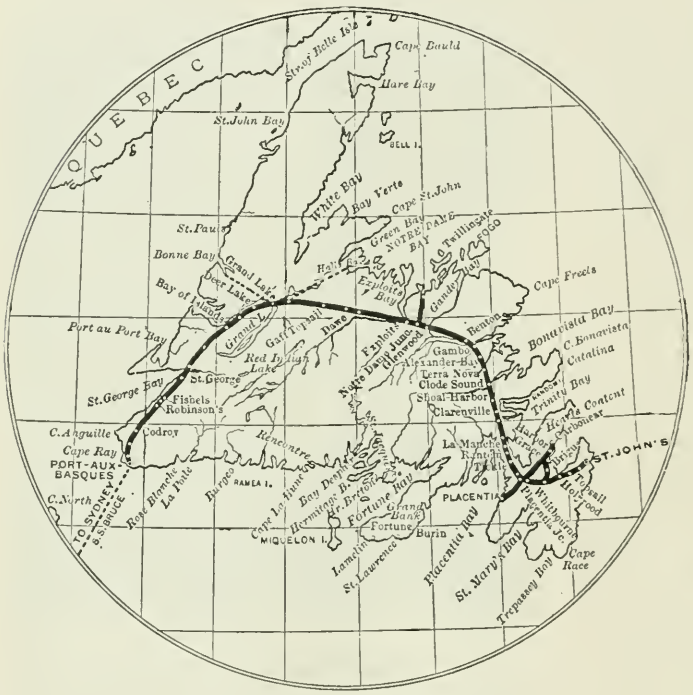
Among those who responded to the invitation was Mr. R. G. Reid, of Montreal, who had successfully carried out several large contracts for the Canadian Pacific Railway. His tender was accepted for $15,600 a mile, payable in the colony's forty-year 3½ per cent. bonds, he undertaking their conversion into cash. This contract was signed in 1890, the mileage involved being about 280. By 1893 he had the road almost completed, but it then became clear to the Government that in order for the enterprise to become of any value to the colony the line would need to be extended to Port-aux-Basques, the southwestern extremity of the island, whence daily communication could be maintained with the Canadian mainland by a fast steamer. Accordingly, another contract was entered into with Mr. Reid for the construction of the western division of the line on the same terms.

MR. R. G. REID—OWNER OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAYS AND TELEGRAPHS

Concurrently with this arose the question of operating the line when completed. It ran through a wilderness, there was no settled population or none to settle, the expected industries were still in the embryo stage, and the wiser heads in the colony saw the grim shadow of an insolvent state looming up behind this white elephant. During the construction period the danger was not acute, for while the public debt was growing at the rate of over a million dollars a year the abundance of employment for the labouring classes engendered a fictitious prosperity that was dissipated in an instant by the "Bank Crash" of December, 1894, which sent us knocking at Canada's door three months later. The gravest crisis was anticipated when Mr. Reid, having laid his last rail, left the colony with 3,000 idle navvies, an overgrown public debt, and a railway the operation of which, according to our own Confederation delegates, would involve an annual drain upon our already depleted exchequer of $250,000 a year over and above its possible earnings.

The only solution of this difficulty was to impose the operation of the road upon Mr. Reid for a period, and he undertook the task for ten years, in return for a grant of 5,000 acres of land for each mile of track operated. This contract was also arranged in 1893, and as he was allowed three years to complete the western division of the road, his operating period was really only seven years. It was understood that he would set on foot many labour-giving industries,

and develop the mineral, agricultural and timber lands included in his holdings. He did initiate works of this character, but not on a large scale, because the seven-year period was inadequate to justify him in more ambitious projects, seeing that the road might then pass into the hands of parties hostile to him and his ventures. In 1897 he proposed to the Government to extend his operating contract to thirty years, but in the general election which then took place the Liberal



NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS RAILWAY

Ministry was defeated, and the Conservatives, led by Sir James Winter, assumed power. The Winter Ministry concluded with Mr. Reid the remarkable contract which has since become famous as the "Reid deal." Its provisions are as follows :

THE RAILWAY.—Mr. Reid undertook to operate the entire railway system of the colony, 638 miles, for fifty years for a further land grant of 2,500 acres to each mile of track ; and he purchased the reversion of the ownership on the property at the end of that period for a present payment of $1,000,000.

THE DRY DOCK.—The colony had built a graving dock at St. John's some years previously. It would make an excellent deep-water terminal for his railway, and he purchased it for $325,000 ; it cost $560,000.

THE TELEGRAPHS.—To properly operate his trains and steamers Mr. Reid purchased the colonial telegraph system, 1,000 miles in length, for $125,000, the rates to be reduced one-half at the expiration of the Anglo-American monopoly in 1904.

THE MAIL STEAMERS.—Instead of casual steamers around the coast, Mr. Reid procured a franchise for eight modern high-class boats, for thirty years, at subsidies aggregating $92,300, with a subsidy of $42,000 for the carriage of mails by train, or $135,300 per annum, in all.

THE LANDS.—The total of the land grants amounted to over 4,000,000 acres. Provision for the development of these was made, and they were regarded as being the foundation of the possibilities of the whole extraordinary undertaking.

Dealing with these properties in detail, the situation was : The colony was somewhat embarrassed, and the Winter Ministry held that the sale to Mr. Reid would provide enough ready money to meet current obligations and redeem debentures then awaiting can-

cellation. Mr. Reid, on his side, held that a proprietary right in these franchises was essential, as a mere leasehold would be insufficient for financial purposes. The combining of the steamers with the train service ensured the carriage of freights to all parts of the colony on the lowest terms, as the rates were assessed by mileage over land or water. The dock and telegraphs were both being operated by the colony at a loss, and the lands in the interior were valueless to the colony unless they could be developed.

In connection with the railway itself, it should be explained that the original section, owned by the English bond-holders, had been purchased from them by the Liberal Ministry just before its defeat, for $1,750,000, and was included in the whole line which was handed over to Mr. Reid three months later. In round figures the whole system cost the colony $10,000,000 to build, including this purchase, and what the masses of the people were never able to understand was, how the Government came to "sell" this to Mr. Reid for barely one million. The contract, however, commended itself to the Legislature, which, having regard to all the local circumstances, deemed it the best arrangement possible in the interests of the colony. It passed the House of Assembly by a vote of twenty-eight to eight, five members of the Opposition breaking from their party in order to support it; and in the Legislative Council it passed by a vote of fourteen to one. But it was not palatable to the country at large, as the agitation of the past two years against it proved, and the disintegration and collapse of the Winter Ministry last February was due in no small degree to the bitter hostility which the measure had created.

ALFRED B. MORINE, ESQ.—LEADER OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OPPOSITION

Mr. Reid's operation of the railway and kindred services under this contract was undertaken with the determination to set the colony a long way ahead on the march towards real progress and prosperity. Splendid modern steamers were built by him; sumptuous railway carriages and the latest types of locomotives were provided; he improved the roadbed and began a palace hotel in St. John's; and he set on foot many new industries. These projects justified to a certain extent the arguments of those who had advocated the disposal of the properties to a contractor—that he being saddled with the operation of the services, would have to spend millions of money in developing the varied resources of the island in order to obtain his dividends and ultimately to recoup himself for his original outlay. It was also pointed out that the colony, being unable to carry out development schemes on such a basis, would have become bankrupt in the endeavour to operate the line and run the steamers.

Influenced by these views, Mr. Reid

then came forward with a proposal that the Government, whose sanction was essential, permit him to convert these personal holdings into a limited liability company, capitalized at $25,000,000; one-fifth of that sum to be raised at once on mortgage bonds, for the carrying out of the several industries already initiated, notably a pulp-mill, designed to be one of the largest in the world. The Ministry then in power, headed by Hon. Robert Bond, with Hon. E. P. Morris and W. H. Harwood as his lieutenants, was not favourable to this proposition, fearing that it concealed an attempt by Mr. Reid to rid himself of his personal liability. He urged the contrary view: that he had secured English capital to assist him in turning to profit our wealth of forest and farm, and mine and stream, and that the colony's security for the carrying out of the contract obligations would be enhanced, instead of minimized. But the Bond Government insisted on his returning to the colony the telegraphs; on his amending his land grants so as to conserve the interests of settlers, and ensure reservation of tracts for various public purposes; on his giving guarantees as to the amount of money to be spent in the colony of the sum raised; and, if possible, on his relinquishing his proprietary right in the railway. He agreed to the second and third conditions, but rejected the others.

On this issue the recent general election was fought, Premier Bond being returned with a following of thirty-two, while Mr. Reid's friends carried only four seats, the leader of the Conservatives, Mr. A. B. Morine, who is also Mr. Reid's solicitor, being among the fortunate quartette. The election proved how apprehensive the people were of a monopoly, and how they resented the concessions already granted to the contractor, not to speak of affording him others. Nevertheless, it is recognized that the operation of the railroad by the Government would be impossible, and it is conceded that only by the inauguration of diversified industries along the line can Mr. Reid make his venture a financial success. The sentiment of hostility afloat against him is due to the fear that he has got too much power through the influences he wields, and that he or the corporation which succeeds him, may become a formidable rival to the State. The adjustment of the difficulties between him and the Bond Government being a matter of current politics, is outside the scope of this paper.

An impartial study of the whole question warrants the conclusion that the building of a trans-insular railway was too great a task for the colony. The interior will not produce wheat as does the Northwest, there was nothing demonstrable as to the wealth of the region opened up by the road; and the roundabout course the track takes, due to the need of touching all the bays, so as to connect with the steamers, forbids the possibility of cheap and speedy carriage of freight. Therefore, having made this initial experiment, the colony should have, in handing over the operation of the line to a contractor, stipulated for a prolonged period with ample guarantees that development would be undertaken. The centering in the hands of one man, by his acquisition of such an all-embracing concession as that comprehended in the Reid "deal," the determining in a large measure of the financial and industrial status of the colony, is a proceeding that is powerful for good or evil, according as that individual uses or misuses the almost autocratic grip it gives him. But the most insoluble problem of all is that bound up with the livelihood of a corporation, or trading company, acquiring control of such an aggregation of commercial franchises, and thereby exerting such a direct and potent influence—baneful or beneficial—upon the people and prospects of a small colony like this. It promises to provide some new object-lessons in the history of British autonomous possessions.

GASPÉ SKETCHES

By Marjory MacMurchy

I.—THE GASPÉ ROAD AND PASPEBIAC.

THERE are a hundred different ways of going out to spend a holiday. People at one time made it an excuse for cutting cat-tails, they may even do so yet. But the fancy at present is for gathering impressions of scenery and human nature. This does not altogether betray a universal tendency to novel writing. It means that the rest of the world have to pay attention to local colour in order to understand what they read.

One sometimes does come across a district of country which possesses characteristics that appeal even to the ordinary observer as having a marked life of their own, something quite different from the usual routine of commerce, and industry, and the house-keeping that is appropriate to railways and trolley cars. Such a country may be found in Gaspé, on the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur, in the Province of Quebec.

It is true that a railway is pushing on towards the end of Gaspé, that rounded point of land that thrusts itself out into the Gulf; but it is only half way down, and the Gaspé road, a highway of quite respectable antiquity, is still the favourite means of travel. The settlements are all old, but they have not as yet acquired a trace of self-consciousness. Brass candlesticks, without that air of being too good for use that belongs to the specimens found in more sophisticated neighbourhoods, are frequently employed as window props in Gaspé. The old china to be found there is too exciting a subject to discuss. Upon investigation, one household confessed to having three sets that had come out in various wedding chests, some of it as far back as a remarkable great-grandmother whose temperament is still remembered in the family.

The traveller will likely be told sometime during his wanderings that this part of Canada resembles Scotland. There may be a fleeting likeness in the higher reaches of the salmon rivers, or in the climate. But there is always the essential difference, the wild, free, untrodden, vaster aspect both in the hills and on the shore. Those who value nature chiefly for an association of historic grandeur will never discover the charm that is to be found on the shores of the Bay of Chaleur.

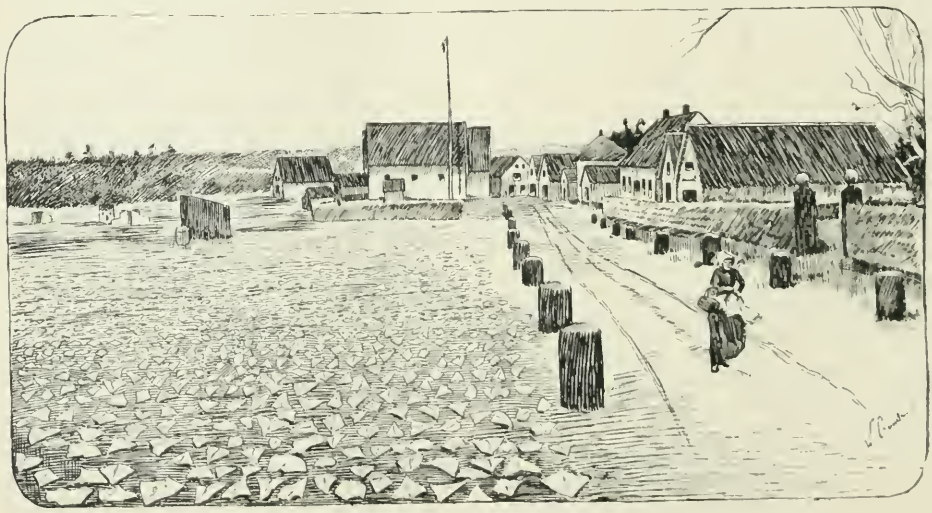
There is a point of resemblance, however, which is quite as apparent if not so frequently pointed out, between the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur and the Scotland of some fifty years ago. What this is may be inferred from the fact that there is supposed to be some legal interference with the free supply of, let us say, French brandy. At all events, as is generally the case with a real or supposed interference of this kind, it has increased the consumption. It is more than hinted on the north shore that the gentle art of smuggling is practised. All that is necessary is a quick run at night up the Bay; it would be hard indeed if in ninety miles of coast a hidden landing could not be effected. For the sake of romance, let us suppose that the French brandy is landed in kegs. It certainly reaches the bottle stage of distribution as one may testify from a

very ordinary degree of observation. Two short railway journeys revealed the fact that the familiar tin cup, apparently intended for ice water, was really used in conjunction with a black bottle that did not even pretend to conceal itself, a circumstance one would imagine very shocking to the Government, but of some value as local colour.

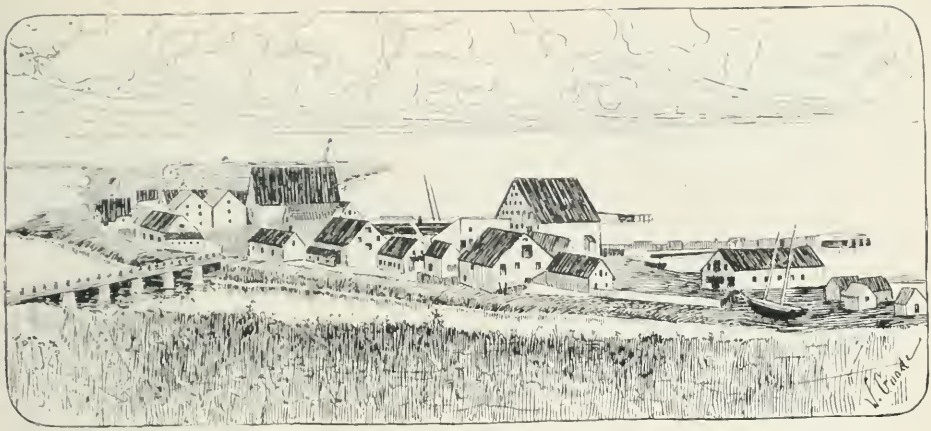
This temporary exuberance will no doubt pass away with the advance of the railway and the summer traveller. The story-teller, if he feels any desire to visit Gaspé, had better do so quickly. If he goes, he is advised to settle for himself the question as to the authenticity of the Raphael that is said to hang over the altar in one of the churches whose spires cast an evening shadow over the Bay. He is sure to hear about the picture, and will have no difficulty in finding it, especially if he drives on the Gaspé road, and has as little to do with the railway as he conveniently can.

Then, too, if he drives, he will see the door that seems to be an architectural freak in Gaspé. The houses are built generally after the same pattern, but there are some slight variations. This particular door might be called a variation. Above the ordinary entrance in the less fashionable districts of Gaspé he will find a second door, leading nowhere except out to the air, which is swung open in the afternoon when the daughter of the house is spinning. From the vantage of this situation she keeps a careful eye upon any excitement that may chance to pass along the road, staying her hand meanwhile with the uplifted thread until the passing traveller is out of sight. Why the opening should have been made a door and not a window does not appear, although it would have been a convenient exit for Silverlocks when the little bear came upstairs to see who had been in his bed.

For communication with more distant parts of the Bay the inhabitants depend on a steamer, but for longer journeys they may go from their own little landings—some lad, perhaps, from his father's farm in his own sailboat to the side of a brig that is anchored, not for the first time, in that harbour. The way to South America is a great deal more direct than you would imagine from the Bay of Chaleur. The day of the sailing vessel is not over here, and as you see the ships coming steadily up the Bay with the wind singing the rushing song of the sea under their sails, you may remember Jacques



PASPEBIAC DRAWN BY W. GOODE



ROBIN'S AND THE BRIDGE DRAWN BY W. GOODE

Cartier and old stories of French men-of-war that came up the Gulf and found this blue inlet more than two hundred years ago.

Speaking of South America reminds one of Paspebiac and Robin's. Paspebiac, if you may happen not to have heard of it before, which is not unlikely, is some miles from New Carlisle, the county town of Bonaventure; and New Carlisle is one of the most fascinating places in the world. It lies like an unfastened necklace along the shore of the Bay, with a red cliff below, and a sparkling beach, and a long pier as fine and graceful in its outline as any pier on this side of the world. Just at present there does not seem to be much evidence of any utilitarian reason for the pier at New Carlisle, but it is very good to look at; and one could easily imagine a crowd of passengers gazing down at the shore from the deck of one of the Atlantic liners that were expected to arrive from Milford Haven a couple of years ago.

From New Carlisle you drive down the Gaspé road to Paspebiac, and there you find Robin's, which is the kind of place that you would expect to take the fancy of a novelist like Sir Walter Besant. Indeed, if that author had heard of Robin's after writing "Armorel of Lyonesse" he certainly would have come over and written a romance of the Bay of Chaleur on the spot. There is only one objection to Robin's; no one can supply you with any definite information about it on this side of the sea. If you want more than a general impression you will have to seek for it in Jersey, where the head office is. But a branch of this great fishing enterprise has been at Paspebiac since the end of the eighteenth century, or even before that. Local tradition says that Robin's send the fish they catch all over the world, but principally to Brazil and the Argentine Republic. Their fishermen are brought out from Jersey, and presently send for their wives, or sweethearts, and live in the neat little white houses, and take care of the gay queer-fashioned gardens that the traveller may see in Paspebiac.

You turn to the right from the Gaspé road on to a side road that leads somewhat abruptly down a little declivity to the sea. At the end of the road is a bridge which connects a winding strip of sand at this end with the shore. Robin's, which begins on the other side of the bridge, is a very neat place. The little peninsula is covered with buildings, each with its own particular designation painted on a sign over the door, including the "Sail Loft" and the "Bell Tower." These two names are in English, the rest in French. There is a road winding neatly about among the buildings, and you may look at everything without exciting any surprise from the dark, busy fish-

ermen, who are entirely occupied with the one important consideration at Robin's. The place has a foreign, almost a romantic air. You cannot help wondering what tragedies and joys, what strength and weakness have been brought over here from across the sea to find out in this little place what life means to a passionate or a heavy heart.

The gravel beach at Robin's is so spotless that you can only imagine a general morning bath ; and the shore is covered with drying fish. Every building that you pass is packed with fish, generally cod, and extremely dry, in some stage of getting ready to go to South America. Beyond the shore a couple of Robin's ships are riding at anchor waiting to be sent away.

After you have seen all there is to see you may retrace your steps across the bridge. But it is scarcely possible that you will not remember sometimes the curious union of tranquillity and work in this odd little world, with its own manners and customs, that does not seem to belong to the country where it exists at all ; but is only moored on this side of the sea like a ship, and may at any time set a wonderful spread of canvas and sail off, gravelly beach, dried fish and all, back to Jersey.

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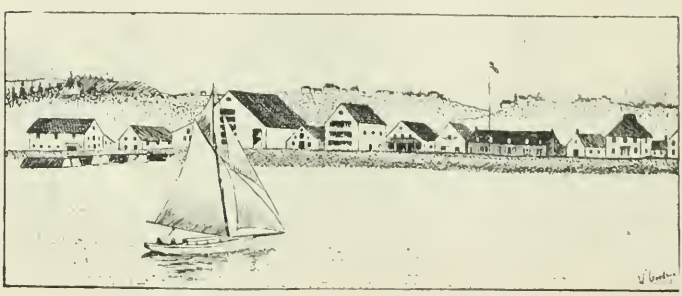
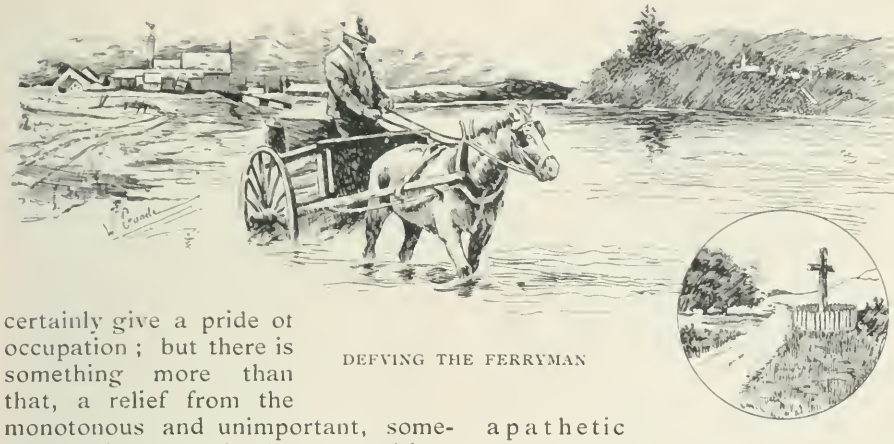
II.—BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA.

An apparently amiable lady once stated that she was in the habit of committing to paper her impressions of the various individualities it was her fortune to meet. She admitted that it was difficult. How much more difficult it would be to express the character of a neighbourhood or of a district of country? And yet in Gaspé human nature has made so intimate a connection between itself and its surroundings, a connection that is not obliterated by rapid change, nor confused by any great variety of interest, that one is tempted to try an expression of its character.

What does the Bay of Chaleur, that beautiful, untumultuous inlet where there are no dangerous reefs nor shoals, mean to the people who see every hour its changing tides, and the darker shadows cast on it by the clouds as they pass over? There may be deeper, more subtle effects, but one consequence certainly has been to produce a brave caution, a sensible appreciation of danger. There is an entire absence of the foolhardiness that causes the loss of so many lives in the lakes of Mid-Canada. The farmers and fishermen who live on the shores of the Bay of Chaleur know how to handle a boat. They respect the power of the sea; one scarcely ever hears of a drowning accident. More impression was made by the rescue of two young fishermen who had been clinging to their overturned boat for hours, than is made by a whole season's drowning accidents in Ontario. Children are still admonished by the incident ; and the seamanship of the fishermen in question has suffered from a loss of prestige. More subtle still is the effect of the Gaspé hills, a range of mountains whose beauty does not consist in extraordinary height nor grandeur, but in an exquisite flowing outline, an indescribable harmony of gradation that affects the onlooker with a sense of joy. One is almost safe in saying that the Gaspé hills help the inhabitants of that country to escape in a degree from the weariness of life. They





DEFYING THE FERRYMAN

certainly give a pride of occupation ; but there is something more than that, a relief from the monotonous and unimportant, something quite unassailable by repetition, like great art.

Leaving these more indefinite advantages, it is quite certain that the isolation of Gaspé has produced an interesting uncommonness of character. A man is not so readily ashamed of a foible here. People with a turn for the unusual are not so generally called cranks in Gaspé. It is a country where one who has a liking for that kind of thing can make a collection of stories, not remarkable perhaps, but interesting, and full of that quality that arouses the imagination. Like all stories some of them are sad, some amusing. Most of the sad stories, as is usually the case, come from challenges thrown in the way of fate, like the glove of a knight long ago. The more ordinary and humorous deal with the development of an autocratic character in a small community. An example of the first class is to be found in the story of a beautiful half-breed girl.

A little distance from the Gaspé road you may pass the former home of a beautiful girl, whose descent was partly Indian, and who was seen one summer many years ago by a stranger. The man was married and was accompanied by his wife, but that did not prevent him from saying to this young woman that he would some day return and marry her. It does not appear that he had any ground for supposing that she cared for him ; she seems always to have been of a somewhat apathetic nature. What the stranger said was supposed to be a jest. Whether the girl believed him or not no one seems to know, but in a year or so he did return and kept his word. No doubt there were many in the neighbourhood who thought that the girl was particularly lucky and the man one of those persons whom fate seems to disregard. But far away from her native country the beautiful half-breed went insane, and has forgotten everything, perhaps even the little home from which she came. Or remembers it and the blue hills that cast a long shadow in the afternoon to think that if only she were there again she would be well.

Within a few miles of the home of this girl is a ferry across which a large flat-bottomed boat is poled by one of the natives who charges a sufficiently high fee, with the sanction of the local authorities, to make his neighbours suppose that he must by this time have amassed great wealth. One of these neighbours, suffering under a sense of what he considers the ferryman's unmerited prosperity, and possibly with some more substantial provocation, has refused to have anything further to do with the ferry.

But on the other side of the river lies the hamlet where he obtains all the necessities that are not grown on his own farm. There is no other ferry, and a bridge across the river is miles away. The river cannot be forded except once a month at the lowest tide.

No matter at what inconvenience to himself or to his family, the neighbour will not contribute to the revenue of the ferryman; and once a month the attentive observer may see a man, with some scores of commissions, one would imagine, preparing to drive across the lessened tide of the river. What a day that must be in the neighbour's family! Imagine the feelings of the neighbour's wife, and those of the ferryman whose occupation is set at naught with so much deliberation every month!

Many miles on the other side of the ferry is the home of Madame Joli. Even in Gaspé the extraordinary determination of Madame Joli's character is recognized; and she is pointed out with pride as a curiosity. The drive to Madame Joli's is itself worth taking, all the way on the Gaspé road which here follows the shore without an interruption. If it is late in the afternoon what delicate colours form the outline of sea and sky! The mountains draw nearer the shore, but they remain even close at hand full of undulating unexpectedness. Madame Joli's house is in the shadow of the hills. In spite of the fact that it is a private house—so Madame insists, and who would venture to contradict her?—the passing traveller will always find a bountiful meal spread for such as he at Madame Joli's. He need not fear unless his appetite is small, and in that case, if Madame were to take it as a slight upon the cooking, the consequences might be serious. If she is pleased, she herself will show the traveller a chair in her best parlour, of which she is extremely proud. It has come all the way from Toronto, and she mentions the name of the store as glibly as if she were a street railway conductor. The chair cost five dollars, and as Madame Joli stands before it with a look of pride on her broad face, it would be hard to imagine anything more imposing than that five dollar chair in Madame Joli's presence. "You like my chair?" she says to the traveller, and having received his assent he is allowed to depart.

Madame Joli's importance is best understood when compared with the insignificance of her husband—"Oh, Joli!" as Madame herself says, with an indescribable air of depreciation. He is a little man, although, to be candid, few people have ever seen him. Madame weighs some three hundred pounds. She watches while you eat, but she does not serve. "There are raisins," she will remark firmly, if the traveller is about to leave the table without taking any, "You can eat them on the road." One is bewildered between the feeling that this ought to be considered kindness, and a conviction that in this instance it is pure authority.

In Gaspé a woman in a hayfield is no uncommon sight. But Madame Joli in a hayfield is another matter. Whatever brought her there who can fathom? One cannot possibly believe that it was at the instance of her husband. Madame Joli was on the load; Joli was putting up the hay, when, on account of some temporary aberration Joli started the horse in the direction of the next haycock without warning Madame that the load was about to be put in motion. As anyone might, under these circumstances Madame Joli fell off. Joli, knowing what he might expect, started for the barn, without waiting to see what had become of Madame. His expectations were realized; his wife followed him with a hayfork, but Joli is still supposed to be alive. "Oh, Joli," said Madame, when we enquired, "He has gone to Maria for a bag of meal. I sent him."

It is quite possible to forget even Madame Joli in Gaspé. The winding road brings one back to the sea and to a fleet of little fishing-boats riding at anchor. Another turn in the road, and one is near a wayside cross in its little weed-grown enclosure, where a woman is praying. The spiritless horse she has been driving looks over his shoulder to see what is keeping her so long, and as the strangers pass she rises from her knees. The devout, thin face, the dark figure, the great arms of the cross, and the burning

nasturtium blossoms among the weeds that are the only sign that anyone cares for the place, cast a gentle sadness across the close of the day. What the woman had been praying for had lent a look of absorption to the brown eyes that did not seem to see the hills nor the surface of the bay where their shadows were reflected, although in some part of her unconscious being she must have been aware of them.

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III.—THE CASCAPEDIA.

"This is one of the greatest salmon-fishing rivers in the world," says the sporting American with a proportionate feeling of gratification as he enters the comparative solitude that means Canada to him, a great playground, a hunting and fishing paradise. But the Cascapedia has a spirit of its own, not to be surprised merely by a sportsman who comes north with much fatigue and anticipation, and an appropriate collection of canned and other commodities.

JUNE ON THE CASCAPEDIA

The Cascapedia joins the Bay of Chaleur at New Richmond, thirty-five miles from New Carlisle. It sweetens all the waters that flow by the long point of land where Stanley House looks south across the Bay. Stanley House was built by the Governor-General of Canada, who is now Lord Derby, in those days when the fishing rights on the Cascapedia were subject to the use of the Governor-General. The practice has been changed since then. But the whole length of the river is rife with memories of distinguished personages which has an odd effect in the conversation of a generally-untitled country. What Lord Lansdowne said about land tenure to one of his Gaspé neighbours may enliven the conversational situation at any moment. The man who once drove the present Duke of Argyll to his fishing lodge, may remark casually when he meets you that the Marquis told him that he was called Jack Campbell at home.

So much for the reputation of the river from a social point of view. There is one addition, however, still to be made. Some day you will be informed with a rueful smile that Kipling once made his way to the Cascapedia to try his luck, and was refused permission. What a picture he might have given of its shining reaches! Perhaps he would have immortalized some guide, and the genus guide of the Canadian variety is worth immortalizing. This happened before Kipling wrote "Our Lady of the Snows." It may be that when he remembers Canada he thinks only of the closed waters of the Cascapedia. We might, by way of reparation for this apparent

inhospitality, cease imagining that the poet of empire is prejudiced against us.

But no matter who comes or goes on the Cascapedia, the spirit of the river remains the same. There is a road on either bank that follows the course of the river far up until the hills close nearer, and the young maples that have sprung up after the cutting of the older trees twist their slender branches together in the valley. But the best way to go up is by the river, either in a canoe with a guide, or in a less distinguished and responsible capacity in a great barge on its way to a logging camp with supplies.

At the entrance to the river, if you are fortunate, you are likely to be given two pieces of information. "They say," a lumberman will remark non-committally, "that if you speak of rain on that beach it will be sure to come, most likely a thunderstorm." No one can suggest a reason for the story, and everyone is above believing it. But presently the first speaker will add with decision that he has frequently tried the experiment, and that it has always rained. This expresses the feeling of the company exactly. They do not believe in the story, but it rains nevertheless.

The other item of information is that all the willows on the point which at one spot are both beautiful and numerous, grew from the walking stick of a local magnate which he planted at the corner of his house. The house has disappeared, but a green hollow, said to be the cellar, is shown in confirmation of the theory.

The stranger, having paid this tribute to the woodland deities of Gaspé, is left to ponder over what he has heard, and meanwhile the Cascapedia opens out upon the sea.

> "What's Yarrow but a river brown
> That slids the bare hills under?"

There is no song for the Cascapedia. It is only a brown water, like Yarrow, until it turns blue in the sea, flowing between green banks that climb higher as you follow the river into its wilderness of loveliness. Fishermen have gone up the Cascapedia for sport in summer, and lumbermen for toil to the winter logging camps this many a year. But the river has not been changed by that. It is still as fair as a dream, as quiet as a dream and as swift. Here broods between its silent banks the very spirit of solitude. No matter how many travelled sportsmen come every June, its waters are not stained. The chemong and the paddle do not make way for the steamboat, nor for any kind of noisy screw. The Cascapedia makes nothing of the contrast between its sportsmen and its lumbermen who build camps far up the valley in the autumn, toil all day, sleep from dark to dawn, see no one but their comrades, hear nothing from without, and drink painkiller until their release in the spring, a beverage which for a good reason is a very fair substitute for a more vaunted stimulant.

But when June comes and all the snow and ice have flowed down to the Bay of Chaleur, when the river where it joins the sea is blue again and the air bewilderingly sweet, first come the salmon and then the men who follow them.

Here and there upon the banks of the river you may come upon a little lodge that betrays itself by its sophisticated air of simplicity, *simplesse* as Matthew Arnold would have us say to show that this is no native, but a manufactured, simplicity. One such lodge you will find built low in a green meadow, a little house that nestles to the ground, saying to the wind and rain, "Spare me," and basking in the setting sun all on fire with gold. This is an adapted farm-house, very much adapted, with its red roof and weather-grey walls, its broad chimney built outside, and the wide gallery facing the west where the sportsmen mean to observe the close of the day with a meditative pipe. The hall within is painted green, the walls of the rooms on either side are red. There are open fireplaces, and long black settles lined with turkey red. Models of famous catches are nailed on the walls, salmon of so many inches and such a

weight, caught on such a day and year, with the name of the successful fly and the lucky pool piously added. In one corner is a row of bookshelves. The Bible and Shakespeare, these traditional stand-bys of the desert islander, have, no doubt, been taken home to New York, but Balzac and Dickens, some of Black's novels, and many another odd volume have been left. "Literature" is lying on the table, and a dictionary. How much some people require with which to catch salmon!

Outside the lodge the Cascapedia ripples on over its shallow bars. In the pool above an excited gentleman is struggling with his balance and a little trout that he hopes may be a salmon. An Indian boy with a paddle in the stern watches him imperturbably.

The empty river and the silent valley need no life but their own to be complete; and far away over the hills one may almost hear the Scarlet Hunter coming.

This is the country, this part of Canada, whose very sentient soul has been breathed by the poets of the Sea Provinces. No one can understand completely the beauty of what they have written until he, too, has seen the quiet life, the great, empty, happy stillness through which one traveller slips; hears the rustle of the woods beneath some creature's step; sees the birds that call and are silent flit from a tree nearby to a tree beyond the river; tells the world what he has seen; and needs no more.

"There the wind will stay to whisper,
Many wonders to the reeds;
But I shall not fear to follow
Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

I shall know him in the darkling
Murmur of the river bars,
While his feet are on the mountains
Treading out the smouldering stars.

I shall know him in the sunshine,
Sleeping in my scarlet tree,
Long before he halts beside it,
Stooping down to summon me.

Never fear, my friends, to leave me
In the boding autumn vast;
There are many things to think of
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,
When the journeying shadows fail,
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter
Pass upon the endless trail."

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Claude Bryan.

"THE ideal war correspondent . . . should be big, and ugly enough to command respect." This is part of a definition given by the famous Archibald Forbes out of the plenitude of his own experience. Winston Churchill scarcely conforms to this ideal in either points, since no child of Lady Randolph Churchill (*née* Jerome) could be ugly, and no son of Lord Randolph could be of great size. But the whimsical Forbes had in his mind the frequent coercion of telegraph officials, and the muscular persuasion of the disobliging; and since for this purpose Winston Churchill has enough of the compelling nature and autocratic diplomacy of his father, he is not greatly handicapped by either his beauty or his stature.

But perhaps you will not call him beautiful who is not above middle size either in length or breadth, who walks with a distinct forward stoop, with a

head as round and determined as a bullet, and with pale eyes and eyebrows and hair. Such, however, is no libel on the person of Winston Churchill; and yet one has pleasure in his frank Saxon countenance.

When this man escaped from Pretoria, Boer placards called for the arrest of a fugitive "with red hair": but Mr. Malan must have written that in the fulness of his Dutch malice.

It would be strange, indeed, if one who "at twenty-six is the veteran of four wars and the author of five books" (so saith the Pond) had not acquired a deal of vanity *en route;* and yet Winston Churchill bears his glory well enough. But, it must be added, an experience that would fill full many a life has left Churchill still young in many respects. I had looked to see a massiveness of character that Emerson might have contemplated with joyful silence, but found instead a nimble vanity and a conscious greatness that stabbed my admiration, and made me pocket my frankincense and myrrh.

The accompanying photograph is a fair likeness of Winston Churchill; if the eyes were wider open and the face wore a long moustache, the likeness might be that of Lord Randolph. This personal resemblance suggests a character sketch to show how far the traits and experience of the leader of the "fourth party,"

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great,"

tend to repeat themselves in his son.

Intrepidity and love of excitement must explain the recent exploits of Winston Churchill; here is a picture of the boyhood of Lord Randolph, which appeared in the *Realm* in 1895.

"I can," writes J. S., "recall him at Eton, but only for one amazing moment. It was a summer evening, just before lock-up, and the whole wall . . . was thronged with youths. . . . Down the middle of that (the public) road alone, ringing discordant music from a volunteer's bugle, marched a boy in jackets. It was Churchill wending homeward from Frewer's. As I recall the 'swells' of that time, the progress of a boy in jackets, on his right a long line of his fellows, on his left, for one awful moment, that sublime group at the corner, I feel once more the breathless wonder at audacity so magnificent."

Lord Randolph went to Eton and Oxford (Merton), Winston Churchill to Harrow and Sandhurst. This difference in schooling may be explained by differing ambitions, for it does not appear that the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough ever thought of following the warlike traditions of his house. On the other hand, the surprising military experiences of the younger Churchill remind one of Mr. Henty's Cornet of Horse. He entered the army in 1895, and was stationed at Aldershot as subaltern in the crack cavalry corps, the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. He obtained leave, and served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, receiving the Spanish Order of Military Merit. Returning to England, he was in time to be sent with his regiment to India. Here, in 1897, he got himself attached to the 31st Punjab Infantry for the Malakand Field Force, and was present at the operations in Bajaur, being mentioned in the despatches and receiving the medal and clasp. His letters to a London paper descriptive of this campaign attracted much attention, and caused great grumbling in every Service club by reason of the severe criticism which he had the temerity to direct against his superior officers. Hurrying back to London in the next year for the Khartoum expedition, he got attached to the 21st Lancers. He was present at the battle of Omdurman, and received the medal and clasp. In this campaign he represented the *Morning Post;* but his critical letters again drew the protest of the military clubs, and Churchill resigned his commission.

But it was the South African War that made the reputation of Winston Churchill as a war correspondent. Curiously enough, Churchill, the youngest correspondent in the field, represented the oldest newspaper in the business of war correspondence, for it

was the *Morning Post* that instituted the present system when it sent Gruneisen to Spain with the Spanish Legion in 1835.

It may here be remarked also, by way of parallel, that Lord Randolph Churchill went to South Africa as a newspaper correspondent in 1891, visiting, among other places, Cape Town, Kimberley, Johannesburg and Pretoria. For his twenty letters he received two thousand guineas from the *Daily Graphic*. Some day Winston Churchill's correspondence may be worth as much! In the meantime, it is a fact that his letters to the *Morning Post* did not suffer by comparison with the work of Bennett Burleigh (the *doyen* of war correspondents), Steevens, Melton Prior, Poulteney Bigelow, and the rest of the older men. Moreover, his gallantry at Estcourt, and the unconscionable daring of his escape from Pretoria gave Churchill's letters an added personal interest.

Politically, Winston Churchill begins by repeating the experience of his father; they were both elected to Parliament at practically the same age, twenty-five, and both were returned by borough constituencies—Woodstock and Oldham—in Conservative interests. Both, moreover, had the same telling assistance in their electoral campaigns—that of Lady Randolph Churchill. "During the elections of 1885," writes a biographer, "Lady Randolph Churchill presented, at Birmingham, a conspicuously picturesque figure, driving about in a dainty tandem securing suffrages wherever she turned her horses' heads."

Winston Churchill, as has been suggested, refused to be suppressed by the Service clubs; and it is not impossible that, like Lord Randolph, he may kick over the traces at the Carlton. He certainly has views on army reform, and has formed an opinion of several generals in the field that may not be approved by the War Office.

Like his father, Winston Churchill is an ardent Imperialist—who might also have spoken thus of Mr. Morley: "I know that there are honourable gentlemen, particularly the member for Newcastle and the member for Ipswich, who are very fond of getting up in this House, and then careering about the country and calling themselves the people of England . . . but it is the easiest thing in the world to detect the difference between the demagogue's bray and the people's roar."

Such was the invective of Lord Randolph; and more lately Lord Rosslyn was reproached in no gentler terms.

Lord Randolph received his early political training in Dublin, where his father lived as Viceroy. The fruit of that education was Lord Randolph's later influence over the Irish members of the House of Commons, which served his purpose in the memorable defeat of Gladstone in 1885. Those who have read Winston Churchill's book, "From London to Ladysmith," must have noticed the continuous gallantry of the Dublin Fusiliers. But in this unimpeachable tribute one may perhaps also find the incipient policy of a Churchill.

The political future may have much for Winston Churchill; but it will have much in so far only as he *differs* in temperament from his great father. It is true that English Conservatism can scarce repay the man who reconstructed it on democratic lines, and brought the Unionist party into existence; who overthrew a Gladstone with his own weapons, and detaching a Chamberlain left the Liberal party, which had waxed great since the death of Sir Robert Peel, almost without hope of recovery. But Conservative reconstruction is *fait accompli*, and the *rôle* of a Randolph Churchill to-day would be fatally obstreperous. To-day, a Salisbury Government, with three-quarters of Britain behind it, can do with or without a "candid friend," but a Cecil either in Opposition or on the Treasury benches would make good use of a Churchill not predisposed to take the bit between his teeth.

THE AFRIKANDER POSITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A SPEECH BY THE HON. MR. MERRIMAN, LATE TREASURER OF CAPE COLONY, LEADER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARTY, AND DELEGATE FROM THE AFRIKANDER MEMBERS OF THE CAPE PARLIAMENT, TO THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN. COMMENT ON THE SAME BY THE CAPE TIMES.

THERE has been so little presentation to Canadian readers of the Afrikander side of the political and racial struggle now casting its shadow over Cape Colony that a recent speech by Mr. Merriman, the leader of the "South African Party," is likely to be of interest. On the opening day of the last month of the old century, Mr. Merriman's friends met at his country house at Stellenbosch and there presented him and his two colleagues, Messrs. Sauer and Teawater with an address. They congratulated these gentlemen on the services they had rendered the Afrikander people during the recent stormy session of the Cape Parliament, and encouraged them to continue in the good work.

Mr. Merriman replied in part as follows:

"We are met at this time at one of the most terrible periods in the history of South Africa. For a hundred years this country has ceased to be the appanage of a trading company, and has been becoming a free and united community of men, and during the whole of that time we have never had so frightful a condition of affairs as exists to-day. The fratricidal strife still goes on, kinsman against kinsman, brother against brother, you might almost say wife against husband. It destroys our family intercourse, it destroys the kindly fellowship between man and man, it poisons our whole life, and makes life in this colony almost intolerable. And I ask myself when I think of this dreadful state of affairs, What example are we giving to those people who are in the nature of things the subject races? What do they think of this state of affairs, for be assured, they do think of it? My firm conviction is that we are sowing the wind to-day, and it will be well indeed if our children and our grandchildren do not have to reap the whirlwind. What is going on in South Africa? It is impossible for us at present to take a full and comprehensive view of the crisis of the tragedy which is going on around us, but I say this, that when the history of these years comes to be written it will be one of the blackest pages of history. (Loud cheers.) The loss of life and the misery on both sides, the destruction of labour earnings, the annihilation of a well-governed community like that of the Orange Free State—(loud cheers)—all these things stun us. We can hardly find expression for them at the present time. No one can possibly realize unless he has toiled with his own hands and created his produce by his own work upon the soil what the destruction of villages and farms, wrung by hard toil from the wilderness, means, the acts that are being perpetrated, the burning of homesteads. What all that means only those who have laboured and toiled themselves to improve the country can know. And we do not realize what it means for the future. But to me the saddest thing of all, and as I believe, the worst thing for civilization, is the loss of England's moral power. (Loud cheers.) Two years ago England, you may say what you like, throughout the civilized world stood for life, for justice, for moderation, and was a protector and saviour to a great extent of the smaller societies throughout the whole world. (Cheers.) That moral force England has lost. She

can neve again assume that position. And that loss to civilization is to me graver even than all the material destruction that is going on around us.

"I don't want to dwell upon the past. I wish we could bury it out of sight. But I would like to say a few words about the present because I feel it my duty to do so. I think everyone must view what is going on to-day in South Africa at the present moment, and increasingly, with the greatest alarm and apprehension. As a Christian, and as one who is entitled to speak with some degree of authority on the public affairs of this country, and as an Englishman with a passionate sense of pride in the past of his country, far greater than that of those cosmopolitan adventurers who have been raked together from all the bourses of England, and who now affect to speak as true-born Britons—(laughter)—all these things I view with the greatest alarm and apprehension in South Africa. I am not going to enter into the harrowing details of which all of us unfortunately have heard too much. I should be glad indeed if I could bring myself to believe that they were figments of the imagination, that they were the figments of a certain section of the press, of the organs, few in number as they are, which stand out against this war in South Africa. To the saddest of these stories I shut my eyes and hope against hope that they are not true. We have heard so many upon both sides, and especially on the other side, which have come tricked out with all the paraphernalia of monstrous headlines, and which have been found to be absolute lies. Take the 'murder' of MacLachlan, the story of the poisoned bullets, and worst of all, the story from Vryburg of the massacre by Boers of eighteen people who afterwards turned up alive and well. All that makes me hesitate to accept stories unless they are absolutely vouched for. I don't say that these stories have been manufactured only upon one side, but you must remember that these people have the monopoly of a far larger publication than we have on our side. But I don't go to the Jingo papers for my facts, I don't go to the stories of correspondents writing in the interests of newspapers. I go to the private letters of those poor lads who come back after taking a share in the hideous work, and above all I go to the bulletins and proclamations of the military. And many of those are enough to make you blush for shame. Take that proclamation signed 'Bruce Hamilton.' Was that a fiction? If it was a fiction then I say that no punishment is severe enough for the man who forged that proclamation, but again if it is true, then I say that it is unpardonable that an English gentleman should have put his name to such a document, recalling as it does the days of Tilly and Wallenstein, who did these things it is true, but who never had the temerity to publish them in the newspapers. Then I noticed a line in the newspaper yesterday about General Broadwood, who got to Rustenburg and destroyed immense quantities of wheat. Think what that means in South Africa. Think what a record of misery it establishes.

"And what have these men done that these devastations should be carried on? They have taken up arms, and are only fighting bravely for their own country. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Is this what we are doing to make these people little by little loyal and willing subjects of Great Britain? It is the policy that I object to—the policy that is so fatal to the future of this country. (Cheers.) The things themselves which are being done are bad enough, but it is the policy and the effects of this policy upon the whole country which make me almost despair. One of the greatest Roman writers, describing the deeds of Rome, and the way in which the Romans carried on war, finished by saying, 'They make a wilderness and call it peace.' That was pagan Rome. We are living under the rule of Christian England, and it is sad indeed if Christian England is going to imitate the worst of pagan Rome. If she does

—I say it with pain and grief—the fate of pagan Rome is as certain to befall her as anything can be, as certainly as all the splendour of pagan Rome failed to avert her destruction. Now I dare say it will be said that these things are not found on one side only. I dare say they are not. A war of this kind brings out the worst elements on both sides. Cruelties and atrocities are committed upon both sides. But if this state of things continues what is to be the future, and where are we steering to? We shall have a carnival of savagery in this country such as it is impossible to describe. I was only talking the other day to a gentleman who is well acquainted with the country, and who said, 'You will see after this war that there will be plenty of "Scottie Smiths."' Scottie Smith was an Englishman who, some of you remember, turned a freebooter in Bechuanaland. If you want to learn anything more about him ask the Messrs. Weil. (Loud laughter.) But what a terrible outlook it is for us if we are to have rapine and robbery and looting going on on all hands, a condition of things to which this country has happily been an absolute and complete stranger during the whole course of its existence. These are the sort of legacies which are going to be stored up for us by this unhappy fratricidal strife.

"And now, gentlemen, what is our duty as true sons of South Africa—(cheers)—and as true, loyal, obedient, and honest subjects of Queen Victoria? (Loud cheers.) Your loyalty, the loyalty of the people of this counry I venture to say, has stood during the past year an immense strain, and it has not received any recognition yet. You have had to face flouts, sneers, and gibes, but I believe the time will come when prejudice will pass away, and true recognition will be given, and true gratitude shown, for the attitude of the people of this country who threw aside all temptations to cast in their lot with their kinsfolk, and who, because they were contented and had no grievances, remained quiet, and thereby saved England from what might have been a great and irreparable disaster. I say that sooner or later justice will be done about that, and it will be acknowledged what a debt the cause of freedom and civilization in South Africa owes to the people who stood the strain and remained loyal and true to their allegiance. And I would say to you, persevere in that course. Remember that the darkest hour always comes before the dawn. Do not in the face of contumely and misrepresentation and innuendoes and insinuations be guided into wild talk, and perhaps unhappily wilder action, which will give a pretext to your enemies to take away the last shred of freedom which belongs to you. I know it is difficult to advocate moderation, but, believe me, in the best interests of South Africa moderation was never more required than at the present time. Say out, if you will, boldly, fearlessly, fairly, what you wish and desire, but be guided by moderation, use no immoderate language, and don't give a handle to those who are only too anxious to take hold of a handle to upset and destroy that freedom which still exists in this country. You do and will still exist, a great and what is becoming a dominant force in South Africa. Therefore I say to you, I implore you to be at this crisis in our affairs moderate in the future as you have been moderate in the past.

"Now there is going to be a Congress at Worcester. Of course, you are not at all ignorant of the aspersions and innuendoes and insinuations that have been made with reference to that Congress. I may tell you at once that I am not going to be at that Congress, and that I have had nothing whatever to do in getting it up. And that is certainly not from fear of saying in any presence on any platform what I truly think about the state of affairs, but it is because I wish to avoid the insinuation thrown out that this is a Congress engineered by political people for their own ends, whereas it is truly and only the spontaneous outcome of feeling in this country. (Loud cheers.) I am

amazed to see the objections that have been raised to a meeting like that. England is the mother and very home of public meetings. Everyone may hold a public meeting in England upon every subject and at every time, no matter how critical, because the statesmen of England wisely thought that it was better that the people should meet in public rather than that they should remain quiet, and that thereby there should be an underground movement. Therefore I am surprised to find people in this country, Progressives, throwing blame upon public meetings. I am sure that this Congress will set an example to many public meetings that have been held not only in Cape Town, but also in England—(cheers)—and I am sure that they will frame all their petitions and whatever they have to say with dignity and moderation, so that they will have weight. We have a good cause. No one ever had a better. But don't spoil it by any exaggeration or any wild talk. Recollect you have an appeal to the British House of Commons. You have never tried that yet. My advice would be, lodge your appeal with the House of Commons, take steps to bring your complaints before them. That is the constitutional course to adopt, and we wish to proceed upon constitutional lines.* I believe that the truth is not yet known about this country in England, and when I read the Blue-books I am more and more convinced of it. Whether the truth is likely to be known now that we have Mr. Zietsmun at Home—(laughter)—or the Rev. Adriaan Hofmeyer—(hisses and laughter)—I am not prepared to say. But what we want is for the people of this country to speak out and to bring their appeal to the notice of the House of Commons. And there is one thing more. Look to this one thing. Preserve your Parliament, because that is the one ark and home of freedom in South Africa at the present time. Do nothing which will give a pretext for having your constitutional rights interfered with. As long as you have those you need have no fear, but if they are taken away, your last shred of freedom goes with them. Your Parliament should be, and will be if you take a proper view of affairs, a bulwark of freedom in South Africa. From our Cape Parliament we should govern and rule South Africa at present, instead of having our laws and our policy dictated to us from six thousand miles away. The Parliament of the colony is the place from which these things should come, and also for the regulation of our relations with the other States of South Africa.

"I think I see the signs of the times, which, if they are to be trusted, show that within a short while people in England will have a different view of the position, and will be glad enough to have the assistance of this country in getting their proper dues out of the gentlemen who started this war—the capitalists. (Loud cheers.) These gentlemen are beginning to say they won't pay, and that they will make it very unpleasant for the British Government if they are made to. That, gentlemen, will be our time—(cheers)—and it will be a very pleasant task for us to make these people pay for some of the misery and ruin they have caused. (Loud cheers, and laughter.) Then, I say, gentlemen, don't by violent talk erect a barrier which you cannot pass between those who have common interests in South Africa, because you must recollect that the prejudice has not been all upon one side. You must recollect that there are no such extraordinary dividing lines between us. The fact is, we are too much alike. That is the worst of it. (Laughter.) We have got to lie in the same bed without biting and scratching at one another. We have got to do it, and though we have a kind of conjugal quarrel on now, don't let us dig a gulf so wide that those whose interests are really common cannot work together, because I believe the time is coming when we shall be able to work together. I speak to you, gentlemen, not as one

* The Afrikanders have since decided to send Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer and Mr. Hofmeyer to London to lay their views before the Government and the people.

without hope, because if I did we should be of all men the most miserable. But I feel bound to say that the signs of the times are grave, and that we shall require all our prudence and all our moderation to get out of the present difficulties without a very unpleasant state of affairs in the colony. One thing is certain: the top-dog policy won't do. We must not have one person saying, 'We are the top-dog,' and the other person saying, 'We want to be the top-dog.' That is the accursed policy for South Africa. (Loud cheers.) The true policy is—you have it in the mottoes of the two Republics, and we can't have better advice at the present time—'Gedulden Moed,' and 'Eendracht maakt macht.'" (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which Mr. Merriman resumed his seat, having spoken for thirty minutes.)

A REPLY.

The Cape *Times* of Monday, December 3rd, contained the following comment on this Stellenbosch episode and the sentiments expressed there:

"The gathering at Mr. Merriman's country residence on Saturday furnished the acknowledged leaders of the extreme section of the Afrikander party with a unique opportunity for stemming the torrent which, unless it can be checked in time, threatens to hurl this colony into the gravest possible danger. Rarely has it been given to men, as it was afforded to Messrs. Merriman and Sauer on Saturday, to speak the word that should bid the storm cease; but we look in vain in the full reports of their speeches, printed elsewhere, for any adequate signs that they are prepared to take the plunge which the interest and welfare of this land and people demand. Mr. Merriman, it is true, did make an appeal for moderation in language, for abstention from 'wild talk'; but not in such manner nor in such spirit that we have a right to expect from one occupying the position of trust and power in the extreme Afrikander counsels that he admittedly enjoys. He counselled abstention from immoderate language, in order that they might not 'give a pretext to your enemies to take away the last shred of freedom which belongs to you.' Mr. Merriman must surely be well aware of the mischievous character of insinuations and innuendoes of this nature. He declaims, with characteristic vehemence, against what he describes as the innuendoes and insinuations of others, but at the same time he leaves the impression that there exists in this colony a conspiracy, whose avowed purpose it is to deprive one section of the people—the section who acknowledge him as leader—of their dearest rights and privileges. None know better than Mr. Merriman himself the falsity of such an accusation. The people of this country, the loyal people, are not seeking to impose upon their fellow-colonists of Dutch extraction any disability which they themselves are not prepared willingly to suffer in like manner. The people who are demanding the more general proclamation of martial law are not seeking to impose conditions which are not to be imposed with equal severity upon every section of the community, so long as they remain loyal, and refrain from disloyal speech and action. The appeal for moderation loses half its virtue when made in conjunction with the wild and random talk in which Mr. Merriman indulged in regard to the conduct of the campaign and the treatment of prisoners from the late republics. A more grotesque position was certainly never assumed by a political leader in this colony than that taken up by Mr. Merriman when, in counselling moderateness in language on the part of the dupes in the country districts, he launched himself into a veritable oratorical orgie, whose effect cannot be expected to allay the ill-feeling that unhappily prevails. He drew a harrowing picture of the condition of the Orange River Colony; he spoke of the falsehoods that have been spread by his party press respecting the treatment of Boer women and children as though they had not been proved to be false up to the hilt.

"Is it possible that Mr. Merriman really believes all the frightful stories of acts of barbarity on the part of British soldiers in face of the exposures that have been made, and made in some instances by members of the party led by himself? Mr. Merriman hopes that the stories are not true, but he details them, or some of them, all the same. He singles out the proclamation of 'Bruce Hamilton' for the especial object of his wrath, and brings to his declamatory aid the well-worn phrases concerning 'the days of Tilly and Wallenstein.' But he has no adequate word of reproof for the sedition-mongers who fill the columns of the pro-rebel press with accounts of barbarities of British soldiers which have been proved to be the rankest of lies. Why does a leader of Mr. Merriman's position not take advantage of such an opportunity to tell his following some plain truths of their own shortcomings, or at any rate try to stem the torrent of pro-rebel falsehood? The opportunity has come and gone, and Mr. Merriman has failed to take the full course which the country had a right to expect from him. We can but regret that such a golden chance should have been lost, for no better opportunity could occur of serving the cause for which Mr. Merriman professes such admiration, than that of telling the people the truth and the whole truth about the state of affairs in this country. It might have been unpalatable to the bulk of his following, no doubt, but the circumstances of the country demanded that the sacrifice should have been made, for Mr. Merriman is the one authority in those ranks who might have been expected to possess the temerity to speak the thing that is. What impression will the willing rebel in the rural districts gather from Mr. Merriman's heated denunciations of the British conduct of the war, and of his disgusting comparison of Christian England with Pagan Rome? Are his wild allusions to 'rapine, and robbery, and looting,' calculated to allay the feeling of unrest that must be engendered in the breasts of ignorant people by the daily fare with which they are fed by the pro-rebel press? Assuredly not. We refuse to believe that Mr. Merriman desires to incite the people of this country to extreme action, but when he counsels moderation of language in his following, we could heartily have wished that he had been more disposed to practise what he himself preached. Depend upon it, the unrest now racking this country is not going to be appeased by speeches such as those in which Mr. Merriman indulged on Saturday last.

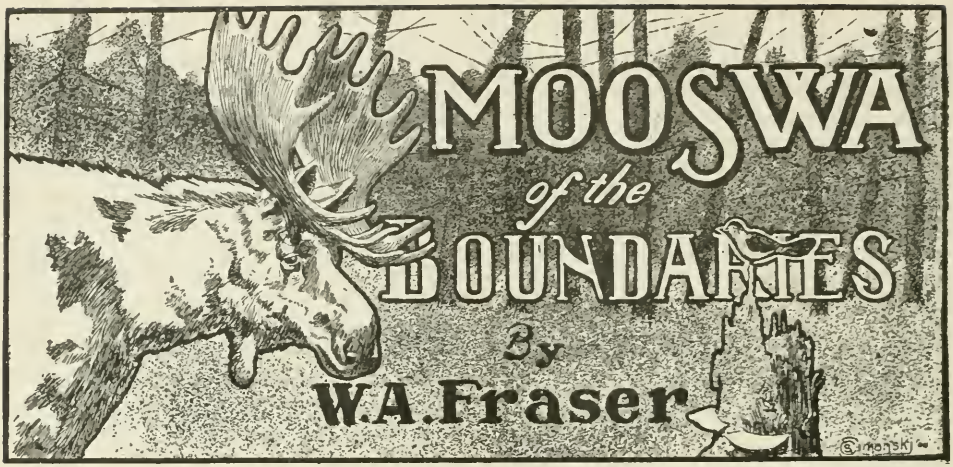
"And if so much may be said of Mr. Merriman, what shall be said of his colleague? Frankly, for our own part, we regard Mr. Sauer as having realized anticipation. We know by too frequent experience the quality of this delectable politician. Once again he showed himself in his true character at the Stellenbosch gathering. His despicable personal attack upon the Governor and High Commissioner may pass for what it is worth. We cannot find it in our heart to believe that his disgraceful insinuations will find favour amongst the mass of solid Afrikander people, however much they may abhor recent happenings in South Africa. His pious allusions to England and Englishmen may be treated with the same contempt. Those who know their Sauer will estimate the Pecksniffian vapourings at their true merit. But when he inflames—we trust unwittingly—the hearts of the people against constituted authority, and accepting, apparently, the villainous concoctions regarding the treatment of Boer women and children, declaring 'it is difficult for the Dutch to remain still'—then we think the time has arrived when serious notice should be taken of his words. Men have been imprisoned for utterances scarcely more harmful, and that, too, under the glorious British flag, for which Mr. Sauer professes such veneration. Mr. Sauer knows the history of the Crimes Act in Ireland. He knows that the British Government were compelled to imprison two-thirds of the Irish Parliamentary members for seeking to

foment discord against the authority of the Crown. There was no war in Ireland when this was done. The circumstances of that country were not more perilous than those which unhappily prevail in South Africa to-day. Mr. Sauer is careful to declare that he does not advise the Dutch people of this colony to depart from their past course, i.e., the course of remaining still. But he does not take the course that a man really animated with a desire for the restoration of harmony might be expected to take. He is content, presumably, that this war should continue until the Boer independence is restored, although he must be well aware that that can never be realized. We make, and have made, all allowance for the feelings of colonists who lament what is taking place across the Orange River, but we have a right to expect that, when the political leaders of these colonists speak in public, they should refrain from seeming to encourage even to the smallest degree the feeling of unrest so unfortunately widespread to-day. If free speech is to be utilized in this manner, the time will assuredly come when the measure dreaded by Mr. Merriman and by all lovers of constitutional liberty must be ruthlessly applied."

WAR.

WAR walks over the land with her treacherous tread,
And wherever her footsteps fall the earth is red ;
Red with the blood of the best—the lives of the brave,
And she wields her sword as free but is bound a slave ;
A slave to the lust of greed, and the lust of gain,
A monster who holds no thought of a mother's pain,
Of the homes laid low and the hundred hearts left lone.
What to her ears death's cry, or the desolates' moan ?
Naught ! so that she win her way, through the blood of men ;
And shew that her strength is the strength of ten millions ten.
Would that she woke to hear—that her wrath might cease—
God's great cry through the centuries, "*Peace, Earth, Peace.*"

May Austin Low.



CHAPTER VI.—BY THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS.

RESUME.—The furred dwellers of the northern forests are introduced choosing anew the Black Fox as their King. They then renew the oath of The Boundaries that each will help the other, and that the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all. François, a trapper, and Rod, the son of a former Hudson's Bay Company factor, have built a shack in The Boundaries and set traps in the neighbourhood. The animals conspire against them and spring their traps. Mooswa, the Moose, when a calf was a pet at the Factory and knew and loved the boy Rod; consequently, he makes all the animals promise to do him no harm. Carcajou, the Wolverine, and Black Fox, the King, are trapped but succeed in getting away with the assistance of the other animals, although Black Fox loses a foot. Carcajou, in revenge, enters the shack one day while the men were out, unlatches the door, and lets in the other animals. Everything eatable in the shack is taken away or destroyed by these wise and mischievous beasts. As a consequence François decides to leave Rod alone for a week and go to The Landing for more flour, bacon, and traps.

IN THE morning, François, taking his loaded snake-whip, hammered the Huskie Dogs into a submission sufficient to permit of their being harnessed, put a meagre ration for four days in the carryall, tied on his snowshoes, and said to Roderick:

"I go for pull out now, Boy; I s'pose t'ree day I make me de Landing. I stop dere one day, hit de back trail den, an' come de s'ack here, wid de grub-stake, in fo'r more. You got grub lef' for dat long, soor. Bes' not go far from de s'ack; de Blue Wolf he he migh' come roun' dis side wit' hes pack—bes' stick close de s'ack."

Then he slipped down the long terraced river bank with his train, and started up the avenue of its broad bosom toward the Landing. With a rather dreary feeling of lonesomeness Rod watched him disappear around the first long, spruce-covered point, then went back into the shack and whistled to keep the mercury of his spirits from dropping "clean to his boots," as he said to himself.

Other eyes had seen François wind around the first turn that shut him out from Rod's vision: Blue Wolf's eyes; the little bead eyes of Carcajou; the shifting, treacherous, catlike orbs of Pisew, the Lynx. Mooswa's big almond eyes blinked solemnly from a thicket of willow that lined the river bank.

"I wonder if he'll bring the same Huskies back in his train?" said Blue Wolf, as they returned through the Boundaries together.

"I should think he would," ventured Mooswa.

"Don't know about that," continued Rof; "these Breeds have no affection for their Dogs, nor anything else but their own Man-cubs. They do like them, I must say. Why, I've heard one of them, a big, rough Man he was,

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too, cry every night for moons because of the death of his cub. He was as savage as any Wolf, though, for he killed another Man in a fight just at that time, and thought no more of it than I did over killing a Sheep at Lac La Biche. But every night he howled and moaned and whimpered for his lost cub, just as a Mother Wolf might when her young are trapped, or stricken with the breath of the firestick, or killed in a pack-riot. Yes, they're queer, the Men," he mused in a low growl. "When François goes to the Landing if one of the other Breeds stumps him for a trade, he'll swap off the whole train."

"I'm sure he'll stick to Marsh Maid," declared Pisew; "she'll be back again all right, Brother Rof." Blue Wolf looked sheepishly at Mooswa. What a sharp fellow this Lynx was to read his thoughts like that!

"I hope nothing will happen to François, for the sake of the Boy," wheezed Mooswa. "These Breed Men also forget everything when the fire-water, that makes them like a mad Bull, is in camp; it is always at the Landing, too," he muttered despondently. "When I was a calf at the Fort I heard the old Factor say —I think I've told you about that time——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carcajou impatiently, for he was a quick-thinking little animal; "what did the Factor say about these Breed Men?"

"I'm coming to that," asserted Mooswa ponderously. "It was at the time I was a calf in the Fort corral, and the Factor, who was my Boy's father, said that a Breed would sell his soul for a gallon of this devil-water that puts madness in their blood."

"What's a soul?" asked Carcajou. "I wonder if I smashed François' in the shack?"

"I don't know," answered Mooswa; "it's something Man has, but which we haven't—it's the thing that looks out of his eyes and makes us all turn our heads away. Even Rof there, who stands up against Cougar without flinching, drops his head when Man looks at him—is that not so, brave comrade?"

"It is," answered Blue Wolf, dragging his tail a little.

"And a Breed will trade this thing for the fire-water?" queried Carcajou.

"So the Factor said," answered the Moose.

"I wouldn't if I had it," declared Wolverine; not even for the fat-eating, and that is good for one. Was that what made Wie-sah-ke-chack king of Men and animals, and everything—this soul thing?" he asked pantingly, for the easy stride of his long-legged comrades took away his breath.

"I suppose so," replied Mooswa; "but if François gets fire-water at the Landing, I'm afraid it will be ill with the Boy. But, comrades, you all remember your oath to me and the King, that for the Man-cub shall be our help and our care, and not the blood-feud that is against Man, because of his killing."

"I remember," cried Blue Wolf.

"And I," answered Pisew.

"I never forget anything," declared Carcajou. "When my paws ached because of François, I laid up hate against him; and when Black King's leg was lost because of this evil Man's trap the hate grew stronger; but, by the bars on my flanks, I do not bear hate against the Boy, and I carry the promise given to you, Mooswa."

"I'll carry you for a bit, little friend," said Blue Wolf, stopping beside Wolverine; "the fat-eating has put new strength in my bones—jump up on my back. Your brains are nimbler than ours, but your short legs can't get over the deep snow so fast."

"Been to see him off, eh?" piped Whisky-Jack, fluttering up. "I heard him tell the Boy last night they'd go down to Hay River when he got back from the Landing, but how did you fellows know he was leaving this morning?"

"Rof got it from his Huskie sweetheart," said Lynx. "The Dogs were tied up last night, and the carryall outfit was lying ready at the door—that

meant hitting the trail early this morning."

"Has the Man-cub got eating enough to last against François' return, Jack?" asked Bull Moose solicitously.

"A dozen Whitefish, a little flour and some tea."

"That will keep the stomach-ache away if the Breed comes back quickly," affirmed Mooswa.

Pisew cocked his hair-plumed ears hungrily at the mention of fish, and the thief-thought that was always in his heart kept whispering: "Fish! Fish! Fish that are in the shack—the Boy's fish?" The woods were so bare, too. It was the Seventh Year, the Famine Year, and a chance of eating came only at long intervals. Carcajou had robbed the shack, and it had been accounted clever—all the flesh-eaters had feasted merrily off the loot. Why should he not also steal the twelve fish? But he was not like Carcajou, a pot-latch giver, an animal to make himself popular by great gifts; if he stole the fish he would cache them, and the eating would round up his lean stomach.

"Carrier of messages," began Mooswa, addressing Whisky-Jack, "thy part of the oath promise is watching over the Boy. If aught goes wrong, bring thou the news."

"Very well, old Sobersides," answered the Jay saucily. "I'll come and sit on your horns, that have so many beautiful roosts for me, and whisper each day into your ear, which is big enough to hold my nest, all that happens at the shack!"

"He'll keep you busy, Mooswa," smirked Pisew.

"Mooswa has time to spare for his friends," answered Jack, "because he eats an honest dinner. You, Bob-tail, are so busy with your thieving and lying-in-wait for somebody's children to eat, that you have no time for honest talk."

"Here's your little path, Carcajou," cried Blue Wolf, stopping while Wolverine jumped down. "I'm going on to see how Black King is."

"Last night a strong wind laid many acres of birch trees on their backs, two hours' swift trot from here—I'm going there for my dinner," declared the Moose. "It will be fine feeding. It is a pity you chaps aren't vegetarians; the blood fever must be awful—killing, killing, killing—it's dreadful!" he wheezed, turning to the left and striding away through the forest.

"I'll go and see Black King, too," exclaimed Whisky-Jack.

"I'm off to the muskeg to hunt Mice," announced Pisew; "the Famine Year brings one pretty low."

"Your father must have been born in a Famine Year," suggested Jack, "and you inherited the depravity from him."

Lynx snarled disagreeably, and as he slunk, catlike, through the woods, he spat in contemptuous anger. "Jack's gone to the King's burrow," he muttered; "I'll have a look at the Boy's shack. I wonder where he keeps that fish, and if he leaves the door open at all. Perhaps when he goes down to the river for water—ah, yes, cubs and kittens are all careless—even the Man-cub will not be wise, I think. Now, so soon, the pittance of fat-eating I had from that thief, Carcajou, has melted in my stomach and the walls are collapsing again. I wonder where the humpback Lieutenant cached the rest of his stolen fat-eating."

Thus treacherously planning, Lynx stealthily circled to the shack, lay down behind a cottonwood log, fifty feet away, and watched with a ravenous look in his big round eyes. Presently he saw Rod open the door, look across the waste of snow wearily, stretch his arms over his head, turn back into the shack, reappear with two metal pails in one hand and an ax in the other, and pass from view over the steep river-bank.

With a swift, noiseless rush the yellow-gray thief darted into the building. His keen nose pointed out the dried Whitefish lying on a box in the corner. Stretching his jaws to their utmost width, he seized four or five and bounded into the thick brush with

them. Two hundred paces from the clearing Pisew dropped his booty behind a fallen tree. "I'll have time for the others," he snarled, pulling a white covering over the fish with his huge paw.

As he stole back again a sound of ice-chopping came to his ears. "Plenty of time," he muttered, and once more his jaws were laden with the Boy's provision.

In his eagerness to take them all, two fish slipped to the floor; Pisew became frightened and bolted with those he had in his mouth. "I can't go back any more," he thought, as he rushed away, "but I've done well; I've done very well."

The Boy returned with the water, took his ax and cut some wood. He did not miss the fish. Pisew carried his stolen goods away and cached them.

That night Whisky-Jack, sitting on his perch under the extended end of the roof, heard something that gave him a start. Rod had discovered the loss of his fish.

"This thing is serious," the Bird heard him say. "Two fish and a handful of flour for ten days' food—perhaps longer. This is terrible. It's that Devil of the Woods, Carcajou, who has robbed me, I suppose—he stole the bacon before. If I only could get a chance at him with a rifle, I'd settle his thieving life."

The misery in the Boy's voice touched Whisky-Jack. "Pisew has done this evil thing," he chirped to himself. "If he has, he has broken his oath of the Boy-care."

In the morning, Whisky-Jack flew early to the home of Black King and told of the fish-stealing.

"Yes," affirmed the Red Widow, "it was Pisew. His father before him was a traitor and a thief; they were always a mean, low lot. And wasn't this Man-cub good and kind to my babe Stripes, when that brute of a Huskie Dog attacked him?"

"Yes, good dame," affirmed the Bird; "but for this Man-cub your Fox-cub would have lined the stomach of a Train Dog—now he may live to line a cloak for some Man-woman—that is, if François catches him. But what shall be done to this breaker of Boundary laws and sneak thief, Pisew, Your Majesty?"

"Summon Carcajou, Mooswa, Blue Wolf and others of the Council, my good messenger," commanded the King. "There is no fear of the trail now, for François is gone, and the Boy hunts not."

When they had gathered, Whisky-Jack again told of what had been done. "It is Pisew, of a certainty!" cried Carcajou.

"Yes, it is that traitor," concurred Rof with a growl.

"I could hardly believe any Animal capable of such meanness," sighed the Bull Moose; "we must investigate. If it is true—"

"Yes, if it is true!" snapped Carcajou.

"Uhr-r-r, if this thing is true—!" growled Blue Wolf, and there was a perceptible gleam of white as his lip curled with terrible emphasis.

"Go and look," commanded Black King; "the snow tells no false tales; the thief will have written with his feet that which his tongue will lie to conceal."

The vigilants proceeded to the scene of Pisew's greedy outrage. "I thought so," said Carcajou, examining the ground minutely.

"Here he hid the stuff," cried Rof, from behind a fallen tree. "That odour is dried fish; and this—bah! it's worse—it's the foul smell of our castoreum-loving friend, Pisew;" and he curled his nose disdainfully in the half-muffled tracks of the detested cat.

"I can see his big footprints plainly," added Mooswa. "There is no question as to who is the thief. Let us go back and summon the Council of the Boundaries, and decide what is to be done with this breaker of oaths."

When they had returned to the King's burrow he commanded that Umisk, Nekik, Wapistan, Mink, Skunk, Wapoos and all of the others should be gathered, so that judgment might

be passed upon the traitor. "Also summon Pisew," he added, to the Jay.

When the Council members had arrived, Whisky-Jack came back with a report that Lynx could not be found.

"Guilt and a full stomach have caused him to travel far; it is easier to keep out of the way than to answer eyes that are asking questions," declared Blue Wolf.

"Then we shall decide without him," cried Black King angrily.

The evidence was put clearly before the Council by Rof, Carcajou and Mooswa; besides, each of the animals swore solemnly by their different tail-marks, which is an oath not to be broken, that they had not done this thing.

"Well," said Black Fox, "we arranged before that in case of serious breaches of the Law of the Boundaries the Council should decide by numbers whether any one should die because of the breaking of our laws. Is that not so?"

"It is," they all answered.

"Then what of Pisew, who has undoubtedly broken the oath-promise that was made unto Mooswa?"

"He must die!" snarled Blue Wolf.

"He must cease to be!" echoed Carcajou.

"Yes, it is not right that he live!" declared Mooswa.

And from the Bull Moose down to Wapistan, all agreed that Pisew deserved to die for his traitorous conduct.

"But how?" asked the King. Nobody answered for a little. Killing except because of hunger was a new thing to them; no one wanted to have the slaying of Lynx upon his conscience—the rôle of executioner was undesirable.

"He shall die after the manner of his father—by the snare, and by the means of Man, which is just," announced Carcajou presently.

"But François has gone, and the Man-cub traps not," objected the Red Widow.

"He did not trouble to take up the snares, though, good dame," affirmed Wolverine; "I know of three."

"You know of three and didn't spring them?" queried Jack incredulously.

"There was no bait—only the vile-smelling castoreum," answered Carcajou disdainfully. "And there was also a chance that Pisew might poke his traitorous head through one—I guard not for that sneak."

"But how will you induce Pisew to thrust his worthless neck into the snare?" asked Black King.

"There is some of the fat-eating still left, Your Majesty," returned Carcajou, "and I'll forfeit a piece as a bait."

"But he may be a long time discovering it," ventured Umisk, pointing out a seeming difficulty.

"Leave that to me," pleaded Whisky-Jack; "you provide the bait and I'll provide the thief who'll try to steal it."

It being settled that way, the Council adjourned, Carcajou and Whisky-Jack being selected as a Committee of Execution. Wolverine showed Jay where the snare was placed, and while he cleverly arranged the bacon beyond its quick-slipping noose, the Bird scoured the forests and muskegs for Pisew until he found him.

"Hello, Feather-feet!" he hailed the Lynx.

"Good-day, Gossip!" retorted Pisew.

"You're looking well-fed for this Year of Famine, my carnivorous friend," said Whisky-Jack pleasantly.

"Yes, I'm fat because of much fasting," answered Lynx. The memory of Carcajou's fat-eating alone keeps me alive; I'm starved—I'm as thin as a snow-shoe. It's days since my form would even cast a shadow. Can you not see right through me, eagle-eyed Bird?"

"I think I can," declared the Jay, meaning Lynx's methods more than his thick-wooled body.

"I'm starving," reasserted the Cat. "If Carcajou were half so generous as he pretends, he would give me another piece of that fat-eating: it would save my life—really it would." He was

pleading poverty with an exaggerated flourish, lest he be suspected of the ill-gotten wealth of fish.

"Yes, Carcajou is a miser," affirmed Whisky-Jack. "He still has some of the Man's bacon cached."

"I wish I knew where," panted Lynx. "There is no wrong in stealing from a thief—is there, wise Bird?"

"I know where some of it is hidden," declared the Jay with an air of great satisfaction.

"Tell me," pleaded the other.

At first Jack utterly refused; then, by diplomatic weakenings he succumbed to Pisew's eager solicitation, and veered around, consenting to point out some of Wolverine's stolen treasure. "You are a true friend, Jack," asserted Pisew encouragingly.

"To whom?" asked the Bird pointedly.

"Oh, to me, of course; for Carcajou is a friend to nobody. But, Jack," he said suddenly, "you are fond of that yellow-eating, aren't you?"

"Yes, I like butter."

"Well, I'll tell you where you can get rare good picking. It's a good joke on Carcajou, too, though it was so badly covered up that I thought it more like a Man's cache." The Jay started. Had this wily thief stolen his butter also?

"You see," continued Lynx, "I stumbled upon it quite by accident as I was digging for grubs, beetles, and poor food of that sort—hardly enough to fill one's teeth. Oh, this Seventh Year is terrible! I was starving, friend—really I was; the gaunt gnawing which never comes to you, and of which you know nothing, for you are always with the Men who have plenty, was in my stomach. I was thinking of the hunger hardship, and of the great store of fat-eating Carcajou must have cached, when I came upon this wooden holder of stuff that is like yellow marrow—"

"Butter," interrupted the Bird.

"I suppose so," whined Lynx.

"And you ate it?" queried Jack sharply, experiencing a sick feeling of desolation.

"There was only a little of it—only a little," iterated Pisew deprecatingly; "hardly worth one's trouble in tearing the cover from the wooden thing."

"The tub," advised Jack.

"Probably; I'm not familiar with the names of Man's things. But I just tasted it—that was all; just a little to oil my throat and soothe the pain that was in my stomach. It is still there, really—under a big, rotten log, where the water falls for the length of Panther's spring over high rocks in summer."

"What's there—the tub?" queried Jack incredulously.

"Also the yellow marrow—the butter," affirmed Pisew.

"Oh!" exclaimed Whisky-Jack dryly. He knew the other was lying; if Pisew had found the tub he would have licked it clean as a washed platter. But the revenge he had in hand for this prince of all thieves was so complete that it was not worth while reviling him.

"Still, I think you had better not touch Carcajou's fat-eating," he advised. Lynx laughed at this. Why not?—he was so very hungry.

"Well," said the Bird, "mind, I don't wish to lead you to it—don't ask you to go—in fact, I think you had better keep away, but Dumpty's fat-eating is hidden under the roots of that big, upturned spruce, just where Mooswa's trail crosses the Pelican on its way to his yard."

"Do you really think it was hidden there by Carcajou?" asked Lynx. "Is it not a François cache—or some last year's cache of another man? They are always wandering about through the Boundaries, looking for the yellow sand that is washed down by running waters, or for the white metal that sleeps in rocks."

"No, the white meat belongs to our humpbacked comrade—at least, he rustled it from the Breed's shack," answered Jay.

"Perhaps, after all, it would not be fair to take it, then," whined Lynx. "I am hungry—oh, so hungry; but to steal from one of our comrades, even

to save one's life—I would rather die, I believe."

"Prince of deceitful wretches!" muttered Jay to himself. "He means to steal it sure, but is afraid that I may inform against him."

"I'll not touch the fat-eating," continued Pisew. "True, the little Lieutenant stole it from François, but that is different, is it not, wise brother—you who are learned in the Law of the Boundaries? To take from them who would rob us of our clothes is not wrong, is it?"

"No; that is understood of all of us," answered Jack, aloud; to himself he said: "The hypocrite!"

"So Carcajou is entitled to half of the spoil, and I suppose it is that he has cached."

"It is."

"Then I'll not touch it—I'll starve to death first." And Pisew sat meekly on his haunches and rolled his eyes sanctimoniously.

"I had no idea there was so much honourable observance of the law in your nature," sneered Jack.

"Thank you, sayer of wise words," murmured Pisew. "I have always been misunderstood—accused of the vilest things—even to the eating of lodge-builders' children."

"Disgusting!" exclaimed Jack smartly. "They must be horrible eating, those young wearers of castoreum."

"No—they're delicious!" interrupted Pisew unwarily; "I mean—I mean—they're delightful little creatures," he added lamely.

"Well, I must be off, you who keep the fast," declared Jack. "I'm glad you have resisted the temptation, for I must admit that I was only trying you."

"I thought so—I thought so!" snickered Lynx; "and at first I joked to draw you on."

"Now I must warn the Council," thought Jack as he flew through the forest, "for Pisew will go straight for Carcajou's bacon."

"Wise Bird, indeed!" sneered Lynx. "I'll soon have Gulo the Glutton's fat-eating; and Whisky-Jack will bear witness to my honesty. They are all so wise, but Pisew, the despised, fares better than any one."

And while Pisew chuckled and made straight for the big spruce where was hidden the bacon, Jack flew to the Council. To them the Bird said: "Keep you all well hid in the bush close to the bait; I will hide in the big tree which has a hollow, and when Pisew's neck is in the noose will signal."

With long springing lopes Lynx bounded close to where Mooswa's road crossed the ice bridge of the Pelican. Nearing it he walked steadily, making as little trail as possible.

"Yes, it is cached in there," he muttered, spreading his broad nostrils and filling them with the tantalizing perfume of bacon. "Carcajou has also been to look at it this morning, for here are his tracks."

Swiftly, stealthily he slunk to the very spot, and pushed his round head through a little bush-opening that seemed designed by Carcajou to conneal his stolen meat. Yes, it was there. Pisew seized the bacon hungrily and started to back out with his booty. As he did so there was the swishing rush of a straightening-up birch sapling, and something gripped him by the throat, carrying him off his feet. The startled Cat screamed, and wrenched violently at the snare as he scooted skyward. His contortions caused the strong cod-line which was about his neck to carry away from the swaying birch, and he dropped back to earth, only to find himself fighting with a heavy stick which dangled at the other end of the line.

What a fiendish thing the snare-stick seemed to Pisew! It fought back—it jumped and reeled and struck him in the ribs. It was a devil-stick surely—also would it kill him if no help came. The bacon fell from his mouth and he tried to call for assistance, but only a queer, guzzling, half-choked gasp came from his clogged throat.

As if in answer he heard, faintly, a bird-voice. It was Jack's. Would he help him? Lynx felt that he would not.

"He-e-e-p, he-e-e-p! qu-e-e-k, que-e-e-e-k! Come one, come all!" cried Whisky-Jack.

Violently Lynx struggled. Tighter and tighter drew the cord-noose, his own efforts drawing the death circle closer. His fast-glazing eyes could just make out, in a shadowy way, the forms of gathering comrades. He had been trapped—they were in at the death to witness the execution by his own hand. It did not last long. That merciless noose, ever tightening, ever closing in on the air-pipes, was doing its work—drying up the lungs.

"It's terrible!" Mooswa blurted out. "He's dead now—I'm glad of it."

"Yes, he's dead," declared Carcajou, putting his earless head down to Pisew's side, for well he knew the old forest trick of shamming death to escape its reality.

"What of the carcass?" asked Mooswa. "Shall I carry it far in the bowl of my horns? One of our comrades, though he die the just death as declared by the Law of the Boundaries, should not fall into the hands of the Hunt-Men."

"Leave him," muttered Blue Wolf; "the pack passes this trail to-night."

To be Continued.

HA HIN, CHINAMAN.

By G. R. Pattullo, Jr.

HA HIN lay on his back in his narrow bunk and scraped upon a wire-strung violin a droning lullaby of the Orient. With dreamy, almond eyes gazing into space, he thought of Yateesha and smiled. In the hollow wall within reach of his hand lay the precious American gold that four years of persistent toil had won him, and he laughed with a child's delight as he tapped gleefully upon the boards. The disturbing noises of the street reached him subdued and slumberous, and from all around the guttural voices of his brother Orientals mingled in sleepy monotone. As in a haze, he saw the lazy Yang-tse-kiang flow murmuringly on to the Yellow Sea, its reed-clad banks swept gently by a perfumed breeze that whispered of rest, and of love and of languorous delight. Swift birds of heavenly plumage floated by on noiseless wings, and Yateesha's soft laughter rippled silver-chiming as music of paradise. With gentle undulating motion they were sailing on, he and she, through the realms of night, and the great golden moon in the white radiance of starry heaven sent wide beams of light over the bosom of the waters. The poppies drooped their graceful heads, and from afar shone fairy lights. A continuous murmur of life was borne upon the passion-breathing air and they two watched alone in the high arch of sky the intense stars shoot like arrows of fire.

Ha Hin closed his eyes and saw before him a long life of dreamful ease; heard the deferential voices of many slaves and the respectful salutations of his countrymen as he responded to their low salaams. And the queen of it all was Yateesha. He placed his head upon his arm and sighed tremulously. He was going back to Yateesha and his happiness.

The big Mantchoorian lay opposite

and watched with sullen eyes the bright dreams reflected upon Ha Hin's countenance. He kicked viciously at Yo Te sunk in stupor beside him, his brass-tipped opium pipe hanging from loose lips that babbled incoherently of the strange fantasies of his sleep. The low-ceilinged room was heavy with the many odours of a Chinaman's sleeping apartment, and the forms of three sons of the sunny East showed dimly from bunks about the walls through a blue veil of smoke. From the next room came the thud and swish of the busy irons where Lee Hing and two assistants were finishing up the week's consignment of linen. The Mantchoorian arose, cautiously pulled a bottle from beneath a pile of clothes, concealed it under his coat and went through to the street door. He picked up a parcel of linen as he went.

"I'm going to take this," he said, and Lee Hing nodded in pleased surprise.

Twilight was falling over the city and the streets were filling with the crowds that nightly thronged them, seeking relief from the stifling heat in vain. Square white sheets of paper, with strange characters upon them drew groups of people to office windows, and the Mantchoorian wondered idly what it all meant. Many boys accosted passers-by, holding aloft the evening papers and yelling the contents of a hastily issued extra.

"The Legations butchered at Pekin. More missionaries killed and outraged," they shrilled. "Tien-Tsin—"

The Mantchoorian pondered dully upon the cause of the excitement as he passed out of hearing and turned into a densely populated alley where the air reeked with foul smells and the houses huddled close in squalor and wretched disrepair. He stopped at a flight of steps leading to a brightly illumined cellar, from which came sounds of revelry run wild and the thick accents of helpless drunkenness. The Mantchoorian pulled the bottle from beneath his coat and descended.

Ha Hin slept; and little Lee Fee, as he swung the polishing iron in the workroom, sang contentedly in Shanghai Chinese a ballad of a lady and a sedan chair. He had reached the thirty-third verse and was folding the shirt to be wrapped up, when he paused with eyes wide with terror. Through the open door sprang the Mantchoorian, his clothes torn and saturated with blood. He clutched a knife, dark with ruddy stains, in his right hand and the look of a hunted animal glared from his bloodshot eyes. He swung the door to and bolted it. Then with a curse he hurled the boy from his path, rushed past the chattering Chinamen into the next room and into his bunk. In a second he was out again and had thrown his soiled coat over the sleeping Ha Hin. Quickly drawing on a tweed vest from a nail in the wall, he uttered a rapid warning to the questioning group that watched his movements in consternation, and disappeared stealthily by a side door into the darkness of a deserted lane.

Le Fee crept to Ha Hin's bunk and gently shook him into wakefulness. His was shivering with vague alarm and his eyes looked a pitiful appeal for protection that banished from Ha Hin's features the smile that his slumbers had left upon them.

"What is the matter, little Lee Fee? Who hurts you?" he asked hoarsely.

"Listen, they're coming," whispered the boy, and buried his face upon his friend's breast.

"Who are coming, little one? Be quick, what is it?" cried Ha Hin, tenderly raising the boy's face.

"There, you can hear them howling. Big To Ko, the Mantchoorian, he ran in one second ago and ran out again. He was all blood and had a knife. And his eyes—oh, his eyes. Somebody had torn his clothes, and he cursed at me with the terrible oath. He had drunk the strong waters again, and now we will be killed."

Ha Hin listened with a growing fear, and there burst from the head of a neighbouring street wild, frenzied cries. He jumped to the middle of the floor, and swung Lee Fee onto his back.

"Out of this, all of you. To Ko has got into trouble, and must have hurt some one. Hark! they are coming for him, and to them it will matter little—Mantchoorian or us. We must get out of this for to-night, anyway. Come on, little Lee Fee, thou and I will risk it together."

A heavy stone came crashing through the glass of the front entrance and rolled to Lee Hing's feet. Ha Hin stooped and picked it up. The rush of a score of feet rattled the crazy windows in their frames and the door broke inwards. As it flew torn from its hinges, Ha Hin raised the stone high above his head and hurled it at the oncoming tide of humanity that surged in. It caught a fat German full upon the chest, and he sank to the floor with a choking gasp that sent the blood welling from his mouth.

"Up again, Lee Fee," he cried, and the boy sprang into his arms.

The Chinese had slipped out by the side door, and Ha Hin threw himself after them. With the raging crowd of roughs yelping at his heels, he ran for his life and prayed to the gods with a fierce despair for strength to elude them. Lee Fee hung tightly to his back and closed his eyes to the swollen, angry faces racing behind. An iceman's assistant in the rear stopped and threw a wooden mallet.

Little Lee Fee gave a gurgling groan of pain and his head fell forward upon Ha Hin's shoulder, while a gush of warm blood spattered Ha Hin's face. He stopped and laid the boy tenderly upon the ground. The pursuers uttered a yell of triumph and were upon him.

With all the might of wild passion and lost hope let loose, Ha Hin struck blindly out. An Italian fruit vendor went reeling back senseless upon his companions, and as he fell dropped the glittering stiletto that he had raised to deal the death stroke. Ha Hin's claw-like fingers closed upon it, and his eyes narrowed with a hideous joy as he sent the cold steel home into the shoulder of the nearest assailant. A maddening joy was pulsing through his veins and he leaped forward to meet them. Twice, thrice he struck, and the knife came back dyed deeper with each thrust. A lead pipe was swung upon his head, and earth and sky rocked horribly as he staggered backward out of reach of a second blow. A swarthy figure bounded to his side and a sinewy arm encircled his neck. Ha Hin grasped the uplifted hand and strained with fast failing strength to tear the Italian from his hold. His brain was throbbing dully and the ring of brutal faces that encompassed and strove to reach him, blurred red and indistinct. With a jerk the Italian freed his wrist and the knife was buried to the hilt in Ha Hin's breast.

He saw the Yang-tse-kiang rolling dreamily on, and upon the reed-clad bank Yateesha spread her soft arms to welcome him. Ha Hin sighed tremulously and sank his head upon his arm. The murmur of many voices sounded faint and far away, and he smiled; he was going back to Yateesha and his happiness.

The moon rose over the city blood-red and the air was suffocating with oppressive heat. A huge uniformed figure stood sentry before the laundry and saluted with easy familiarity the sergeant upon his rounds.

"I was afraid there would be trouble, Lane," said the sergeant. "That Chinee, To Ko, didn't do for Casey, but he did for his countryman. It's unfortunate we didn't arrive in time to stop the gang, for the affair will look ugly. We've got To Ko, and the Italian's next to him in No. 3. What about the others?"

"They're all back again and lying low scared to death," replied the policeman. "And that is in there too."

"Hark, what is that?" asked the sergeant, holding up a hand.

The policeman looked uncomfort-table.

"Oh, that's only little Lee Fee crying over the body. He liked Ha Hin."

And in the room above six Chinamen were wrangling over the division of the American gold.

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAME."

By M. MacLean Helliwell.

IT was Christmas Eve and the greater portion of the male population of Fort Wrangle was gathered around the glowing fire in Phedran's hotel. A stranger who had arrived in town early that morning leaned on the bar, talking in a low voice to mine host and questioning him keenly concerning each comer.

Just as the clock struck nine the door opened to admit a tall slight man of graceful figure ; his face, white and haggard, was undeniably handsome despite its careworn lines and the restless, almost hunted expression in his brilliant, hollow eyes. His thin, worn overcoat was poor protection against Alaskan cold and he coughed hoarsely as, nodding with half-averted face to the proprietor, he sank down in a small shadowed recess between the fire and the wall.

The stranger leaning on the bar raised enquiring eyebrows.

"Little known about him," answered Phedran in a low voice. "Came up about a year ago ; has a position with Ferris several miles back, sort of book-keeper or something of the kind ; horribly unsociable kind of chap, never mixes with anybody and attends strictly to his own business ; comes here about once in four months. Ferris has gone to Dawson City, and I s'pose the Christmas atmosphere made Hawley feel kind of lonesome or he wouldn't be here to-night."

"Ever get any letters? "

"One a month, the postmaster tells me, regular as clockwork, and they all come from the same place, a sanitarium in the White Mountains—Saranac, I think Bill called it. I believe, though, Bill told me the one due this month hasn't come yet and the poor fellow's been hauntin' the office."

The stranger was silent for a moment vainly trying to obtain a clear view of the white face in the gloom of the corner. Then he came forward, and seating himself before the fire called on the bar-tender to fill glasses all round. The man in the corner took raw whiskey, gulping it down almost greedily.

"We were just talking of bank robberies, Mr. Phedran and I," began the stranger, laying down his glass and stretching out his hands to the cheerful blaze. "Do you remember what a regular epidemic there was of them in Canada about a year and a half ago? Seemed as if there wasn't going to be a bank escape in the country—specially throughout Ontario."

"Yes, I mind it well," said one. "My mother got so scared she was all for drawing out her little pile and keeping it betwixt the mattresses."

There was a general laugh.

"They've caught pretty near all the robbers though," said another.

"That's so," said the stranger, "and sooner or later they'll have every man Jack of them. There's no one can escape Canada law ; she always scoops 'em in in the end. Do you remember that queer case in the Pennythwaite Bank—the cashier and cash disappeared together, and no one has ever clapped eyes on either since? "

"Oh, I remember that well," spoke up a man with a great rough beard. "The cashier's name was Arundel, and he was the most popular and most highly respected fellow in the place. Young Englishman who had been married only a year or two. Among the people he was a regular little tin god who could do no wrong. The popular belief was that there had been foul play as he had gone down alone to do some work the night of the disappearance, and the office showed signs of a scuffle. Bank offered a big reward for news of him, but no one has ever been

able to apply for it. That's one case where your Canady law failed to get in her fine work."

"She hasn't failed," replied the stranger easily; "she has only not succeeded—as yet." And he cast a quick glance toward the silent figure in the shadowy corner, but the gloom revealed nothing.

"Somehow I never took much stock in that foul play theory," remarked a man on the opposite side of the fire. "If what folks said was true, Arundel was a younger son of good family who was chisled out of what small rights he had by an elder brother. He came out to Canady, married a girl with no idea of the value of money, and of course he got into trouble. What I admire is the slick way he managed things and the neat way he lit out. Not a living soul ever saw him again after he entered the bank that night."

"What became of the wife?" asked one.

"Oh, she'd left town before it happened. Looked kind of fishy, too, that did; but when the bank people found out that she was very ill in some hospital in the States they wouldn't have her bothered. Too blamed easy, they were, to my thinking. I bet she knew more than her prayers about the game. I'd have got it out of her, sick or well."

There was a slight rustle in the dim corner, and for an instant a pair of blazing eyes flashed through the shadow, but their owner did not speak and presently sank back against the wall again, burying his face in his handkerchief as a fit of coughing seized him.

Then a tall clear-eyed man, who had hitherto been silent, spoke:

"I was particularly interested in that case," he began, "because one of my cousins was young Arundel's closest friend. There was a regular David and Jonathan love between them, and I never saw anyone so cut up as my cousin was over that affair. Indeed I doubt if he will ever again be the same man. He was in love with Arundel's wife long before Arundel ever met her, but stepped quietly aside when he saw the girl's preference. It was a case of love at first sight between her and Arundel, and their married life was simply ideal. My cousin spent most of his time at their house, and of course no one guessed of his feeling for Mrs. Arundel.

"Then all at once she fell ill. A heavy cold settled on her lungs; the doctors shook their heads over her and ordered her south for the winter. Poor Arundel was heart-broken. He was mad to go with her, but of course he had to stay at home and furnish the necessary funds. So my cousin and his sister took her down to Florida. While they were there Mrs. Arundel got word from a lawyer that her godfather, whose existence she had forgotten, had left her a snug little annuity. Gray—my cousin—said she had been worrying tremendously over the expense she was putting her husband to, and the news seemed to give her a new lease of life. Then all at once came the report of the robbery and Arundel's mysterious disappearance. Of course, the shock had a very bad effect upon Mrs. Arundel and they brought her up to the sanitarium at Saranac. My cousin swears to Arundel's innocence and has left no stone unturned to prove it and find some clue to his fate. Worry and grief have made an old man of him. I think he believes now that Arundel was done to death by the men who emptied the safe."

"It's a most interesting case," said one. "What's your own theory, Howard?"

The tall, quiet man looked into the fire for a minute or two before he answered, then he said, speaking slowly:—

"Well, I've never yet given utterance to my theory, but it's not likely any opinion of mine expressed here, and now, can do the poor fellow any harm. Hearing so much about the man from my cousin, I gave some thought to the matter, and it has always seemed to me a—well, a rather

strange coincidence that Mrs. Arundel should have been left that annuity, just at a time when she needed it most, by a godfather whose existence appears to have been almost unknown to her. I have figured out that if the godfather hadn't died so opportunely, leaving his little legacy, and if Arundel had gone on at the bank drawing his thousand a year, things would soon have got pretty bad for them, for the doctors' and nurses' bills were enormous, and the little woman's expenses in Florida were more than considerable. Minus Arundel and plus the godfather's income, Mrs. Arundel was infinitely better off—financially, at least—than she would be minus the dough and plus the husband. He was the most unselfish and devoted husband I ever heard of," continued the speaker, after a short pause. "I do not think he would count any suffering a sacrifice if it gave his wife one extra half-hour's comfort."

"Well, Great Scott!" cried a vehement Hercules, who was puffing at a villainous corn-cob pipe, "I should think if the lady wasn't a cold-blooded clam, she'd a worried a bit over her husband's mysterious fate instead of calmly settling down to enjoy her goddaddy's dollars!"

"That's the queerest part of it," replied Howard. "Gray swore the shock had unhinged her mind. She absolutely refused to mourn him. 'He is not dead,' she would say; 'He will come back.' She simply laughed at the idea of his guilt, and after a bit refused to discuss the matter at all. It has seemed to me that she must have had some grounds for her confident belief in his safety, for she was not the kind of woman to rest tranquil if there was the least chance of his being even uncomfortable. The last I heard of her from my cousin she was daily growing weaker, but seemed quite contented and happy, only she was becoming more and more silent, and would sit for hours at a time looking wistfully out of the window, with his photograph in her lap."

Again a rustle came from the shadowy corner, and a long sigh, which ended in a cough.

The stranger sitting in front of the fire turned to Howard.

"It's a sad story any way you take it," he said. "I pity the poor beggar from the bottom of my heart, but I know he is guilty, and he'll have to answer for his crime. The coincidence of the annuity struck me, too, and being interested, I took the trouble to meet Gray—a fine fellow, too, by the way—and from him I learned the name of the company from whom the annuity had been bought. From them I ascertained that it cost just the amount taken from the bank, less a thousand dollars, which a man going a long distance would require to cover his expenses. It is only a question of time now before poor Arundel is brought to justice, but he will at least have the comfort of knowing that his wife had all possible care and attention during her illness, and in her last hours lacked nothing but the comfort of his presence. She died four weeks ago." As he finished speaking he stood up. At the same moment there was a sudden movement in the dim corner: the white-faced man started forward, then with a low, almost inarticulate cry, sank to the floor, a limp heap. They laid him down gently and did what they could for him, forcing brandy between his locked teeth. Howard looked into the stranger's troubled face. "You have been cruel," he said in a low voice. "I never dreamed of this—and it is Christmas Eve."

The stranger laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "I give you my word," he said emphatically. "I thought I was doing it in the kindest possible way, and breaking it to him gently. By George, it's the worst piece of work I ever was in, and I'd give a good deal to be out of it now."

"He won't trouble you long, I fancy," said Howard, and he knelt down beside the prostrate figure. The sunken lips quivered, then opened slowly, and the suffering, hunted brown eyes roamed questioningly from one to another. Suddenly the vague-

ness vanished from them. Memory had returned. He struggled to rise. Howard raised him gently, supporting him against his knee.

"Where is that—other—?" The stranger came forward. The pathetic brown eyes looked into his. "She is dead—you said—little Mollie—and you have come—for me. I am—quite—ready."

Then his eyelids fell, and he murmured under his breath, smiling. They caught such broken snatches as "Never knew—my Mollie—all for you—our Christmas together—darling"—then a great paroxysm of coughing seized him, just as the stranger stepped forward, and said hoarsely:

"I'd give all I own not to have to do it, Mr. Arundel, but I've been sent two thousand miles for this one purpose, and duty is duty." Then laying his hand on the thin shoulder of the smiling man, he said firmly, "Horace Arundel, I arrest you in the Queen's name."

AN UNPOSTED LETTER.

By Newton MacTavish.

OUTSIDE, a hammer pounded mockingly; the gallows were under construction. Through the iron bars of the prison window shone a few straggling shafts of sunlight. My client rested on his elbows, his chin in his hands. The light glistened deadly on his matted hair. He heard the hammering outside.

"I guess I may 's well write a line to Bill," he said, not raising his head. "Kin you git a pencil and paper?"

I got them, and then waited until he had written:

"Dear Bill,—By the sound of things, I reckon I've got to swing this trip. I've hed a hope all along thet they might git scent on the right track; but I see that Six-Eye 'll be 'bliged to kick the bucket, with head up—the galleys is goin' up mighty fast.

"I say, Bill, there aint no good in burglarin'. I swore once I'd quit it, and wish I hed. But a feller can't allus do just as he fancies; I guess he can't allus do it, kin he, Bill? You never knew how I got into this scrape, did you?

"One day I was standin' around, just standin' around, nothin' doin', when I saw a span of runaway horses a-comin' down the street like mad. I jumped out and caught the nigh one by the bridle. I hauled 'em up mighty sudden, but somethin' swung me round, and I struck my head agin the neck-yoke kersmash.

"When I come to, I was sittin' back in the carriage with the sweetest faced girl bendin' over me and wipin' my face with cool water. She asked where she would drive me home; and, do you know, Bill, for the first time, I was ashamed to say where. But I told her, and, so help me, she came clear down in there with me, and made Emily put me to bed. She left money, and every day till I got well she come out and sat and read the Bible and all them things. Do you know, Bill, it wasn't long afore things seemed different. I couldn't look at her pure, sweet face and plan a job. The last day she come I made up my mind I'd try somethin' else—quit burglarin'.

"I started out to get work. One man asked me what I'd served my time at. I said I'd served most of it in jail, and then he wouldn't have anything to do with me. A chap gave me a couple of days breakin' stones in a cellar. He said I did it so good he guessed I must have been in jail. After thet I couldn't get nothin' to do, be-

cause no one wouldn't have nothin' to do with a jail-bird, and I had made up my mind to tell the truth.

"At last Emily began to kick and little Bob to cry for grub. I got sick of huntin' for work, and it seemed as if everybody was pushin' me back to my old job. I got disgusted. I hed to do somethin', so I sot down and planned to do a big house in the suburbs. I'd sized it up afore.

"The moon was high thet night, so I waited till it went down long after midnight. I found the back door already open, so it was a snap to git in.

"I went upstairs and picked on a side room near the front. I eased the door and looked in. A candle flickered low, and flames danced from a few coals in the fireplace.

"I entered noiselessly.

"A high-backed chair was in front of the hearth. I sneaked up and looked over the top. A young girl, all dressed in white, with low neck and bare arms, laid there asleep. Her hair hung over her shoulders; she looked like as if she'd come home from a dance and just threw herself there tired out.

"Just as I was agoin' to turn away the flames in the fireplace flickered and I caught the glow of rubies at the girl's throat. How they shone and gleamed and shot fire from their blood-red depths! The candle burned low and sputtered; but the coals on the hearth flickered, the rubies glowed and the girl breathed soft in her sleep.

"'It's an easy trick,' I said to myself, as I leaned over the back of the chair, my breath fanning the light hair thet fell over marble shoulders. I took out my knife and reached over. Just then the fire burned up a bit. As I leaned over I saw her sweet, girlish face, and, so help me, Bill, it was her, her whose face I couldn't look into and plan a job.

"Hardly knowing it, I bared my head and stood there knife in hand, the blood rushin' to my face, and my feelin's someway seemin' to go agin me.

"I looked at her, and gradually closed my knife and straightened up from thet sneakin' shape a feller gets into. I remembered a verse that she used to read to me, 'Ye shall not go forth empty-handed,' so I said to myself I'd try again. But just as I was turnin' to go, I heard a shot in the next room; then a heavy thud. I stood stock-still for a jiffy, and then ran out in time to see some one dart down the stairs. At the bottom I heard a stumble. I hurried along the hall and run straight into the arms of the butler.

"I guess some one else was doin' thet job thet night. But they hed me slicker'n a whistle. 'Twas no use; everything went agin me. I hed on my big revolver, the mate to the one you got. As it happened, one shell was empty, and the ball they took from the old man's head was the same size. I had a bad record; it was all up with me. The only thing they brought up in court to the contrary was the top of an ear they found in the hall, where some one must have hit agin somethin' sharp. But they wouldn't listen to my lawyer.

"Give up burglarin', Bill; see what I've come to. But I hope you'll do a turn for Emily if ever she's in need, and don't learn little Bob filchin'. Do this for an old pal's sake, Bill."

The doomed man stopped writing, as the last shaft of sunlight passed beyond the iron bars of the prison window. Outside the hammering had ceased; the scaffold was finished.

"You'll find Emily, my wife, in the back room of the basement at 126 River street," said my client, handing me the letter. "She'll tell you where to find Bill."

I took the letter, but did not then know its contents. I started, but he called me back.

"You have a flower in your buttonhole," he said. "I'd like to wrap it up and send it to Emily."

Next day, after the sentence of the law had been executed, I went to find Emily. I descended the musty old stairway at 126 River street, where all was filth and squalor. At the back room I stopped and rapped. A towzy head was thrust out of the next door.

"They're gone," it said.

"Where?"

"Don't know. The woman went with some man."

"Did you know him?"

"I saw him here before sometimes, but the top of his ear wasn't cut off then. They called him Bill, sort of pal."

"And where's the little boy?"

"He's gone to the Shelter."

I went out into the pure air, and, standing on the kerbstone, read the letter:

". . . . The only thing they brought into court to the contrary was the top of an ear . . . "

When I had finished, I remembered the flower in my hand. I didn't throw it away; I took it to my office and have it there still, wrapped in the paper as he gave it me.

A SEA SONG.

'TIS O! my heart, for the briny wind,
And the sea-sound on the shore,
For the flash of the sun on a distant sail
Which my eyes shall see no more!

'Tis O! for the boom of the breaking waves,
And the shriek of the rising gale,
And O! for the dreamy sun-lit pools
Where the lazy sea-weeds trail.

'Tis O! for a night of a million stars,
When the ocean's voice is kind,
And the sails are set for a fairy world
With a silver sea behind.

'Tis O! for the glint of the morning light,
And the breath of the morning breeze,
And the golden path which the sun doth make
O'er the pleasant morning seas.

'Tis O! for the voice that thrills my heart,
For the voice of the calling sea,
For the light caress of the flying spray,
And the wind's wild harmony.

'Tis O! for that voice I hear no more—
No more do the free winds blow,
And the song that sings in my empty heart
Is a song from long ago.

'Tis O! and O! and my eyes are wet,
And O! for my heart is sore—
And I'm homesick, homesick for the wind
And the sea-sound on the shore!

Isabelle E. Mackay.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

ONE of the favourite topics of conversation when people meet these days, after they have touched upon the weather, of course, the latest war news, and the return of the Contingents from South Africa, is the question, "Are the letters genuine in that much-talked-of book, 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters?'" If so, how could any man or woman ever give them publicity for the sake of making money out of them? The "Explanation" at the beginning of the book clearly gives the reader to understand that the letters were written by a woman of twenty-two years of age to a man—or youth—who was a few months her junior, and that they were not published until both these people were dead. If this be really true, "something slow and lingering, like boiling oil or melted lead" would be all too good a punishment for whosoever it was who gave these letters to the world, letters which, if real, should have been held sacred, for they were never intended to be seen by anyone but by the eyes of the one man that had won such passionate devotion as they express. However, I think that the universal opinion must be that the book is an unusual and certainly a very clever piece of pure fiction, and, believing this, the younger women will again breathe freely, and will continue to write letters of love, as was the good old custom of their mothers and grandmothers before them. With this book as a solemn warning of possibilities, however, would it not be safer always to add another postscript to a love letter somewhat to this effect, "This letter must be returned to the writer immediately for cremation?"

LOVE LETTERS.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Women held in Montreal, an important matter which had been brought before the Council by Dr. Bryce, Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health for Ontario, was considered. This had reference to the serious menace to the public health occasioned by the fact that a very large quantity of ready-to-wear clothing which is sold throughout the country, is made in private houses that are in no way under inspection by the factory inspectors and the conditions of which are often by no means clean and sanitary. Although the provincial law in Ontario concerning infectious diseases is excellent, yet it is feared that its conditions are unobserved many times in these homes. Therefore it is easy to see the possibility of the spread of scarlet fever germs and the like, by means of the sale of goods that are manufactured in this way. By the same means consumption, which is not yet, however, classified as an infectious disease under the law, may also be spread, and altogether the subject is one which the members of the Council think should be considered by the authorities. It was therefore agreed that the local Councils of Ontario do petition the Legislature to amend the Factory Act so that all clothing made outside factory premises—and therefore in places that are not inspected—shall be thoroughly disinfected before being offered for sale.

WOMEN WORKERS.

An excellent Society exists in Philadelphia which is called the "Home Teaching Society and Free Circulating Library for the Blind," and an earnest

effort is being made by its members to find out where the 1,300 blind persons of that city live in order that teachers may be sent to instruct them in their own homes, and after they have learned to read to supply them with a regular exchange of embossed books comprising religious, educational and entertaining literature. Much good work has been done already by this Society, and it is mentioned here as suggestive of what might be done in many places in Canada for persons similarly afflicted. The happiness brought into the life of a blind girl in Kingston, owing to the kindness of a dear old lady who taught her to read, is one of the pleasant recollections of my childhood.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

The change which has come about during the last few years among the women of Canada as regards true patriotism has indeed been very great. Not that they were not always loyal to Queen and country, but that now, as never before, they are grasping the full meaning of patriotism, and realizing more and more all that is comprehended therein. The following inspiring and almost prophetic words spoken by Mrs. Charles Archibald to the National Council of Women on this subject two years ago are of particular interest just now. Mrs. Archibald said in part :—

"In every quarter of the habitable globe, under the shadow of the British flag, the sons and daughters of Britannia are growing up to a noble and gracious maturity. Among them all, what more promising scion of the Mother Country than this Canada of ours? This vast Dominion, stretching as it does from ocean to ocean, endowed by nature so lavishly with her best and choicest gifts; peopled also by a hardy, upright, and ingenious race; surely, by every sign and token, whether of natural resource or racial heritage, the future of Canada will be, must be, the golden future of a great and mighty nation! The years are passing swiftly; our children are growing up around us; the resources of our country are being wonderfully developed. Where but a decade or two ago was only a dense forest, or a dreary stretch of barren prairie, is now a thickly populated city, or a smiling plain, dotted with prosperous and well-kept farms. Across the thousands of leagues of the vast continent stretches the unbroken chain of the iron highway, whilst a continuous stream of immigration peoples, with the honest and industrious sons of toil, the vast solitudes of the great Northwest. Eastward, in the earlier settled portions of the land, life is everywhere becoming more intense, complex; wealth is amassed; education, culture and art have all been given a wonderfully increased impetus within the last quarter of a century, and in sympathy with the quickening pulse of young Canada, many a heart is glowing with patriotic pride.

"We are as yet, however, far too provincial. We think, speak and act provincially. There are elements of a national greatness, of power, and of prestige among us, but they require development, combination and concentration if they are to be factors in the sum of our national unity. We all need a broader outlook; a widening of view; a deepening of thought on the great questions which affect us, not only provincially, but nationally. We are builders—building, not only for time, but for eternity; and in the making of any nation it is the conduct of individuals, multiplied indefinitely and broadly considered as a whole, which determines its moral worth.

"The individual—the family—the state: with the standards of conduct of the two first lies all the responsibility for the well-being of the nation.

"I do not think that, as Canadians, we are sufficiently patriotic. We are loyal—intensely loyal to the particular spot of earth which we call home, or to the province to which we belong, and, too, there are probably few among us 'with soul so dead' as never to have felt a glow of enthusiasm in the thought of the future of their country, but most probably, in so doing, they have made a mental reservation in favour of their own particular corner of it. Until we have fully realized our glorious possibilities from a national, not a provincial, standpoint, we have not begun to grasp the conception of the golden future before us.

. . . . . .

"In the making of any nation, the women of that nation have a high and holy calling. And from the very outset those faithful and loyal souls who, leaving their beloved motherland, went bravely forth with their husbands, sons or brothers into untrodden paths of the pine forests, or who, for the love of Christ, ministered to His needy and perishing children in His name, have commanded our deepest veneration and respect. I am sure that we, as Canadian women, are justly proud of our foremothers. We love to recall the stories of their early pioneer days, of their brave endurance of hardship in privation, and of their heroism under circumstances of danger.

"For the most part they laboured that we might enter into the fruit of their labours. In loving their homes and their families, they

loved and served their adopted country better than they knew. We, who to-day, because of their faithfulness, enjoy a wider, broader life; who possess privileges and luxuries of which they never dreamed, but which they toiled to win for us, have also, like them, a sacred mission to those who are to come after us; like them, we are builders. The Good Book tells us that 'Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.' One of the most wonderful signs of the times is the spread of the principle of co-operation. . . . Each component part of the National Council of Women is in itself an illustration of this point, and it is only necessary to consider in the instances thus practically brought before us that most wonderful discovery of the age, woman's discovery of herself, and its corollary, woman's discovery of the other woman!

"We are all often asked, individually, and as societies, 'What is the meaning of the Woman's Council?'

"Can you answer that question fully? Can I?

"The full purpose and significance of it lies hidden in the heart of the Eternal Father of us all; we who are in the storm and stress of its work and routine have, as it were, no perspective: we can but guess at its breadth of meaning and dimly grasp some of the possibilities which it may, ay! and with God's blessing, in His own good time, shall yet accomplish. Shall I venture to name some of these? I see then, first, a united Canadian womanhood. Race distinction, class distinction, sectarian shibboleths, fused into one harmonious whole, under the transforming and transmitting power of the Spirit of Christ, whose Golden Rule we seek to follow and to carry out. For, ever in the sisterhood, the comradeship of women, not only in this our land, but the world over, I see wrongs righted and peaceful victories won by the overwhelming force of righteous convictions worked out by an enlightened public sentiment. I see not more mother love—for Canadian mothers are devoted mothers—but more mother-wisdom, as we study together how to make the most and the very best of the precious lives committed to our care. Home-making, character-building, centralization of effort, only that it may flow out in ever-widening circles of blessing to the world! I see women everywhere lifting up higher standards of true living and of moral worth, and as they investigate the causes which lead to the poverty and oppression of their less favoured sisters, learning with shame and deep contrition how greatly their own unthinking selfishness and indifference, and the arrogance of the utter disregard for the comfort of the lives which minister to them, has added to the weight of these very same burdens which now they seek to unbind from the shoulders of those who plod wearily along life's dusty highway. . . .

"I see all things lovely and pure and of good report, fostered and helped upward and onward by our united effort and influence, so that the budding genius of the nation shall expand in song and story, and art and science shall alike flourish. . . .

"All this and more may be—yes! shall be—if we are but true to ourselves and to our responsibility. But there must be a word of warning also. We must not dare to trust in the strength of our organization, however great; nor in the prestige of its power and influence, however widely known or felt. Only so far as each individual member of all the widely differing societies of which our National Council of Women is composed is true to the highest and best that is in her; is humbly and reverently and determinedly anxious to learn all she possibly can of God's purpose for her in life; only so long as we are true and loyal to our God and to each other, can we hope to do and dare for Canada."

These words of Mrs. Archibald's are so truly in harmony with the real spirit of the patriotism which makes a nation great, that it is well they should have a wide hearing.

E. C.

THE OTHER SIDE.

CLEMENCY laid aside her book and stirred the fire gently, restoring with careful fingers a half-burned coal which had managed to slip through the bars of the grate. Clemency had almost forgotten when first she learned the value of a half-burned coal. Under her skilful hands the sulky fire brightened, half revealing, large and dim, a fine and stately room fallen into disrepair and poverty; a room intended for polished furniture and heavy draperies, now bereft of both and sullenly conscious of departed glory.

In the one bright corner sat Clemency, her slim figure sunk in the depths of an old arm-chair, shivering now and then as a draught crept over the floor. She had given up trying to read, for the words conveyed no meaning, and on every page she could see nothing but some sentence from a letter, the original of which was lying at her feet. It was a good letter, full of the protestations of a faithful love, and offering, incidentally, the certainty of home and comfort.

Five years ago another letter with another signature had come for Clemency—a letter which she carried next

her heart, and worn away with happy tears. There had been an answer too, sent away with kisses, but death had intercepted it. And all this happened five long years ago. Also when one is cold, and lonely and tired, aye, even hungry—

Clemency sighed heavily.

"If I only knew!" she said aloud. "If I only knew!"

And then for the first time she realized that she was not alone. On a high-backed chair, planted primly at the farther side of the fire-place, sat a lady visitor. A dainty, wavy lady who swayed like a piece of gossamer in the draughty room. A lady dressed in the riding-habit of half a century ago, a plumed hat resting on her golden hair, and shading a small, bright face made beautiful by forget-me-not eyes, dew-shaded. She was gazing at Clemency with a sparkle of a smile.

"I do believe you can see me!" she exclaimed, in a voice which rang clear and sweet, though far away. "It is so nice to be visible."

"Do you know," continued the little lady by way of explanation, "I come here every night, but this is the first time you have ever seen me."

Clemency sat silent. She was wondering how long this uninvited guest had been paying evening calls, and if—

"Oh, no," exclaimed her visitor, reading her thoughts with great accuracy, and blushing the slightest ghost of a blush, "I never listen to any conversation. I assure you I am too well bred to pry—though it wouldn't make any difference if I did, you know," she added encouragingly.

Clemency had her own opinion, but decided not to express it. Instead she asked hospitably, "Are you cold? I am afraid the fire—"

"It is not what it used to be," assented her visitor cheerfully, "but then, nothing is. When I was—I mean, before I came here things were different. This room, for instance; there was a great fire-place then, and big logs to burn, but you will not find that topic interesting. You know I lived here once, that is why I still come. I am waiting for somebody."

Clemency glanced around the room and sighed.

"Then you must be some relation of mine," she said.

"Your great-aunt, my dear, I believe," replied the little lady with a dignified assumption of age.

"How interesting!" said Clemency. "Is it long since you—"

"Oh, about sixty years, as you count time," answered her visitor.

"You must indeed notice changes," said Clemency a trifle bitterly.

The little lady observed her compassionately.

"Changes, yes," she answered, "but after all, they are nothing. As for me, of course I can see things just as they were, if I wish, but it doesn't signify. I only come here because I am waiting for some one."

"A long, long wait!" sighed Clemency. "I wonder you don't tire."

"Oh," replied the lady brightly, "one learns how to wait. It is an art you know, quite an art. Now, you look sad, you have not learned yet, but you will in time. See, I have waited sixty years—bah, it is nothing!"

Clemency shuddered.

"Perhaps," continued the other, noting the gloom on the girl's face, "since I have so intruded, you might like to know just who I am. Mine is a very short story. My name was Annabel. It was in this room that the one episode of my life occurred; he asked me to be his wife here. I remember the day so well, all bright and white outside and inside how the fire roared! I wore my new blue silk, for I expected him, and he said blue so became the colour of my hair. I was just nineteen. This is the ring he gave me, 'twas considered elegant, and I did hear it said, he sold his mare to purchase it. We were very happy, but not so happy as we will be, soon. We had not very long together then, for, a short time after, my hunter, Stella, threw me, and I —— came here. It is for him that I am waiting."

A great pity grew in Clemency's soft eyes.

"I have heard the story," she said gently. "It was very, very sad. You were Annabel Pearcy and he was the gallant Captain Graham. Only a few days before the wedding!—I wonder how he bore it?"

"Like the brave gentleman he was," answered Annabel proudly; "but, as you say, it was a heavy blow."

Clemency suddenly became silent, a new thought had taken possession of her mind, a thought which filled her with a great pity for this dainty wraith of her ancestress. Only a year ago she had herself seen this once gallant and gay Captain Graham, a general now with medals and crosses and a record of honour, but, oh, so old and broken-down and feeble, so childish and helpless, a wreck in mind and body. An old, old man whom the years had shorn of his beauty and strength. And it was for him that this lovely, dainty lady, with the charms and graces of nineteen years undimmed, was waiting on the other side. How awful!

It seemed cruel, but in spite of herself she asked:

"Have you ever seen him—since?"

"Oh, yes," said Annabel at once, "quite often."

"And is he not much changed?" Clemency blushed as she asked the question, remembering her visitor's remarks upon the subject of prying, but Annabel looked simply reflective.

"Changed?" she repeated, "yes, he is changed. He seems to be gentler, less reckless, more just and more charitable. Oh, yes, he is greatly improved."

"But in appearance?" asked Clemency.

"I have told you," answered Annabel in a surprised tone.

"But," persisted Clemency, puzzled, "does he not seem very old?"

"Old," repeated the ghost, shaking her dainty head, "I don't understand. That must be a word that has lost its meaning to me. It is so with many words here."

Clemency started at her visitor in surprise.

"At first," went on the ghost reminiscently, "when I came to him he could all but see me, sorrow and love had so thinned the veil between us. We were very near, but after a time the mist grew thicker. He had many duties and he could not be always half in the other world with me. But we have never been really parted. You can't part love, you know."

"No," said Clemency slowly.

"But lately," continued the visitor, "the veil has been thinning again. His work in this world is almost over and he has more time to give to me. The other day, as I sat beside him and held his hand, the mist parted for a moment and he saw me quite plainly.

"'Annabel!' he cried, just in the old way. Those who were with him thought he was wandering. But I think that the waiting is almost over now."

"A long, long wait!" sighed Clemency.

"Oh, don't waste pity," said the ghost cheerfully; "I am really very happy, and so thankful! Why, when he comes it will—well, it will be heaven, you know."

"Oh," said Clemency, doubtfully, "do you speak figuratively?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the ghost. "That must be one of the words which has lost its meaning. What I want you to understand is that my case is a very happy one. Now, if I were like Patty Easton, for example!"

"Is Patty's a sad case?" asked Clemency with languid curiosity.

"Oh, so sad! you see, her coming here was very much like mine. She was to have married John Sheldrick, and she did love him, poor dear! Well, he died lately and they haven't been able to find each other yet. That's why it is so sad, you know."

"Oh," said Clemency.

"In fact," continued the dainty Annabel, swaying a little faster in her earnestness, "I fear they will never meet!"

"Why?" asked Clemency.

"Well, you see, he had not learned how to wait. He was always trying

to make himself forget her, and after the first little while she was unable to get near him. He immersed himself in other things, even married, and grew so far away from her that, now he is dead, their souls can't find each other."

Clemency was silent.

"If people would only understand!" added the little ghost sadly, and Clemency thought her eyes rested for a moment on the open letter on the floor.

"Understand?" asked she.

"That there's something to wait for," said the ghost of Annabel gently. Then after a little pause, "A little hardship, a struggle and some loneliness—sixty years, perhaps, but it's all nothing—if people only understood."

The little lady clasped her shadowy hands and looked at Clemency out of forget-me-not eyes.

"I am your great-aunt," she whispered, "and I love you, Clemency!"

Clemency looked up quickly, for the voice had sounded very far away and the dainty figure seemed dimmer.

"Don't go," she cried, "I want to know—"

Even as she spoke the bright face had faded, a gossamer hand waved adieu and a voice far, far away sighed farewell. The prim chair by the fireplace was no longer occupied by an airy figure and Clemency felt the loneliness of the place strike to her heart.

For a long time she sat before the dying fire, thinking and letting the veil grow thin. When at last she rose her face was bright and steadfast. As for the letter, she had forgotten even to burn it!

Isabelle E. Mackay.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

DURING the month of January, the British papers have been reviewing the past and considering the future. The editor of *Public Opinion* (London) says "the nineteenth century has been the age of England's monopoly; the twentieth, if we are not mistaken, is destined to witness the struggle of the nations for the lion's share of the spoil which has so long been ours." The nations have learned the secrets of trade and manufacture, a result which was inevitable when the telegraph and steamboat drew the nations together. Energy and the sea-going instinct are no longer a monopoly of the Briton. Lord Rosebery has taken up the subject and has pointed out the dangers of German and United States industrial advancement. Others have done the same. No one, however, has proposed a set of optional remedies.

The *Times* says: "To Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, the first of all considerations must be—How will the new century affect the moral and material greatness of their country and their Empire?" This is certainly a pertinent question. But before considering it, let us examine the language. Does the Empire belong only to Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen? The *Times* says it is "their" Empire. Does the *Times* really mean it, or has the great journal forgotten the colonials just for a minute?

The *Times*' pertinent question brings up the subject of expansion or consolidation. Shall the Empire continue to expand or shall she be satisfied with devoting all her energies to consolidation? Judging from the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain and his comrades, they believe that more expanding must be done before the whole energy of the Empire is devoted to consolidation.

One element in consolidation is Imperial Defence and every person who has considered the subject feels that this needs immediate attention. Dur-

"GOOD-BYE. YOU CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME."
—*The New York World.*

ing the next five years we shall hear more of this subject and the decisions arrived at and the work done will have considerable effect on Canadian National life. It will no doubt increase our militia and give us a naval force, and that very shortly.

Lord Brassey, a leading British Liberal, has touched this subject in some suggestions concerning the reorganization of his party. He laid down two principles : (1) Every part of the Empire which shares in Imperial burdens should have a voice in the decision of questions of Imperial concern ; (2) Every part capable of self-government has a right to manage its own affairs. He is apparently in favour of an Imperial Parliament in which the colonies shall be represented, and in which such questions as Imperial defence shall be decided. The British Empire League in Canada seems to be in favour of a Consultative Council rather than an Imperial Parliament. Perhaps the latter suggestion as being less radical would be better. It would appeal more to the British elector who is not yet convinced that the colonial is a man of sense ; and it would suit the colonial better because he has not yet assured himself that a participation in all the Empire's burdens would bring with it counterbalancing advantages. Even a Consultative Council for the Empire would be a long step toward Imperial Unity. Lord Brassey is also in favour of the colonies paying their share of Imperial expenses which are becoming too heavy for the people of three little islands.

"The Commonwealth of Canada" would have been a good name, but the Founders of Confederation decided upon "The Dominion of Canada." "The Commonwealth of Australia" was duly inaugurated on January 1st, at Sydney. The whole city was profusely decorated, the new Governor-General's procession was two miles long, and representative of the various colonies, while the ceremony was impressive. The Archbishop of Sydney invoked the blessing of the Almighty ; the Clerk of the Federal Convention read the Royal proclamation, the letters-patent, and the commission of the first Governor-General. Lord Hopetoun then took the oath of office ; Mr. Barton, principal Australian delegate to Westminster, was then sworn in as the first Premier ; and messages from the Queen and from the Cabinet were read.

It is not every day that a new nation is born and, of course, speculations have followed upon the unusual event. Most of the London journals seem to think the union was undertaken to help in the consolidation of the Empire. The writer sees no reason to coincide with that view. In her message

the Queen declared it to be "her earnest wish that under Divine Providence it may insure the increased prosperity of her loyal and beloved subjects in Australia." There is the reason. It was increased prosperity the people desired, one large country instead of five small ones, one set of trade regulations instead of five. These countries, following the economic development of the day have formed a trust and pooled their profits.

Germany is making headway in South America, notably in Brazil. Germany is acquiring coaling-stations here and there around the world. Germany has a large force in China, and Count von Waldersee is chief of the allied armies. And on the top of all this, the German Emperor has allied himself with the Sultan and with King Charles of Roumania. Germany is face to face with Russian aggression at two points: in China where the German Emperor has the assistance of Great Britain, and in the Balkan where his allies are weaker powers—in the Far East and the Near East. In the latter Germany has no real interests except a desire to be in a position to checkmate Russia occasionally. In the Far East she has commercial interests in addition.

The point of all this is that Great Britain's interests in Europe and Asia are more allied with German interests than is commonly thought, and that in the world struggle now facing the nations Germany would be a more powerful ally than the United States. The alliance of the future to oppose the Slav is more likely to be Teutonic than Anglo-Saxon.

The second last personal link between the Germany before 1866 and the Germany since has been broken by the death of Leopold von Blumenthal, the great friend of the unfortunate Emperor Frederick. From 1815 to 1866 Germany was a collection of disunited States with Prussia as the commercial leader. Then occurred the "Seven Weeks' War," which separated Austria from the other German States, the latter being gradually combined into the German Empire under Emperor William I. Among the latter's chief soldiers were the late Count von Moltke and Count von Blumenthal. Both were at the great battle of Koniggratz in 1866. Both were at the famous council of war called by William I before Sedan. Moltke did not like Blumenthal, and the former received greater rewards from William than the latter. When Frederick III ruled for one hundred days, Blumenthal was made a count and a field-marshal general—long-delayed rewards. The simple, natural Blumenthal outlived the silent, taciturn Moltke, but now too he has gone. Of all the actors in the great drama for the rebuilding of the

J. BULL: "Holy smoke! That's the same present I got last year."

—*The Minneapolis Tribune.*

WILL IT RISE?

—The Minneapolis Journal.

German Empire there only remains the King of Saxony. William I, Moltke and Blumenthal were each ninety years of age at the time of their deaths, the latter having seen sixty-two years of active military service.

It was reported that the opening of the new year would see a second anti-foreign rising in China. The prediction has not been fulfilled. The Chinese have, seemingly, repressed their hatred and going back to the old business of signing notes and treaties. The demands of the Powers as outlined last month have been conceded and the new regime is about to be inaugurated. That it will be very different from the old regime no one can reasonably expect. China will remain subservient so long as it pays her to be and no longer. The leopard cannot change his spots.

While the Powers have been securing written documents, Russia has been appropriating territory. An agreement has been concluded between Russia and China regarding the Russian military occupation of Feng-tien, the southern and most important province of Manchuria, and the resumption of Chinese civil administration under Russian protection. Tseng, the Tartar General at Mukden, and the Chinese officials resume the civil government of Mukden and Feng-tien. This completes Russia's protectorate over Manchuria. That this will ever be given up is as unlikely as Britain's relinquishing control of Egypt or of the territory once known as the Transvaal.

THE POWERS: "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and we'll give you something to make you wise."

—The Minneapolis Journal.

THE QUEEN

BORN MAY 24TH, 1819; COMMENCED TO REIGN JUNE 20TH, 1837;
CROWNED JUNE 28TH, 1838; MARRIED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840;
WIDOWED DECEMBER 14TH, 1861; DIED JANUARY 22ND, 1901.

Take, madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;

'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and Queen;

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE country has lost an unselfish citizen and statesman in the person of the late Hon. Sir Frank Smith, Senator. Starting as a clerk in a Canadian country store at $5 a month, this young Irishman became, by industry, diligence and shrewdness, one of Canada's wealthiest and most honoured citizens. Manager of a store, owner of a store, mayor of London, Ont., in 1866, called to the Senate in 1871, a member of Cabinets under Sir John Macdonald all the succeeding Conservative Premiers, President of the Northern Railway, President of the old Toronto Street Railway, and connected with various other commercial organizations —these are some of the steps in his career.

SIR FRANK SMITH, SENATOR.

Sir Frank's career is an example to the young men of the country. He began at the foot of the ladder and he reached the top. It was not luck. It was hard work, self-denial and aggressive ambition. With all his progress he always maintained a large circle of admiring and confiding friends and a reputation for honour and probity. Canada has lost him, but he helped to prove that this is as much a country of opportunity as any other.

HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, SENATOR
BORN 1822. DIED JANUARY, 1900

The Province of Ontario is face to face with a university question. This is a revival of an old situation with new complications. The first university founded in the Province was Anglican in character. Later on this was made undenominational, and since 1849 the University of Toronto and University College together have formed a sort of State institution. For some time subsequent to this yearly grants were made to the other colleges which had been founded later, and which were distinctly denominational. In 1868, these grants were cut off. Each college or university since then has been on its resources. Each had been independent of Government control, except the University of Toronto. There has thus been a Provincial university and a number of independent universities. At present the list reads thus:

ONTARIO'S UNIVERSITY PROBLEM.

University of Toronto, founded 1827. (Called King's College until 1849.)
Victoria University, founded 1836. (Affiliated with U. of T., 1887.)
Queen's University, founded 1841.
Trinity University, founded 1852.
University of Ottawa, founded 1865.
McMaster University, founded 1887.

The University of Toronto finds itself hampered for want of funds, its endowment having been insufficient to

give it adequate revenue. It has not been the recipient of private benefactions, and has therefore been agitating for fresh grants from the Provincial Government, whose creature it is. This would probably be willingly granted by the Government were it not for the other institutions of a similar character. The latter claim that if fresh grants are made to Toronto, similar donations should be given to them. Hence the Government hesitates. It desires to offend no one, and yet finds that it would be expensive to gratify all desires.

Toronto says, "We are the child of the State. All our property is vested in and administered by the Crown. Our annual appropriations are authorized by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. All appointments are made to the staff of both university and college by the Crown, hence the Crown should provide for our deficits. The Crown led us into Federation and thus into increased expenses. Our total expenditure in 1887 was $70,149; last year it was $135,720. Federation demanded additional requirements and this increase shows what it has cost us. The granting of money to other universities would be giving money into irresponsible hands to expend. The Crown should provide for us and us only."

The other universities reply: "We are neither private nor irresponsible institutions. We are under statute as much as Toronto. We are, therefore, not outside Governmental control. The Government grants bonuses to railways and does not interfere with their administration within the limits of their charter. There is the principle. The Government recognized it the other day when it gave land, building and endowment to Upper Canada College, a corporation not subject to its control. We are rendering services to the State in the same manner as the University of Toronto. Therefore the Crown is justified in making grants to us. We are not seeking aid in order to prolong a feeble existence, but to meet the pressing wants of an all-round expansion."

THERE ARE HALF A MILLION SUCH ORPHANS IN CENTRAL INDIA

Thus the Ontario Government is facing a great problem. A Government depending on the popular vote, does not care to displease large bodies of voters. If it refuses grants to Queen's, Victoria, Trinity, McMaster and Ottawa, it must refuse a grant to Toronto, or risk offending several large and influential bodies. And yet Toronto cannot go on much longer without assistance. The dilemma is great and it would not be surprising if one or two Governments were broken before the aforesaid dilemma vanishes. Let the other Provinces take warning, and not create State universities which may have to be supported.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Much has been heard of the distress of India, and a full statement of the case based upon first-hand knowledge may not be amiss. In these days when the folly of missionary work in China is becoming apparent, it is well that the attention of those who give liberally to foreign missions should be directed to the requirements of India.

In the pre-British days, wars, raids, sati, infanticide and pestilence kept the population from growing too fast. British law and improved sanitation have enabled the population to marry and multiply, unrestricted by any prudential considerations that obtain in civilized countries. Hence, we have the spectacle of some forty millions and more always on the brink of starvation.* When there is a slight failure of the monsoons, hunger drives thousands to the relief camps.

Again, the failure of the village industries, in face of the competition of the Western cheap machine-made goods, has made India a producer of raw materials. The returns have been growing gradually less, and prices of goods have greatly increased. The manufacturers in England have been profiting at the expense of the uneducated producer of home-made fabrics and utensils.

The people are heavily taxed. Railroads have been built, and the British Government has guaranteed 5 per cent. interest on the investments. The British investor, sure of his interest, put in much more capital than was necessary, and now India is paying the bill. Irrigation works were built with the same result. In addition to these drains there are pensions paid to English officials, the savings of Europeans and the cost of the army. And India, taxed to the full limit of her powers, has had in the last forty-five years a net deficit of 37.62 million Rs. The burden of the tax-gatherer falls heaviest on the cultivator of the soil.

When the tax-payer and the failure of the monsoons fall upon the Indian farmer together, then the world has the spectacle of millions of people starving.

*Mr. R. C. Dutt's "Letters to the Viceroy."

TWO STARVELINGS

The decadence of the Indian artworkman is now occupying the attention of the Indian Government. Until some way out of the difficulty is discovered the missionary orphanage and relief funds must be relied upon to ameliorate the worst of the distress. In the famine period of 1896-97 the total collections amounted to $5,780,000, which was all spent, save $340,000. Of this the United Kingdom contributed $4,182,000, foreign countries $476,000. and India $1,122,000. During 1900 the collections were close upon five millions. India contributed about the same amount as before, the United Kingdom a million less than in 1896-97, and foreign countries made up the increase. The United States and Germany were very liberal. The famine last year cost $34,000,000 in direct expenditure, while $8,000,000 was given to landholders and cultivators on loans and advances.

With these facts in view, Canadian supporters of foreign missions would be justified in withdrawing their contributions to Chinese missions, and asking that they be sent to India. There is enough work there to absorb all the money and effort that Canada has to expend upon foreign missions. There is no necessity of sending money

A MISSIONARY AND HIS FAMINE CHARGES PHOTO TAKEN FOR "CHRISTIAN HERALD"

and missionaries to a country where their presence is distasteful and productive of international disturbances.

That the missionary has been doing noble work in India, is amply proven by the brief but comprehensive statement by Lord Curzon:

"Particularly must I mention the noble efforts of the missionary agencies of various Christian denominations. If ever there was an occasion in which their local knowledge and influence were likely to be of value, and in which it was open to them to vindicate the highest standards of their beneficent calling, it was here. Strenuously and faithfully have they performed the task."

And just at this point, one of the weaknesses of the Protestant missionaries may be pointed out. A layman writing recently in *The Indian Review* (Madras) points out the differences between the Roman Catholic Church as a missionary and the Protestant Churches, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The former is the same everywhere, same ritual, same spiritual head, same saints, same virgin mother. Of the latter he says:

"Hardly, on the other hand, has a Protestant mission convert learnt the A B C of his new creed, then he gets to know that there are other Christians who think differently from him; who worship differently; who do not acknowledge the same spiritual head; who, in short, to his limited field of vision, are to be looked upon as rivals, and not co-workers in the same good cause. . . . If the convert is a rogue, he soon discovers that he has a certain market value, and that if he leaves one mission he is received with open arms by the next; and as a result he too often trades on it."

It is to be hoped that the day will soon arrive when there shall be but one Protestant Church as there is one State, one Empire. The lines of demarcation do not commend themselves except to the bigoted and the partizan. The progress of education and culture and reason is steadily driving bigotry and partizanship into mediæval obscurity.

Dr. Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, New York, who recently visited India, states that the famine has left fatherless and motherless a half million children.

"These children must be sheltered; they must be clothed and fed and instructed.

They must be trained up by Christian teachers and fitted for lives of usefulness and of service on Christian lines. It is a wonderful opportunity, the greatest missionary opportunity of the century, and if we embrace it, ten times more will be accomplished for the cause of Christ through these very orphans within the next ten years than has been accomplished during the entire nineteenth century.

"These boys and girls, saved from the famine, as brands from the burning, owe their lives to Christian benevolence. If Christendom measures up to this the greatest opportunity ever presented, they will also owe their support and their instruction to the Christian men and women of this generation; they will grow up in Christian orphanages, they will be surrounded by Christian influences, and they will themselves become Christians."

These are the words of Bishop Thorburn, who is chairman of the International Relief Committee in India. He states that thirty cents a week or $15 a year will support one orphan. Through the *Christian Herald* he is appealing to the people of the United States.

If the people of the United States are interested in this work, how much more should the people of Canada—we who proudly boast of being the colonial leaders of the Empire? Canada should give to such work in preference to the Chinese mission, where missionary effort must for a long time be fraught with danger to the Empire and to the Western world generally. Mission work in India will not cause international war, but will help to preserve the Empire with whose progress the welfare of Canada must be closely allied for many years to come.

People who desire to give money for the benefit of the 5,000,000 Indian orphans, or those who may be suffering from famine and ignorance may send their contributions to Mr. Louis Klopsch, care of the *Christian Herald*, New York. Mr. Klopsch has already adopted 5,000 of these orphans, guaranteeing $75,000 a year. He hopes soon to be able to adopt another 5,000.

The Canadian Methodist Church has no missions in India, so that Methodists will find it best to send their contributions to Mr. Klopsch.

The Canadian Baptists are assisting the mission work in India, and contributions may be sent through *The Canadian Baptist*, or the Rev. J. G. Brown, 523 Euclid Ave., Toronto.

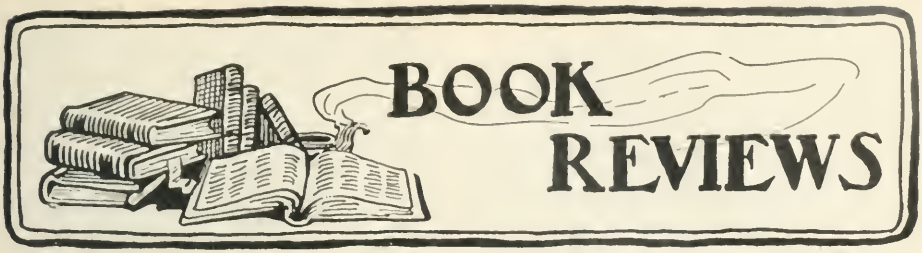
The Presbyterian Church has a large mission in Central India and is doing some work in behalf of the orphans. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Mackay, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

The English Church in Canada works mainly through its British connection, and is also doing much work in the Indian field. Contributions may be sent to Miss Macklem, Sylvan Towers, Toronto, who works unofficially, or to any Bishop of the Canadian Church.

The writer is not greatly enamoured of foreign missionary work generally, but simply desires to point out that charity should begin at home, that the British Empire should look after its own, and that the Indian mission field is much to be preferred to China or Japan.

I have no desire to raise the question of the advisability of foreign missionary work and contributions by Canadians. If the churches desire to engage in this work, there is no reason why they should not, in the exercise of their liberty, do as they think proper. Missionaries are usually self-sacrificing and in the history of the world they have played an important part. Still, the churches should not seek a quarrel with those of us who believe missions in China and Japan have not been productive of much benefit to the human race.

John A. Cooper.



A VETERAN NOTABILITY.

THE recollections of Sir John Mowbray are chatty and agreeable.* It is not the ponderous historian or the laborious biographer who impresses the life of a period upon your memory. Of them you soon weary, and what they tell you soon forget. In English parliamentary annals it is the man who, filling a secondary place himself, has been on terms of intimacy with the great, who can enrich the rerecital of political events with the personal details, the anecdotes, and the picturesque trivialities that fill in the whole picture. Sir John Mowbray was a type of the English gentleman whose training, instincts and breeding have gone far to maintain the best traditions of the House of Commons. He was a Tory of the old school, one whose urbanity and liberality of view secured him the esteem of all, so that when Mr. Villiers' death in 1898 made him the "father of the House," Tory, Radical, and Irish member united in pleasant greeting. Mowbray witnessed the coronation of William IV, and he watched the burning of the old Parliament Buildings in 1834. Fortunately the fire spared Westminster Hall, and Sir T. Thesiger, the noted lawyer, sarcastically remarked: "If Westminster Hall had been burnt down what a pettifogging profession ours would have been." At Oxford Mowbray was contemporaneous with the Tractarian movement, and a steady attendant at the meetings of the Oxford Union, the famous debating society of the undergraduates founded in 1823. When the Union held its jubilee in 1873 many notable men gathered round the board. Archbishop Tait, Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, Cardinal Manning, Matthew Arnold, Lord Coleridge, Dr. Jowett, Canon Liddon, among them. Mowbray says of Sir Robert Peel's change of front on protection in 1846:

> In my judgment, no charge of treachery can be maintained, and the change of opinion was honest. But we may regret that Sir Robert had not taken his supporters sooner into his confidence and "educated" his party.

In 1853, when the Oxford University Bill was going through the House, Mowbray heard two speeches which impressed him, one by Mr. Byng, afterwards Lord Strafford, the other by Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury, and records a remarkable instance of Disraeli's foresight. Disraeli said to him: "You heard two speeches the other night—one by Byng, who has received so many congratulations in the House, and letters from all the duchesses and countesses in London; the other by Robert Cecil. You will not hear much of the first; the latter has made his mark as a real debater, and will become a considerable man." Regarding the untimely death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis a curious anecdote is told. "He wouldn't take any exercise. He used to say 'I've heard of many men dying of hard riding, but never any of hard reading.'" There is much pleasant reflection suggested by these pages, much that inspires respect for authority, courtesy in public life, and regard for the dignity and honour of parliamentary service.

* Seventy Years at Westminster. By the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P., Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

A CENTURY OF DIPLOMACY.

The average Canadian can never read too often the record of how the astute Americans, from the time of the Treaty of Peace in 1783, down to the latest achievements of Washington statecraft, have invariably got the better of their British colleagues in diplomacy. Mr. John W. Foster has been moved to republish a series of lectures delivered to the students of Columbia College.* If his review of the foreign policy of the United States is not profound, it is at least readable. One gathers from his narrative that, in abler and more impartial hands, a really instructive book could be written upon the subject. Unfortunately Mr. Foster is more of the politician than the historian, and his treatment of more than one episode in the chronicle from 1776 to 1876 deprives him of the sympathy of any student who has gone deep enough into the records to know that there were faults on both sides. True, he tacitly condemns the social slights put upon Mr. Merry, the British Minister in 1809, but declares that Jackson, the successor of Merry, was wholly in the wrong. Now Mr. Jackson was not the wisest person in the field of diplomacy, but there can be little doubt that war was practically resolved upon before he arrived in the United States, and that his mission was foredoomed to failure regardless of his own merits or demerits. One of the latest biographers of Madison, who was President during the War of 1812-14, is candid enough to record the large share which party exigencies had in bringing on the conflict, and it is improbable that matters would have been pushed to extremes if a second term for Madison had not been at stake. In face of this Mr. Foster's lofty reproach of New England for its opposition to the war—"a dark blot upon our country's history"—is not so impressive as it might be. The burning of Washington by British troops is described as an "everlasting disgrace upon British arms." The reasons given in justification for it are not mentioned. This will indicate the spirit of the book. The auther is on safer ground when he records the triumphs of the Treaty of Ghent, a document nearly as creditable to the superior tactics of the American negotiators as that of 1783. The helplessness of the British representatives in failing to settle the fishery claims has left a legacy of trouble to our own day. Mr. Foster's allusion to the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada is lacking in candour, and will do nothing to remove the sting of the London *Times*' comment on another matter when it said in 1854: "The diplomacy of the United States is certainly a very singular profession." The remark still possesses point. It may be repeated that Mr. Foster's narrative is full of interest to all who wish to know the American point of view in matters of diplomacy, but as a sound treatise on the merits of questions in dispute it is not so valuable, and the students who heard the lectures will do well to extend their investigations somewhat farther afield. The tendency of the best writers on history in the United States nowadays is to tell the truth, not to make out a case for the politicians in power.

* A century of American Diplomacy. By John W. Foster. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CONAN DOYLE ON THE WAR.

Even when the despatches and other material are available for writing the history of the Boer war it is doubtful if any writer will do the work better than Dr. Doyle has done.* An elaborate military treatise we shall probably have in time. The majority of mankind will never read it. There is nothing unreasonable in the popular demand for a book that is at once comprehensive and vivid, that will deal effectively with the political as well as the military phases of the war, and that will appeal at least as strongly to

*The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

the civilian as to the professional soldier. To the acute perceptions of the journalist, Dr. Doyle adds the charm of excellent literary workmanship, and he maintains throughout an engaging air of earnest frankness which goes far to capture the sympathy of his readers. As an example of this, his summary of the evidence which appears to warrant the suspicion of a Dutch movement to drive British rule from South Africa, greatly ante-dating the Jameson Raid, (p. 58) is a good illustration. It cannot be contended that the author is impartial, but he is never a stupid partizan, he is never without appreciation for the qualities of the Boer, and he is equally outspoken respecting the errors of the British. The concluding chapter on the lessons of the war is practical and valuable, and the suggestions given for the improvement of our military forces may well be the correct ones, seeing that so many veterans of the regular service have been found wanting when tried by the stern test of unusual and unexpected tactics. Of the narrative itself, viewed merely as a piece of writing, as the rich and telling colour which a master of art can work into his picture, it is difficult to speak too warmly. It is of interest to quote the author's forecast of the future :

"We shall never have anything (he says) but active hatred, or at the best sulky acquiescence, from the present or perhaps from the next generation of Boers. But time and self-government, with the settled order and vested interests which will spring up under British rule, will all combine to make a party which will be averse from any violent separation from the Empire. As helots so fine a race could never be reconciled, but as equal fellow-citizens they may come at last, when the tragedies of the past are softened by distance, to blend themselves with us, and to reinvigorate us by their robust and primitive virtues."

There is little in the book at which to cavil, and its honesty of purpose and freedom from prejudice will do much to commend it to all reasonable men. Five coloured maps accompany the book, which is admirably turned out by its publishers.

POLITICS IN FICTION.

In Lord Linlithgow,* who forms the rather shadowy central figure of Mr. Roberts' ingenious and somewhat audacious political novel, one finds a certain resemblance to Lord Rosebery, and the persons who form the background for the chief actors are all more or less recognizable pictures of present-day politicians. The plot is simple. Lord Linlithgow entrusts a young political supporter, Murray Harford, a journalistic M.P. and a Liberal Imperialist, with a delicate mission. He is to obtain from a Radical editor, who has "ratted" from the Imperial section of the party, certain private letters the publication of which would greatly benefit the cause of Lord Linlithgow. The Radical editor refuses to give them up. He threatens to destroy them if legal measures for their restoration are taken. Harford's only effective weapon is to use information he possesses against the Radical editor which would also compromise a lady of rank. This is a course which we are assured no "gentleman" will follow. Being anxious to win distinction and Helen Lancaster, Harford finally succumbs to the temptation, obtains the letters, and despises himself in consequence. An enemy now proposes to spoil Harford's chances with Miss Lancaster, a singularly high-minded young lady whom a cynic would call prudish. When told of her lover's delinquency—that he had done something he himself thought was wrong—she is properly shocked, but on finding that, in the doing of it, he has exposed a wicked lady of rank she promptly forgives and marries him. So much depends upon the point of view. The possibilities of woman in politics are further illustrated by Miss Lancaster's asking Lord Linlithgow, in order that her lover may be quite rehabilitated, for the secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. On being told that this post has already been promised, she says "the Colonies will do," and considerately leaves Lord Linlithgow to reflect upon it at leisure.

*Lord Linlithgow. By Morley Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. A. FRASER, the well-known story writer, has returned from a trip to New York, where he completed arrangements with Scribners' for the publication of another book of his short stories. The new volume will be issued sometime between now and spring, and this will be the third book of Mr. Fraser's to be published within two years, the first two being "The Eye of a God" and "Mooswa," both of which are selling well in the United States and Canada. We understand that Scribners' will have Mr. Arthur Heming illustrate Mr. Fraser's new book.

Acadiensis is the title of a new magazine published at St. John, N.B., with the idea that it shall represent the literary ideas of Eastern Canada. It is small but neatly printed, and should be more successful than was *The New Brunswick Magazine*, which died before its third volume was completed. *Acadiensis* is a quarterly at one dollar a year.

Mr. A. C. Casselman of Toronto recently read two papers before the U. E. L. Association of Ontario, describing the migration in 1710 of the German Protestants from the Palatinate via London to New York, their settlement in 1784 along the banks of the St. Lawrence from Charlottenburg in Glengarry County to the Bay of Quinté and their subsequent history. These valuable papers—for Mr. Casselman is a laborious and painstaking student of history—have now been issued in pamphlet form.

Miss Joanna E. Wood, author of "The Untempered Wind," "Judith Moore" and "A Daughter of Witches," has returned to Canada after a visit in Great Britain of several months' duration. She has placed with Hurst & Blackett, who published her latest book in England, a new novel entitled "Farden' Ha'" (Farthing Hall). This is a Scottish tale which Miss Wood thinks is even better than her previous work. The Canadian edition will be issued by The W. J. Gage Co. "A Daughter of Witches" met with a gracious welcome in London. The *Bookman* declares the heroine to be "an eerie, quiet, subtle witch," and the story well told. The *Outlook* and the *Spectator* remark the quiet, delicate humour, the latter saying that it resembles that of Miss Wilkins in quality. The *Westminster Gazette* is pleased with the old handmaid Temp'rance Tribbey and her shy lover Nathan, declaring these two characters capitally drawn and sufficient to give a certain distinction to any novel. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks Tribbey is the best thing in the book and the staid *Athenæum* terms her "an excellent portrait."

The English critics are struck with the fact that Miss Wood has a style, and that she aims to do more than write a story. The average novel-writer and the average publisher desire "a story" only, but Miss Wood, writing for a reputation rather than passing popularity, has steadily refused to produce that kind of book. That she is able to do the slap-dash work when she desires, is proven by her success in New York short story competitions where she has picked up several thousands of dollars in this way, most of the stories having been sent in under pen-names. In one short story competition, so the gossips say, she captured three of the largest prizes with three stories, two being sent in to the credit of two male friends whose names she secured for the purpose—temporarily of course. Miss Wood has also written for the New York weeklies of the better class, using

various pen-names, the best known of which is "Jean D'Arc." The coming months will be spent by this talented lady in writing a purely Canadian novel for which she has long been collecting material. The accompanying photograph was taken during her recent visit to Great Britain. Miss Wood is an artist in dress as well as in literature, and a most charming personality.

MISS JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND," "JUDITH MOORE," "A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES," ETC.

(PHOTO BY BULLINGHAM, LONDON)

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"The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by our esteemed Canadian, Charles G. D. Roberts (Toronto : The Copp Clark Co.) has brought forth, so far as we have seen, only unique and beautiful reviews. Inspired by the charming pages, these critiques have been tinged with poetry, which indeed is the very essence of Mr. Roberts' book. The *Outlook* says :

"Mr. C. G. D. Roberts brings into fiction much of the sensitive imagination and feeling for landscape which are the prime qualities of his verse. His recent story, 'The Heart of the Ancient Wood,' might easily have taken on verse form. It is hardly to be judged as a piece of fiction ; it is a romance of the forest, an idyl of woodland life, in which the gentleness of a beautiful girl bridges a chasm between man and the animals and becomes a kind of spiritual link between them. The tale has great atmospheric charm."

The Detroit *Free Press* :

"One of those charmful books that take the reader far out of the shallows of civilization and put him in touch with the secret life of the forest and the loves and tragedies that all unsuspected go on within its breast. Woven as the story is, apparently out of the simplest material, one is at first hardly aware of the consummate art of the author."

Boston *Times* :

"The atmosphere in the 'Ancient Wood' is as fresh as the atmosphere in the Forest of Arden. Author and printer together have made of this dramatic and sympathetic story, a most lovely volume."

The Bookman :

"The first feeling of 'The Heart of the Ancient Wood,' is its freshness, and at its close, no less than in the beginning, the whole has the charm of complete freshness."

The Mail and Express :

"A charming book which almost defies classification, it possesses so many contrasting qualities. His English is faultless. The peculiar charm of this book is more uncommon than its perfection as mere literature ; it is the charm of an instinctive love of nature, the passion which was the lifelong inspiration of Wordsworth. Poet and novelist, Mr. Roberts is here the historian of nature, which he has interpreted with unerring and sleepless fidelity, and to which he has imparted an irresistible human interest in the living, lovable, enchanting child-woman Miranda, whose spell is everywhere felt, and who will long live in remembrance."

Halifax *Morning Chronicle* :

"'The Heart of the Ancient Wood,' aside from its literary worth, has a certain timeliness for the whole civilized world, which is now giving more attention to the doctrines of outdoor life and the study of nature than it has ever before given. Prof. Roberts' book, then, comes just at a juncture when the reading public is hungry for that sort of literature, and it is so immeasurably superior to some of that class which has appeared that its popularity should occasion no surprise. There is a delicacy of treatment suggesting the odour of wood violets, and to read the opening chapter wherein is described what happens among the 'furred and furtive folk' of the wood when the lumberman tramps along the unused trail, is to receive a liberal education in forest lore."

◒

"Canada's Sons on Kopje and Veldt" is the title of an historical account of the Canadian Contingents by T. G. Marquis, B.A. The author has done his work well and presented a carefully verified record of the movements of the Canadian troops. The book, however, is abominably printed and bound. It would never sell in a respectable bookshop, except to those friends of Mr. Marquis who would buy it with regret. "The Canada's Sons Publishing Co." is the name of the publishers and the publishing fraternity should use some modern moral suasion to prevent more atrocities of this kind. The work of our Canadian authors deserves better treatment than Mr. Marquis has received in this case.

◒

"Religious Progress in the Century," by W. H. Withrow, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C., is the first of "The Ninteenth Century series" to be issued in twenty-five volumes by The Linscott Publishing Company in London, Toronto and Philadelphia. This volume to hand is creditable to the editors and the publishers, but to the author most of all. The work is comprehensively conceived and admirably executed. The historical perspective of the century's religious movements has been well maintained and seldom has undeserved attention been given to an event. The tone is historical rather than critical, and while this may be a weakness from some points of view, it could hardly have been avoided. The author seldom forgets he is a minister of the gospel and that is another unavoidable weakness. On the whole, however, the work is much to be commended.

◒

The story of Laura Secord must always be a feature in Canadian history, and for the first time the story of this brave and patriotic heroine has been told at length. Mrs. Emma A. Currie has written a volume on the subject, (Toronto : William Briggs), with many illustrations and reminiscences of the district in which Mrs. Secord lived. She has collected most valuable particulars from many sources and has arranged them into a readable narrative.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE FINEST SIGHT IN S.A.

A MAJOR in the Irish Fusiliers and a major in the Royal Canadian Artillery met at Modder River. The Canadian was happy.

"We have just had word to start for home," said he of the Maple Leaf.

"You don't tell me so," said the Irishman. "Well, you're in luck."

"Yes, we're off to Capetown to-morrow."

"Well, you'll soon see the foinest sight in South Africa."

"What's that, Major?"

"Capetown, from the shtern of a shtamer."

A DOUBTFUL REPUTATION.

The Canadians in South Africa were good looters apparently. The first contingent was jocularly termed by the wags "the thousand thieves." It is said that on one occasion General Smith-Dorrien's division was attacking a town held by the Boers. The Highlanders were doing the heavy work. An officer remarked to the General, "The Highlanders don't seem to be able to take it, sir." The reply was laconic. "Oh, well, if they can't take it, we'll send the Canadians forward. They will soon steal it."

A MEDDLESOME CUPID.

The day was dark, the wind blew, and the dead leaves dropped upon the ground.

"Tell me," said the girl to the man—it is so often a question of a girl and a man—"tell me, why is life so sad." A bird beating its wings against the bars of its cage, and wondering why the cage is there.

And the man—men are so wise, you know, and have such good judgment—the man said, "My dear little girl, you are morbid, you are too much alone, you have not enough to do." Men are so wise.

They were wandering through the November woods, this man and this girl, the dark, sad woods of November. The girl was cross, and because she was cross she wanted to hurt the man, so she began very feebly by saying "You don't love me." At first the man laughed as men do, but by and by the man got angry and left the girl, and walked away.

"Such a cold day," said the little god of love, as he walked through the woods. "Such a cold day and nothing to do."

"If you do not want my love, I shan't force it upon you," said an angry man.

Cupid is very good at taking in a situation.

The day was dark, the dead leaves fell upon the ground, and high up in the tree a bunch of ed berries was swaying in the wind. The girl was cross, the man was angry, but Cupid was there.

Down came a bunch of ed berries and hit an angry man's back.

"You do love me and you do want my love!" November woods are very desolate, and her waist was very small. So he put his arm around her, this great strong man, but he could not have expected an answer, for he held her lips with his own.

"You know, darling, I was very angry," said the strong man, "and if you had not thrown those berries I would never have come back." But the girl only looked into his eyes and smiled. Girls can be wise sometimes.

And the little cold god behind the tree smiled too, and realized that there was work for him to do even in November.

The man thought it was the girl and the girl thought it was the wind, but Cupid knew.

Kind, meddlesome little Cupid.

G. Murray Atkin.

* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

NO MACHINE THERE.

Judge D——, who has a great fund of anecdotes, and who would never think of suppressing a joke because he is himself the victim of it, tells of an attempt which he recently made to have some fun with an Hibernian. He was returning to his home after a session of Court in a distant county, and as the train was standing at a small station about twenty miles from his objective, he espied a labourer whom he slightly knew preparing to board her. The Judge promptly took the man into the car with himself and gave him a seat. As the train rolled along past pleasant farms, the Judge, knowing the man's great love for the Emerald Isle, said: "Well, John, this is a great country, this Canada; it's away ahead of Ireland, isn't it?"

Tears came to the eyes of the old man at the mention of his native land, and he shook his head as he replied: "No, indeed, this country is nothing like Ireland."

"Tut, tut, man," said the Judge in a persuasive tone; "you'd be a long time in Ireland before you'd have the honour of riding in a parlour car with a judge."

"Troth and your right," replied his companion, "and you'd be a long time in Ireland before they'd make a judge of you."

Leon J. Falfys.

VERY SAD

First Poet—Doth it not make thee tired to see a bard so stuck on himself?
Second Poet—Yea; that were bad enough;—but to see the unthinking mob so stuck on him!

DRAWN BY J. A. HOLDEN

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE QUEEN AT THE JUBILEE

DRAWN FROM A RARE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HER MAJESTY'S DRIVE THROUGH LONDON AT THE TIME OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF 1897—THE FIRST AND LAST TIME THAT THE QUEEN WAS ACCOMPANIED BY REPRESENTATIVES FROM EVERY PART OF THE EMPIRE

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI MARCH, 1901 No. 5

VICTORIA AND THE VICTORIAN AGE.

By George R. Parkin, C.M.G., Principal Upper Canada College.

TO stamp a name upon an era in the world's history is an honour reserved for perhaps half a dozen of all the thousands of millions of human beings who have lived upon the earth. We speak of the Augustan age, the Elizabethan age, the Napoleonic age, and the name in each case flashes upon the mind a vivid and definite picture of some great turning period in the life of a nation, and through it of the human race. That this result may be produced it seems essential that the nation should be one that holds a foremost place in the world; the era itself must be impressive from the activity or energy of the forces at work; the personality which gives it a name must be powerful, typical, in touch with the spirit of the time, and conspicuous to such a degree, that minor people and circumstances naturally range themselves around it as a centre. Given these conditions, the name-stamp becomes one which the lapse of time does not easily efface; it stands out thereafter sharply and distinctly as marking one of the great milestones of human history. Failing some such combination of circumstances one century may succeed another without gaining this impress of individuality and distinction.

It seems quite clear that the remarkable period which has closed with the closing nineteenth century will be handed down to history among the civilized nations of the world as the Victorian age.

No doubt it is unsafe to forecast what will or will not stand the all-searching test of time, but in the present instance some at least of the requisite conditions, as we have stated them, would appear to be amply fulfilled. Our British nation has certainly held the central and most conspicuous place in the dominating world-movements of the period. The century has been one of extraordinary activity and rapid change, chiefly along lines which extend the bounds of human knowledge and power, and so open up long vistas of further advance. Through a large part of the century Queen Victoria has been the official head of an empire greater in extent and power than any that preceded it and of a people who for the time were exercising a more decisive influence on the world's civilization than any other. But there must be more than this. Mere official position, while it leaves a dry record on the page of history, does not stamp itself permanently on the minds and imagination of men. We must look beneath the sovereign's robes of state to discover the living force which will probably cause her name to be taken as representative of a period.

If we do thus look into the Queen's mind and character, and the career which sprung from them, we shall find, I believe, very sufficient reasons to justify and explain the extraordinary impression which her life and death

have made upon the world. The study is a deeply interesting one, if only for the hope which it suggests that something like a new standard of sovereign greatness has been set up among men. Absolutism, military genius, masterful ability, force in many forms has often in the past lifted itself to supreme place in the world. To find that the highest place of all, even in human esteem and veneration, is voluntarily accorded to qualities entirely different from these is something like a revelation—a revelation which is likely to profoundly influence thought and conduct in time to come.

The full measure of this influence time alone can make known.

But even to-day the Queen's death has brought out what is probably the fullest expression the world has ever known of the kinship of men; kinship in reverence and admiration for the old-fashioned virtues of simplicity, sincerity and devotion to duty; for those Christian virtues which, blended together, produce the highest type of tender and gracious womanhood; the highest type of manhood which is true as well as strong. But to measure an influence such as hers we must study it from various sides.

COPYRIGHT PHOTO BY GUNN & STUART

THE QUEEN

ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES OF HER MAJESTY

First of all, a sovereign is the head of a political system, and our great English Queen must, therefore, for merit or demerit, be judged in no small measure by her relations to the political institutions of the country. She came to the throne at a time extremely critical for monarchs and monarchies; when power was rapidly passing into the hands of the people; when hereditary right was openly challenged and its influence was manifestly declining. Fortunately nature had endowed her with a saving common sense which enabled her to grasp such a situation and deal with it successfully. Taking trust in her people as the keynote of her policy and the guide to her conduct she so exercised her constitutional prerogatives as to leave her own throne stronger and more firmly fixed in the confidence and affection of its subjects than it has been for centuries, while there is probably not a monarch in Europe who is not more securely seated in his place to-day because Queen Victoria ruled in Britain and illustrated there the beneficent possibilities of royalty.

But the period was critical in other ways. The nation was passing through a wonderful process of expansion; on

distant continents new off-spring nations were growing up; they naturally looked out upon the world in eager and open-eyed search for political ideals. With such a Queen upon the throne they were able to find the highest ideal in the government of their own Motherland; they soon saw that republics had nothing more in the way of complete self-government to offer them than what Britain enjoyed under a limited monarchy.

Never did a process of political evolution on so vast a scale move forward under circumstances so favourable. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the most democratic communities in the world, found that liberty could have the fullest play without any break with the traditions of the past; that allegiance to the crown was not only compatible with, but actually secured as no other political machinery in the world did, the freest possible exercise of the sovereign will of the people.

COPYRIGHT PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON

THE QUEEN

ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES OF HER MAJESTY

It is no exaggeration to say that the clear view which the young Queen took of her constitutional duties when she came to the throne in 1837, the steadfast and consistent way in which she exercised them, the precedent which her example created for every viceroy or governor sent out to represent her in the self-governing colonies, contributed more than almost anything else to carry us through a very critical stage in our national history, the stage during which it was decided whether the great colonies, when grown to national estate, should remain as a part of the Empire or not.

What that decision means to British people and to the world we are now beginning to understand; its significance will become still more apparent as the process of consolidating our vast Empire in the interests of peace, liberty and industrial safety goes forward.

It is a strange historical coincidence that an exact thousand years of English history is covered by the period between the year 901, when Saxon Alfred, the wisest and best beloved of our long line of kings, died, to the year 1901, when the sceptre dropped from the hand of Victoria, by far the most venerated of English queens. The reign which closed a thousand years ago saw the consolidation of the Saxon Heptarchy carried on amid desperate struggle with the Northmen, but with a new inspiration

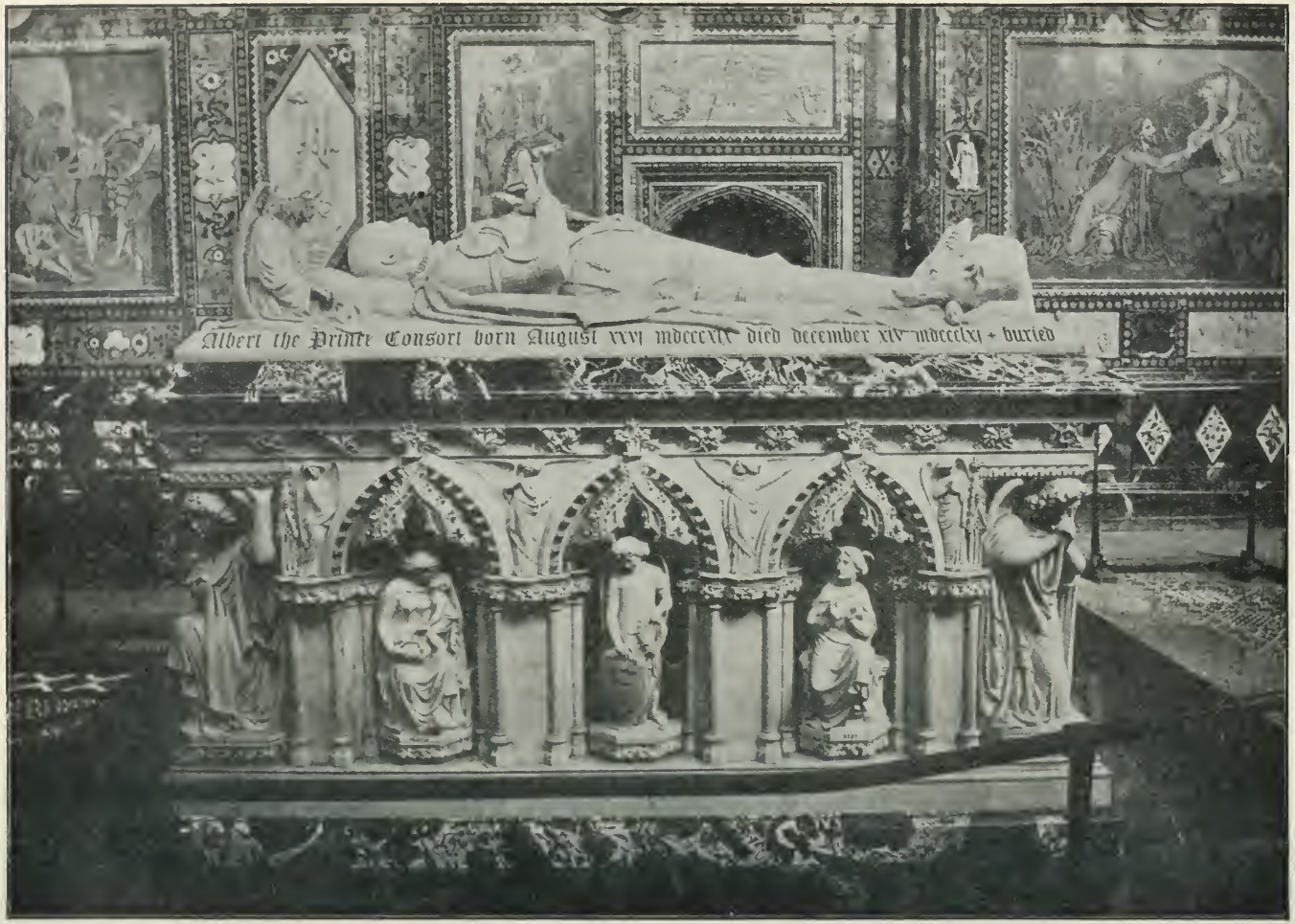
and cohesion given to Anglo-Saxon life through the private virtues and public policy of a ruler whose name even yet is cherished wherever the English language is spoken. And as the vaster design of a united British Empire realizes itself more and more I am confident that the name of our latest and greatest Queen will stand out as conspicuously for a beacon light in the political history of our people as does the name of her great Saxon predecessor.

The supreme tribute to the character of the Queen's rule is the calm and undisturbed attitude of the public mind, so far as politics are concerned, when at last she has passed away. So steadily and resolutely has she upheld all through her reign the true principles which should direct the use of royal prerogative in a limited monarchy ; so clearly has she shown that her pride was to have her throne "broad-based upon her people's will," that now when the sceptre suddenly passes to other hands there is no public anxiety—no disturbance of the funds—no hint of possible political upheaval. The tradition of free government wisely balanced by an impartial sovereign head has become too strong in these sixty-four years to admit thought of its overthrow. She has shown how the people may rule while the sovereign reigns—how they may rule all the more truly and efficiently because the sovereign reigns. To have fixed irrevocably so profound a principle in the political habits of people who hold almost a quarter of the earth's surface is of itself sufficient to mark an epoch in history.

But besides being the sovereign of a vast realm the Queen was at the head of a social system, the richest, the most highly organized, the most far-reaching in its influence for good or evil of any known to history. The Roman Empire in the height of its power was limited practically to the countries within reach of the Mediterranean. The Queen's viceroys have gone forth to rule continents and populous countries of which the Cæsars never heard or dreamed ; her Empire in its various parts has faced every civilized and uncivilized nation of the earth ; its commerce has tapped the riches of them all. Back upon the centre of British life have been reflected all the wealth, the luxury, the means of social power, and the temptations to social corruption which can be drawn from every corner of the world. It was just such an inflow of wealth and luxury that undermined the greatness of Rome by sapping the foundations of Roman character. When the historian Tacitus wished to put his hand on the plague-spot which meant destruction to the imperial race of his day, he did so indirectly by picturing the simple habits, the stern self-discipline, the pure domestic life of the German ancestors of our Queen, and of our race. By cultivating these habits, by encouraging this discipline, by illustrating through her own example the beauty and power of that home life upon which the greatness of a nation must ultimately rest, the Queen has stood as a tower of defence to her people against the influx of social evils incident to wealth and power, which have wrecked Empires in the past, and are equally powerful to wreck them today unless resolutely met and overcome.

She has striven to keep clean the fountains of public life and social distinction. Honours once given too frequently to court parasites and favourites have been assigned with studious care to real distinction in politics, science, literature, art, industry, philanthropy or whatever adds grace and dignity to a nation's life. Where wealth has gained them it has usually been in recognition of some noble use of wealth.

With all that was best among her people she was in active sympathy. From her place of social power she might easily have chilled earnest enthusiasm by indifference, or antagonized by lack of discretion men and movements that looked to her recognition for support. As a matter of fact, her judgment was ever singularly just,

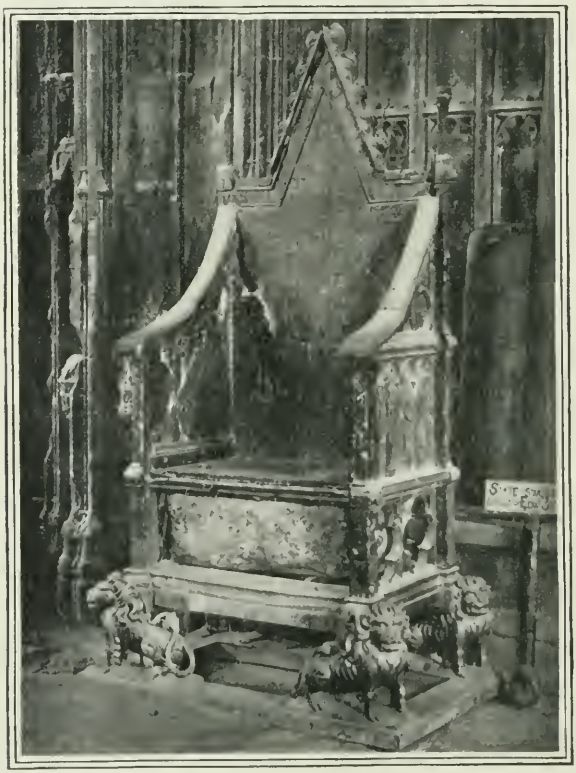


SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT FROGMORE, NEAR WINDSOR

as well as quick, to recognize whatever was good in the way of social or moral effort; and gradually the fact of her approval came to be accepted among her people as a kind of hall-mark of solid worth for men and women, and the causes they had in hand.

Herself the head of a State Church and a firm believer in its doctrines she was yet wider in her Christian sympathy than anyone of the main schools of thought in that Church. The broadest Churchman of his day, Dean Stanley, was among her most intimate personal friends. In Scotland it was men like Norman McLeod, John Caird and Dr. McGregor who won her confidence and friendship.

But beyond all that has yet been said there was much else connected with her reign which appealed powerfully to the popular imagination. The Queen's life has been a romance into which it has been her pleasure that the people should be allowed to enter. Her early ascent to the throne; her marriage of affection; the almost idyllic picture of home-life furnished by the youth of her children; her long-sustained grief for her husband; the many other profound afflictions which she has been called upon to endure; the splendid alliances made by her children and grandchildren; the pre-eminent position she herself had won among the sovereigns of Europe; the simple dignity with which she ever took her place in the stateliest public functions; the culminating splendour of her reign, which found a climax in the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 and 1897—all these have contributed to surround the life which has just closed with a romantic interest quite without parallel. The clearest poetic voices of the age have found in it a theme and inspiration. Tennyson was no mere coiner of courtly phrases; his tributes to the Queen came from the heart, and, winged with the unmistakable touch of sincerity and truth, went to the heart. What is true of him is true of others.



THE CORONATION CHAIR—SHOWING THE HISTORIC STONE FROM SCONE, NEAR PERTH, ON WHICH THE KINGS OF SCOTLAND WERE CROWNED. EDWARD I. REMOVED IT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY. IT WAS FRAMED AS SHOWN, AND THE CHAIR HAS EVER SINCE BEEN USED AT ENGLISH CORONATIONS

Thus it has come to pass that the Queen's life has been crowned beyond all past precedent by the devoted love and loyalty of her people. But in her case, as in all others, it has been true that the cross of life is the price that must ever be paid for its crown. In much personal loss and affliction; in long and patient performance of duty under trying circumstances; in the daily facing of risks incident to sovereign place, her path, for the last forty years at least, has been a discipline of endurance and trial.

There is no doubt that she had gradually grown to look upon herself as the mother of her people ; the sharer of all their joys ; but still more the consoler of their sorrows. Equally certain is it that the hearts of the great mass of British people had gone out as they never had before to meet this queenly mother love, so comprehensive, so tender, so untiring, and, above all, so manifestly sincere. Out of this mutual feeling had grown a relation absolutely without parallel in history : a devotion to duty and a breadth of sympathy on the part of the ruler which age could not shake or toil intimidate ; a heartfelt reverence and loyalty on the part of the ruled which has gradually deepened with the lapse of years into intense personal affection.

THE FOUR GENERATIONS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN, TAKEN LAST YEAR

"She leaves the noblest memory that any monarch ever left to posterity. . . . . She has been an example for palaces and for hovels alike. Her lesson was for the poor as well as for the rich, for the highly placed as well as for the humble. She was a great Queen. She was a greater woman." Such is the tribute of one of the most representative of American journals. The words echo the feeling of the civilized world.

And now we British people, thinking much of the past, thinking still more in these anxious days of the future, with proud sorrow and grateful hearts store away the priceless jewel of her memory in the already wonderful treasure-house of our national traditions, to be forever an example and an inspiration. In view of all that the world has felt and said in these last weeks it seems strangely out of place to say that our Queen's sway has ended. It has widened. The Victorian era closes. The reign of the great Victorian tradition begins.

The DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

BY

Rev. professor William Clark

HOW varied, how conflicting are the thoughts and emotions that strive within us on an occasion like the present! Sorrow and joy, thanksgiving and regrets, mourning and praise contend for the mastery in our minds. Yet surely the place must be given to gratitude and hope. As we think of the great woman, the great Queen, who has, in the providence of God, been removed from the people who loved her and venerated her, we glorify God who has shewn forth His loving-kindness in her and in her people, and we look forward with confident hope to the future of the Empire over which her dearly loved son, our honoured King, presides in her place.

It is impossible to rise to the demands of such a moment, for it is a moment unique in the history of the world. Such a reign has never been witnessed before. Such a life has never been lived under like circumstances. In her the prayer of the poet has been fulfilled when he asked that our children's children might say—

> "She wrought her people lasting good:
> Her court was pure; her life serene."

For nearly four and sixty years has this great Queen ruled this mighty empire wisely and well, with ever fresh and growing tokens of the blessing of God upon her and her people; and now that the glorious day is ended, and the sun of that precious life has set, we look back with wonder on all that has been accomplished by human enterprise and by divine guidance and blessing. The purity of her court alone conferred immeasurable blessings upon every class among her people from the highest to the lowest. I remember well the death of the old King, William IV, and the coronation of the young Queen about a twelvemonth later; but what memory is tenacious enough to retain even a tithe of the great events which have been transacted during these six decades? People have been trying in various ways to represent to themselves the vastness of the changes which have been brought about. We are told, for example, that 3,500,000 square miles have been added to the area of the Empire, and 80,000,000 to its population; that during this time Australia has become peopled by 4,000,000 and New Zealand by 1,000,000; whilst the population of Canada has risen from about 1,000,000 to more than 5,000,000. We are told that whilst the Mother Country has sent forth 10,000,000 to other lands, her own 25,000,000 have grown to 40,000,000. It was eight weeks before the death of William IV was known in Canada. The death of Queen Victoria was known in Canada about a quarter of an hour after it occurred.

But mere figures give a very poor and inadequate notion of the progress of the Empire and the world; and perhaps such subjects have been sufficiently dwelt upon at our jubilee services. At this moment it is of the Queen herself that all are thinking—of that noble, gracious lady whose decease has made strong men's hearts to tremble and strong men's eyes to drop tears, in every quarter of the globe—

The portraits on this page are those of the Prince Consort and the Queen at the time of their marriage.

OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE THE QUEEN DIED

whose death has filled the world with universal mourning. We look back and think of her as the child, the girl, the woman, the wife, the mother, the Queen. Hers was a beautiful nature, pure, tender, frank, strong, just, and affectionate; and education only developed the qualities which she received from nature. Walter Scott, who had the privilege of being entertained by the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, and of then meeting the Princess Victoria when she was but nine years of age, says of her: "This little lady is educated with so much care, and watched so closely, that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.'"

PHOTO. BY THOMSON, LONDON

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

She was but eleven years of age when her uncle, William IV became King, and it was some time after that, when she was about twelve, that she learned for the first time that she was heir to the British throne. The story has been told in various ways; but there need be no real doubt as to the facts of the case. The Princess was first told of her prospects by her tutor, Dr. Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. On this point I can express no doubt, as I had all the details of the story from members of the Bishop's family. In studying the history of England she was coming near to the period in which she lived; and Dr. Davys consulted the Duchess of Kent as to what he should do. The knowledge of her being heir-presumptive had been kept from her for two reasons. In the first place, it was for some time regarded as possible that William IV and Queen Adelaide might have children who would live. Several had died in infancy. In the second place the Duchess preferred that her daughter's education should be conducted without her mind being disturbed by thoughts of a crown. When, however, the question arose as to who should succeed King William, Dr. Davys submitted the genealogical table of the Royal Family for her examination and she became aware of her nearness to the succession. She received this knowledge without excitement, with great gravity, and with an evident sense of responsibility. The child is father of the man—the child is mother of the woman.

And then came, when she was but eighteen years of age, her accession to the throne in 1837, and her coronation

in 1838, and her marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in the beginning of 1840. About three months before, on the 14th of November, 1839, the young Queen addressed the following words to the Privy Council: "I have caused you to be summoned," she said, "in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people and the happiness of my future life. It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration; nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interests of my country." Three months later they were married, neither of them being twenty-one years of age. It was a union which brought much true, deep happiness, and which, as far as this life is concerned, was ended in a deep and life-long sorrow; and perhaps the immediate stroke was the heavier because it fell almost immediately after the blow which had deprived the Queen of the guide of her infancy and youth. With respect to the Prince Consort, I may be permitted to quote words which I myself spoke thirty-nine years ago, from the pulpit, on the day of his burial. (Dec. 23, 1861.)

PHOTO. BY THOMSON, LONDON

THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK

"Prince Albert was a young man and a foreigner when he assumed a position one of the most difficult which any man could occupy. With what soundness of judgment, with what moderation and prudence he filled that position most of us now well know. He has been—so we are told by those who have a right to be listened to with respect—he has been the sagacious adviser of the Sovereign, without forgetting that he was himself a subject. He has fulfilled the duties of a subject without forgetting that he was the husband of the Queen. In the attitude which he constantly assumed he displayed a rectitude, a straightforwardness, and a wisdom which gained for him the respect and confidence of our greatest statesmen. . . . It may be sufficient to say that the happy and prosperous reign of Victoria, the respect which our Queen has ever shown for the constitution which she has administered, the ever increasing reverence and affection which she has conciliated to herself, her person, and her throne, cannot be regarded apart from him who must have been her constant counsellor and guide."

Words like these and many more such words were spoken on that most sorrowful and lamentable occasion,

when the light went out of the life of our Queen, and she had to pass sadly, in all the solitary years that were to follow, through that which must have seemed to her as the valley of the shadow of death. Yet never during all these years—nearly forty of them—has she flinched from the discharge of her numerous, weighty, sometimes painful duties. And in her loyal recognition of the constitution of her Kingdom and of her Empire, she has displayed a clearness of vision, a soundness of judgment, a consistency of action which which will furnish an example for all constitutional sovereigns in the future. Nor is it too much to add that she has made every throne in Europe stronger and safer by the manner in which she has occupied her own.

It has sometimes been said that the Queen had no power, was a mere figure-head, had only what is called influence or moral power, as though such phrases would make the whole matter clear. But surely in so speaking men forget that ultimately there is no power but moral power, that influence *is* power. If you could have your wishes and determinations embodied in laws—if you could dictate the whole contents of the statute book, and could not enforce your laws, could not get your statutes obeyed, where were the power? There are countries in which multitudes of laws are passed, which are almost as soon forgotten as they are written down. It is not so with the power which proceeds from wisdom and benevolence and care for the public good; and these were possessed in a supreme degree by the Lady who ruled us so long. It has been said that she was the best informed politician in Europe; but she was much more than this. She was the possessor of an exceptionally sane intelligence and of a sound and loving heart. It is not necessary that we should dwell upon the long period which intervened between the loss of her Consort and the Queen's own decease. It has been recounted by a thousand pens, it has been told by thousands of witnesses how bravely, how royally, how gently she has borne herself during these many years of labour and anxiety.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

and many days of painful thought and many nights of disturbed slumber have been spent during these years by her who has now entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Wars and rumours of wars, conflicts in all parts of the globe, yet by the blessing of God without dishonour to her country or disaster to her arms—she has endured with fortitude and faith.

It has been said, and it seems not improbable, that the grievous struggle in South Africa—necessary and inevitable

PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF 2

AT THE AGE OF 4

AT THE AGE OF 8

AT THE AGE OF 12

as it has been—did much to exhaust her strength and energy, and to hasten the end. Yet why mourn as though all were loss, and there were not great gain? True, in comparative youth she was called upon to relinquish her loved partner—the half of her very life and soul. True, she has had child after child, dearly loved and cherished, torn from her arms. Yet she had many mercies and blessings, many vast compensations—in the love and devotion of her children, of her people, of all the inhabitants of the mighty Empire over which she presided, and in the deep and well-grounded conviction that when the royal sceptre dropped from her hand, it would be grasped by one most dear to her, one who loved her most tenderly and devotedly—her son, the son of Albert the Good, who had already gained for himself the devoted affection of his own countrymen, and the good will and admiration of many men in other lands, and who would therefore hand on the noble traditions which he had received, and guarantee for himself, for his dynasty, for his people, a continuance of the blessings which had been poured out so largely upon our first Empress-Queen.

Yes, when Victoria, nearly four years ago, celebrated in front of the great Church of St. Paul's, in the heart of London, the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, although, in that day of joyful and triumphant acclaim, a shadow may have passed before her and the thought of the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" may have momentarily dimmed the brightness of that day, yet surely she might well and did truly take up the language of the Psalmist and say, "Goodness and mercy shall follow me—have followed me—all the days of my life." And has not the prayer of one who loved her well and served her faithfully, and whose lines might bring immortality to any child of man—has not his desire been answered, when he prayed:

"May all love,
His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

So by God's blessing it has been.

LORD MELBOURNE

SIR ROBERT PEEL

THE QUEEN'S PRIME MINISTERS.

By A. H. U. Colquhoun.

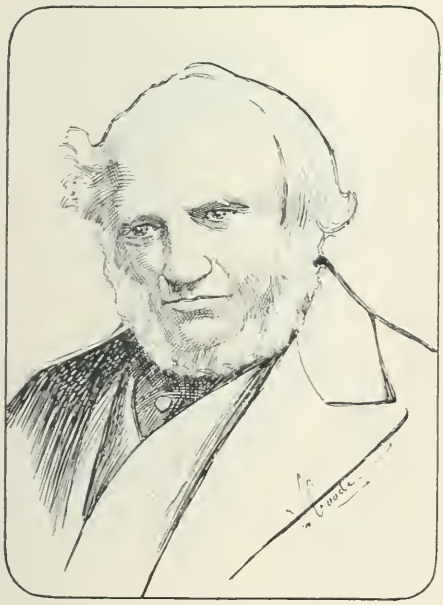
IT fell to the lot of Queen Victoria to have for her Prime Ministers during a reign of sixty-four years ten statesmen not unworthy to rank with the best of those who went before them. Not one of them can justly be called a mediocrity. Of none may it be said that happy chance, the accident of politics, aristocratic lineage, or the cabal of faction accounted for his elevation to the coveted post. If to four of them we are accustomed to attribute qualities which point to more enduring fame, it does not follow that Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield and Gladstone so far outshone the others as to present a striking disparity.

A girl of eighteen, called from a life of retirement to fill one of the greatest places in the world, must necessarily have had much to learn. The character of the young sovereign had, indeed, been carefully trained by a good mother. In education and natural intelligence she was well fitted for the responsibilities of her position. That she grasped so quickly the correct ideas that should govern her conduct as a constitutional monarch, and as the head of a court which, under her two uncles, had not commended itself to the people, was recognized by all her early Ministers. We cannot suppose that Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, or Lord Aberdeen sank all the discernment of the statesman in the flunkeyism of the courtier. In earning as she did their respect, admiration and affection, the young Queen proved her possession of those qualities which, in after years, gave her so complete an ascendency over court and people.

Upon the first Prime Minister of the reign, Lord Melbourne, devolved the duty of instructing the Queen in the constitutional maxims that were slowly crystallizing into acceptance. Lord Melbourne must always remain an interesting figure. His devotion to his sovereign was that of a father to a daughter. This man of the world, with his genial cynicism—"Can't you let it

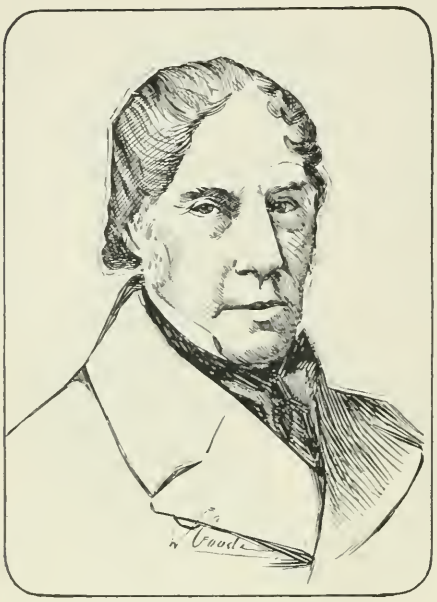
alone?" he would say of a projected reform,—with his keen insight into the selfish, baser side of politics, his conversation plentifully interlarded with "damns," was a type of a society which has probably passed away. He was the head of a Whig Ministry and party feeling ran high. The Duke of Wellington, the oracle if not the leader of the Tories, was content with the fairness of Melbourne in "initiating the Queen into the laws and spirit of the constitution." It was the marvel of his friends how he could detach himself from the society he loved and which from his tastes was so congenial, to spend his days in the somewhat monotonous routine of the court. A strong personal friendship grew up between the Queen and the man who, as she afterwards said, was "for the first two years and a half of my reign almost the only friend I had." When the Whigs were overturned and Melbourne had to retire in 1841 the parting was a severe wrench on both sides, although the Queen, who was now married, had in Prince Albert a better adviser in some respects than any Prime Minister could be. To explain the slow recovery of the Tory party after the Reform Bill the Duke of Wellington had declared: "I have no small talk and Peel has no manners." The stiffness of manner, of which Peel's parliamentary followers complained, caused the most serious difference the Queen ever had with any of her Prime Ministers.

Nothing seems more absurd to-day than the Bedchamber difficulty—the desire of the Queen that all the ladies of her court should not be changed by the incoming Ministry, and Peel's failure to make her understand that nothing that would affect her comfort and happiness would necessarily be insisted upon. When the time came for Peel to accept the task of forming a Ministry the old misunderstanding was soon cleared away. It seems far from improbable that the Queen's opinions of her chief advisers during the twenty years which followed the accession to power of Peel in 1841 were coloured to a considerable degree by the preferences of her husband. It was inevitable that a man of the Prince's talents should exercise a strong influence over the woman who



LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THE EARL OF DERBY



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

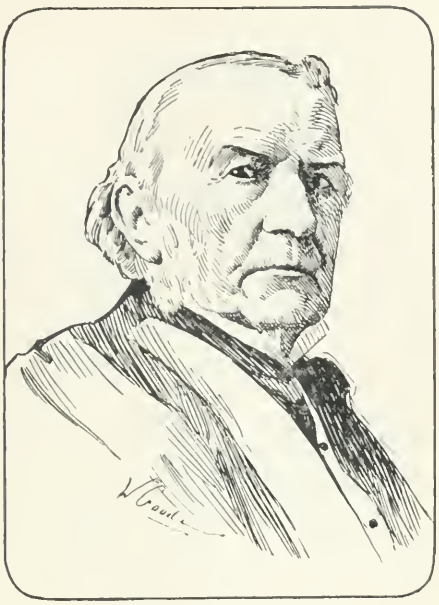
was so passionately attached to him. He became her private secretary, and at the time of the birth of her first child, when it was necessary that provision should be made for discharging the political duties that fell to her share, Prince Albert naturally acquired a place in the councils of the country, which could hardly have been contemplated and which certainly aroused a jealousy easily understood. Of all races the English have the least confidence in the foreigner. Between Peel and the Prince Consort there existed from the first mutual respect and regard. Peel raised no objection to the presence of the Prince during his conferences with the Queen. Apart, therefore, from the policy that so warmly enlisted the sympathies and approval of the court, Peel's rectitude and simplicity of character established his relations with the sovereign on a footing at once intimate and secure. We have to look thirty years ahead to a time when age and widowhood had saddened the Queen to find a Prime Minister who secured as completely her trust and affection.

To Peel succeeded Lord John Russell, long regarded with a kind of awe as the representative of the Whig aristocracy, the fountain from which flowed perennially every kind of reform, the forerunner of the modern progressive Liberalism. Overrated as we may now think him, he had all the high qualities of his family and was animated by the strongest regard for the national interests which, with him, were usually the interests of the Whig party. Of his personal honour, his vigour, and his sincerity who could entertain any doubt? Such a man necessarily commanded the confidence of the Crown, and although he and Lord Aberdeen were unable to cope with the growing popularity of Lord Palmerston, into whose hands the Premiership soon fell as a sort of right, they enjoyed without stint the favour of the court. In the case of Lord Aberdeen especially he was as much the friend as the adviser of the monarch, and their association during the troubled period of the Crimean War tended to draw the Minister closer to the Prince Consort, now in the full maturity of his powers. In a letter made public by the Queen's

LORD PALMERSTON

permission during her lifetime, we get an interesting glimpse of the relations between the Sovereign and the Prime Minister at this time. The Queen wrote from Windsor in 1855 that "she wishes to say what a pang it is for her to separate from so kind, and dear, and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her Prime Minister was a very happy one for her; and throughout his Ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser, one to whom she could apply for advice on all and trifling occasions even. This she is sure he will still ever be—but the losing him as her first adviser in her Government is very painful." This letter might be ascribed by some, as Mr. Gladstone said, "to the emotions of so womanly a heart." It was a gratifying tribute none the less, since the judgment of the sovereign on a Prime Minister's motives, character and abilities should carry greater weight than that of the public—usually fickle, invariably ill-informed.

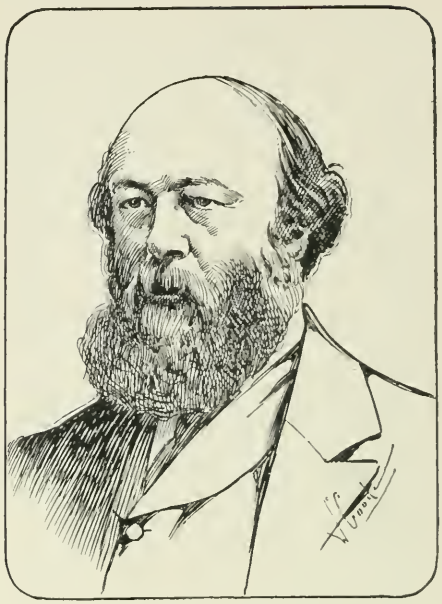
That Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister through the favour of the English people and not of the court is no secret. His was a type of statesmanship with few attractions for either the Queen or her husband. When Foreign Secretary in the Russell Ministry he had been dismissed from his post by the direct intervention of the Crown. He was in the habit of indicting important despatches without submitting them either to the Prime Minister or the Queen. When this was protested against, he submitted them at times which allowed of scarcely any supervision. When suggestions or corrections were made, they were ignored. Matters came to a crisis when Palmerston "off his own bat," without consulting anyone, recognized Louis Napoleon as Emperor of the French after the disgraceful *coup d'état* of 1851. The dismissed Minister picked himself up from the inglorious fall with good-humoured dignity, bore no malice, and rather gained than lost in public estimation. He soon had his "tit for tat with John Russell" by turning out the Government, and after a short period succeeded to the Premiership which, with one slight interval, he held for nearly ten years until his



HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

death in 1865. His jaunty air, love of out-door sport, and faculty for dismissing serious matters with a jest, combined with his never-failing determination to make the name of England respected abroad, won for him an extraordinary popularity.

From the time of the Reform Bill the Tory party had been steeped in political adversity. Peel had crushed its revival by betraying the Protectionists in 1846. Lord Derby's three short-lived administrations existed on sufferance. Notwithstanding his force and eloquence he cuts for this reason no conspicuous figure as a Prime Minister. Until Mr. Disraeli unified and strengthened it the modern Conservative party did not count as an effective factor in the government of the country. The early career of Disraeli is bound to shock, in some respects, the candid enquirer. His political scruples were not those of commonplace morality. His application to Peel for office, and subsequent denial of it in Parliament, wears an ugly look. The bitterness of his attacks upon Peel incensed the friends of that statesman, that is the court which regarded the abolition of the Corn Laws as a necessary stroke of state, the wing of the Conservatives known as the Peelites, and the free traders for whom he had sacrificed his party. The Queen and Prince Albert must at this time have entertained an aversion toward Disraeli. For many years he laboured patiently against suspicion and dislike. He won first the grudging submission, then the absolute devotion of his party, and finally the regard of his sovereign as probably none of her Ministers ever possessed it unless Peel, with the powerful friendship of the Prince Consort, was able to command it in the same degree. To this remarkable man, with his unflinching courage, his foresight amounting almost to the gift of prophecy, his proud devotion to the Imperial greatness of England, the Queen in her old age, when the death of her beloved husband had "left the Crown a lonely splendour," turned with affectionate appreciation. No one can read the inscription upon the tablet in Hughenden church—"To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate Sover-

eign and friend, Victoria, R. I."—without a sense of the deep feeling which inspired the Queen to write it.

We cannot know fully, as yet, with what feelings the Queen regarded Mr. Gladstone. In all the years during which he was her chief adviser she appears to have given him the loyalest confidence and support. From no sovereign can more be expected. The Minister who overturned the Irish Church owed something to the sovereign who was ready to smooth over the difficulties in his path. When he invoked the royal prerogative to carry a measure Parliament rejected—a step no Conservative would specially care to defend—he met with the same consideration as attended the grave results of his sudden conversion to Home Rule. "He addresses me as if I were a public meeting," is probably one of the invented speeches which the Queen never made. So often brought into contact with him, the Queen could not fail to admire Mr. Gladstone's private virtues, which were many and great. Of his stormy political career she may have had her own opinion. That is a prerogative common to sovereign and subject. That she ever failed in her constitutional duty toward him there is no evidence. To the core an Englishwoman herself, the Queen could never be insensible to the greater qualities of so illustrious an Englishman, and when the record is exposed we shall find that much there.

Lord Salisbury has fittingly alluded to the impression the Queen made in recent years upon her Ministers—that of a wise and experienced woman from the stores of whose memory could be drawn example, precept, knowledge. The two Prime Ministers still living—Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery—were just such men as would be called to a monarch's councils under a wise despotism. The English democracy has thus far been true to the traditions of the nation. The Queen could reflect with pleasure, towards the close of her long reign, that in all the revolutions of the century the calibre and character of the ruling statesmen had not deteriorated. What she herself contributed to the stability of the monarchy may not here be discussed. But the connection between the personality of the sovereign and the kind of advisers he shall have is vital. The ten Prime Ministers of the Victorian period—Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Salisbury and Rosebery—owe some of the lustre which surrounds their names to the character of the woman they served.

A DEATH IN WINTER.

TOUCHED by the hand of sorrow,
Worn by the weight of years,
Gently our white-haired Lady
Passed from our place of tears.

Princes that sought her presence,
Kings that sailed over-seas,
Nations that voiced their grieving—
Came there no help from these?

Lips that were swift to comfort,
Heart that was warm to feel—
Was there no power could stay her?
Was there no balm could heal?

Nay. For her God has given,
Where the eternal are,
Rest, for a world of turmoil,
Peace, for a world of war.....

Hushed are the kindly accents,
Low lies the honoured head—
Tears from a world in mourning,
Tears for a woman—dead.

A. B. DeMille.

ROYAL EXCHANGE—IN FRONT OF WHICH EDWARD VII WAS PROCLAIMED KING IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR AND OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF LONDON—JANUARY 24TH, 1901

THE NEW KING.

By Norman Patterson.

"WILL you have this man to reign over you?" (to adapt a grave and holy question) has never been asked of the British people. Since the reign of the first Edward of England it has been the custom to accept some member of the royal family as the heir-apparent. In the reign of that great monarch, the principle that the sovereign never dies was established in that ever-changing invisible thing called "the English Constitution." That a sovereign shall never die an heir-apparent must always be in existence. That heir-apparent may be a brother, such as William IV was to George IV, a sister as Elizabeth was to Mary, a daughter as Mary was to Henry VIII, a son as in so many cases in the regal line, or a niece as Victoria was to William IV. For sixty years Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, has been heir-apparent to the crown borne so nobly by his sovereign mother. The British Parliament could at any time have passed an act saying that the crown should not go to him but to some other, for the British Parliament as representing the people may give or withhold its fealty, may change the succession or abolish the sovereignty altogether. But British parliament after parliament has recognized Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, as the future sovereign and neither he nor they ever questioned the possibility of it being otherwise. Only the Great Disposer of all things could have changed the succession, and He in His wisdom has allowed the new sovereign to enter into his heritage. Only once, and that was in November and December, 1871, was there a fear of a change of the heir-apparent. The Prince of Wales lay ill of typhoid fever, and the keenest anxiety prevailed throughout the Empire. A nation stood at the bedside and breathed a sigh of relief when he was pronounced out of danger. The great state thanksgiving in the

following February has not yet been forgotten.

The eighteenth Prince of Wales was born at Buckingham Palace, on November 9th, 1841, and the firing of great guns gave the news abroad throughout the kingdom. So important a state baby was received with all state honours. His christening was attended by Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, Privy Councillors, and Peers. Two archbishops and four bishops were in attendance to assist in the solemn function which cost in the neighbourhood of one million dollars. When yet a tiny infant he was present in semi-royal state at different functions. When three years of age he was present at a military spectacle in honour of Czar Nicholas I. He reviewed the Guards when they were leaving for the Crimea, and the invalided soldiers when they returned. He toured Ireland and Wales at nine years of age and Europe at sixteen. On his seventeenth birthday he was made a colonel in the army and invested with the Order of the Garter. In 1859, he entered Oxford. In 1860, he visited Canada and the United States. In 1861, he transferred his undergraduate relationship to Cambridge where he was still at work when his father, the Prince Consort, fell ill unto death. Though but a youth then, the Prince of Wales never forgot "Albert the Good," and has never failed in honour to his memory. In 1862, he visited the Nile and the Holy Land, returning by way of Constantinople. In 1863, he took his seat in the House of Lords, being now of age, and Parliament voted him $200,000 a year in addition to the $300,000 supposed to be derived from the Duchy of Cornwall. His mother chose Alexandra of Denmark for his wife, and when the two met they decided that they could fulfil the wishes of their royal parents. The announcement of the engagement was received by the people of Great Britain with considerable enthusiasm. The royal couple were married in St. George's chapel, March 10th, 1863. The union has been a happy one and blessed by the advent of a number of children. These were, the Princess Maud who in 1896 married Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Alexander who died in infancy, George Frederick, Duke of York, who, in 1893, married May of Teck, the Duke of Clarence who died in 1892, Princess Victoria who is still unmarried, and Princess Louise who in 1889 married the Duke of Fife.

Queen Victoria never intrigued against her Ministers; the Prince of Wales never intrigued against his sovereign-mother or against the states-

ST. JAMES PALACE—WHERE EDWARD VII WAS FIRST PROCLAIMED KING – JANUARY 24TH, 1901

PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON

KING EDWARD VII.

PHOTO BY GUNN & STUART, LONDON

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

men-rulers of the day. The harmony of the royal home was but an index of the harmony between the Royal Family and the State. The political proclivities of the new King are unknown. The leaders of each party are numbered among his friends and it is clear to the minds of the best informed of the public that there is likely to be a continuation of friendly relations with each of the two great political parties. The new King as a constitutional sovereign will follow in the footsteps of the Queen, and while conserving the Royal prerogative to be consulted on all state matters, will not attempt to refuse the advice of his Ministers or to run counter to the will of the nation as expressed in the Houses of Parliament. His attitude will be that of an impartial executive officer. His dignified and admirable conduct during forty years of public life indicates a similar course during the remainder of his career. As a diplomat, the Prince long ago won his spurs and the good relations between Russia and England are credited to his sagacious conduct when the present Czar came to the throne a few years ago. The Prince has always been active and industrious, unsparing of himself when the public demanded his assistance, urbane, pleasant and interested in all the thousands of ceremonies at which he has been a chief figure. His nimble intellect and broad knowledge of men and affairs, combined with his other qualities, will no doubt enable him to serve the Empire to the utmost of its expectations.

On January 23rd, the day after the Queen's death, the Prince travelled from Osborne to London, attended his first Privy Council at St. James's Palace attired in a Field Marshal's uniform. He took the oaths of office and made the following speech:

"Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen.—This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you. My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen, and I know how deeply you and the whole nation and, I think I may say, the whole world sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained. I need hardly say that my constant endeavour will be always to walk in her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented, great and wise father, who, by universal consent, is, I think deservedly, known by the nation as Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone. In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life."

The proclamation of his accession was drawn up and signed. The Councillors took the oaths of allegiance and a new reign was inaugurated.

The next day at nine o'clock the King-at-Arms read the proclamation in front of St. James' Palace announcing the accession of Edward VII, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. This ceremony was witnessed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal; Lord Roberts, Commander-in-chief of the forces, other officers of state and a large concourse of people. The officials then proceeded by carriage through the city. At Temple Bar, the ancient entrance to the city, this Herald's procession was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff and other officials. The Herald read the proclamation once more and the Mayor promised allegiance.

Through the United Kingdom, in India and in the colonies similar ceremonies have taken place. Royal salutes, proclamations and cheers have been followed by the taking of the new oath of allegiance. The Queen is dead, long live the King!

Just a word of the new Queen, Alexandra the Fair. It is almost thirty-eight years since this Princess left her Danish home and came to England to be married to the Prince of Wales. Little has been printed of the domestic events of these long years, but appar-

ently the relations have been most happy. The Princess and her children have won the admiration and esteem of the English people. As wife and mother, the new Queen seems to bear a strong resemblance to the dead Queen. Tall, stately and beautiful, she has graced her difficult position as the second lady in the realm with credit to herself and her royal consort. She has proven herself a helpmate worthy of the honour, esteem and homage laid at her feet by the people among whom she came so many years ago. In her new role as first lady in Great Britain, and among the most influential in the world, she will no doubt rise to an even higher place in public esteem.

THE DEAD QUEEN.

THE merchant in his office pauses with filmy eye,
Forgetting in his sorrow the hours slipping by;
Then suddenly awakens, then turns again to sigh
The Queen is dead.

The newsboy in the city streets cries his papers low,
The lumbering drayman drives his beasts decorously slow,
The rustic in the distant fields leans heavy on his hoe;
The Queen is dead.

The rancher on the prairie, his cattle wandering far,
Rides on alone unheeding, nor feels the saddle jar;
He only dreams of her who has just passed o'er the bar;
The Queen is dead.

"God save the Queen" is ended just as we hoped it would,
And loving friends and children around her deathbed stood,
While all the world was whispering "Victoria the Good,
The Queen is dead."

R. Henry Mainer.

A TRIBUTE.

WOMAN and Queen! Of each the perfect type.
Thy virtues shine resplendent through the years;
The long, long years of mingled joy and grief,
Of triumph and defeat, that thou hast reigned
The Monarch of an Empire strong and vast,
Whose power is feared or loved through all the world.

For thee has come, at last, the end of days.
But though thy voice no more on earth be heard,
Thy footsteps sound no more in courts of men,
Thine image lives, a gracious memory,
Enshrined forever in the loyal heart,
The universal heart that owns thee Queen.

Thy children's grief is sacred. We must pause,
Nor strive to measure what is limitless.
But through the gloom one single ray will shine,
One gleam of comfort to the grieving soul.
'Tis in this thought—Now, after all the years
Thy faithful heart endured in loneliness,
"God's love" hath "set thee at his side again."

Amy Rogers.

THE PRINCE OF WALES—FROM A PAINTING MADE IN 1859, THE YEAR BEFORE THE PRINCE VISITED CANADA

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA.

By Richard T. Lancefield.

THE imperial sceptre that fell from Victoria's lifeless hand has been assumed by no unworthy successor. We in Canada are sure of that. The most tender of spouses may sometimes wonder how she would look in a widow's cap; and we, though most loyal to her late Majesty, have sometimes wondered how the Prince we knew would become a throne. His Royal Highness' visit to Canada in 1860 enabled us to judge for ourselves what manner of man he was, and to forecast what he would be. True, he was then but nineteen; but his character in its main outlines has remained unchanged. His travels, his happy marriage, the birth of his children, the multitudinous and compelling tasks of his lofty and laborious life, have broadened him. Sorrow—the seal of God's elect—has refined him. But Edward VII is the Albert Edward of 1860 ripened by the suns and storms of forty years.

The Prince's visit involved a double risk—a risk to himself and a risk to us. We might have become disillusionised with royalty. He might have been unbalanced by the plaudits that welcomed and followed him from Halifax to Windsor. But the Queen and her discreet, open-eyed consort knew what they were doing in sending their be-

loved son to bear the royal greetings across the Atlantic. Other Princes of Wales have intrigued for selfish ends; Albert Edward was always a true son. Canadians saw in him nothing unprincely, nothing unbecoming. He knew his place, and kept it determinedly. That place, however exalted, was a subject's. He never forgot that. At Halifax he said: "For your welcome to myself I feel, I assure you, sincere gratitude; but it is still more satisfactory to me as a son, and as an Englishman, to witness your affectionate attachment to the Queen, and to the laws and institutions of our common country." At Hamilton he said: "My duties as representative of the Queen, deputed by her to visit British North America, cease this day. Before I quit British soil, let me once more address, through you, the inhabitants of United Canada, and bid them an affectionate farewell. May God pour down His choicest blessings upon this great and loyal people." His Royal Highness' visit, instead of disgusting us with royalty, elevated our feeling of patriotism to a noble confidence in the future of the Empire. The wives of the fishermen of Newfoundland called after him as he stepped into the royal barge at St. John's: "God bless your handsome face and send you a good wife." That became the prayer of us all, and it has been answered.

From the day he landed in Nova Scotia, H.R.H. threw himself with gay geniality into the current of the people's life. Queen's weather might desert him, but his buoyant spirits never did. Showers and fogs, cloudy days and windy nights were received with a frolic welcome. At Halifax a downpour of rain fell on him as he rode, and drenched him to the skin. He sat his horse nobly and never flinched, the Haligonians proudly boasted. Other men might have tried to seek the shelter of a carriage; our Prince did not. He enjoyed the processions that came out to greet and escort him. His memory still recalls, doubtless, the imposing sight of the firemen parading through the streets of the capital of Nova Scotia, with their trophy fifty feet high, crowned by a colossal figure brandishing a hose-pipe. The fierce and painted Indians, who danced in his honour the terrible war-dance of their tribe, received the desired tribute of quenchless laughter from the "Great Brother," as they delighted to call him. At Gaspé the clergy and laity apologized for the absence of a band to temper the cheering on the ground that they had no band. With princely magnanimity he forgave them, and praised the beauty of the scenery. He inaugurated parks at Fredericton and Toronto; Crystal Palaces at Montreal and Toronto; Botanic Gardens at Toronto, and Waterworks at Hamilton. He fished in the Saguenay, canoed on the Ottawa and played racquet at Toronto. He quadrilled and waltzed and galop'd and polka'd and redowa'd from Halifax to Hamilton. He cruised in the Georgian Bay and in Lake Huron and Lake Erie. He attended a regatta of the R.C.Y. Club, and reviewed the Volunteer Corps of Toronto. In the newly-inaugurated Queen's Park at Toronto he laid the foundation-stone of the pedestal for the Queen's

Grand Trunk Railway of Canada
INAUGURATION
OF THE
VICTORIA BRIDGE BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
AUGUST 1860.
Mr Colquhoun
This Ticket entitles the Bearer to witness the passage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
from Point St Charles Station to the Victoria Bridge and back.

REPRODUCTION OF THE INVITATION CARD ISSUED BY THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE

statue. Nor did he overlook the claims of liberal culture ; he entered his name on the books of University College, Toronto, as a second-year student. He heard many wonderful additions to the "National Anthem" without ever offering either to polish the rhymes or to correct the metre. On the St. Lawrence he listened with admirable decorum to the Attorney-General (Hon. G. E. Cartier) chanting "A La Claire Fontaine." After a verse or two he was able—so admirable was his ear for music—to hold his own with the members of the Government of Canada in the chorus, "Jamais je ne t'oublierai." At Niagara Falls he took in everything that was to be seen above, below, in front of them and behind them. There, too, he beheld Blondin, the plucky acrobat. At Hamilton the present learned Attorney-General of Ontario, the Hon. J. M. Gibson, was presented to him as the best boy the city schools could show, and was greeted as a kindred spirit. Listening to the loyal addresses read to him at every stopping place must have become tiresome and monotonous, but he never allowed this to be seen. Wherever he went his bright, happy face, his unaffected simplicity, his perfect good manners, his genuine kindness contented the people. To be better than one looks is a work of supererogation. So far as the Prince was concerned, that was the verdict of Canada.

The immediate object of His Royal Highness' visit was to open the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Her Majesty the Queen had been invited by the two Houses of the Canadian Legislature to honour with her presence the opening of this great work. The Queen, unwilling to leave the seat of the Empire for so extended a period, deputed the Prince of Wales to attend the ceremony in Her Majesty's name. Forty years ago the Victoria Bridge was considered the culminating triumph of engineering skill. It was then the connecting link of eleven hundred miles of railway, extending from the extreme western limits of Canada nearly to its eastern boundary and affording an outlet for provincial trade to the Atlantic during the winter months. Stephenson, the designer of the bridge, had died before the completion of his work, but he was not forgotten by the Prince. In his reply to the address of the directors of the Grand Trunk Railway, he said, "I regret that the great man, whose name is now doubly enrolled in that page of my country's history in which its worthies are inscribed, has not lived to see this day."

Nor was the Prince unmindful of the labourers and skilled mechanics who had carried out the gigantic conception of the engineer. To them he addressed words of encouragement and hope. "England," he said, "opens to all her sons the same prospect of success to genius combined with honest industry. All cannot attain the prize, but all may strive for it ; and in this race victory is not to the wealthy, or the powerful, but to him to whom God has given intellect, and has implanted in the heart the moral qualities which are required to constitute true greatness. I congratulate you on the completion of your work. I earnestly hope it may prosper, and to you who have raised it to its present grandeur, and to your families, I heartily wish every happiness." In many cases it is more prudent to applaud a speaker before he speaks ; but here, as on so many other occasions, the Prince said exactly the right thing. His words went home.

Nor did His Royal Highness interest himself in the commercial progress of the country alone. At Ottawa, where he laid the first stone of the Parliament Buildings, he showed himself alive to the far-reaching importance of his action. "Here," he said, "before long, the deliberations of the Parliament of Canada will be held. From this place will emanate the laws which are to govern the great and free people of these Provinces, extend the civilizing influences of British institutions, and strengthen the power of the great Empire of which this Colony forms an integral and most important portion."

Again, at Quebec, replying to the address of the Legislative Assembly, he

showed thorough knowledge of the condition of things then existing. He said, "In addressing you as an Englishman, I do not forget that some of my fellow-subjects here are not of my blood. . . . I receive with peculiar gratification the proofs of their attachment to the Crown. They are evidence of their satisfaction with the equal laws under which they live, and of their just confidence that, whatever be their origin, all Canadians are alike objects of interest to their sovereign and her people. Canada may be proud that within her limits two races of different language and habits are united in the same Legislature by a common loyalty and are bound to the same Constitution by a common patriotism."

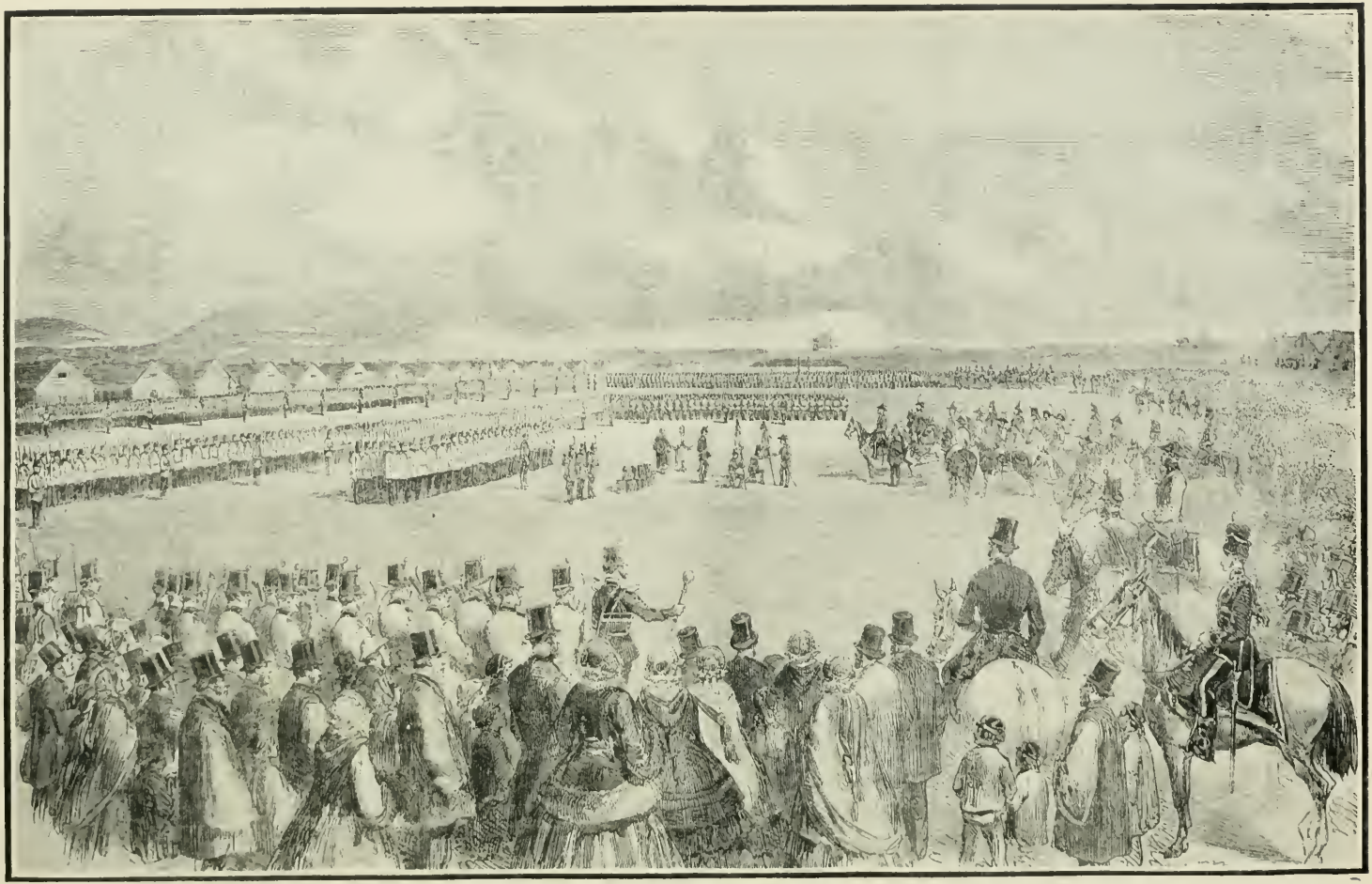
His Royal Highness did what he could to draw closer and make more sympathetic the bonds which unite the different races within our boundaries. To the Magistrates of Quebec he spoke wisely and feelingly: "You welcome me to a city once famous in war and now prosperous in peace; to a city ennobled by heroic deeds and enriched by honourable industry, hallowed of old by the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm, shed in the struggle of nations, but now blessed by the hand of commerce, and knowing no rivalry but such as is carried on with the rest of the world by the energies of a happy people." Again, in his reply to the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, he said, "It is most agreeable to my feelings to receive such proofs of welcome to myself and of loyalty to the Queen from members of a Church to which it is my happiness to belong; but it would be most unjust if I were to forget that, since my arrival in this country, the professors of every creed have given ample assurance that all join in one common sentiment of devotion to the Crown of England, and that all cooperate in the one great duty of enforcing obedience, not only to heavenly laws but to those of earthly origin."

Moreover, the Prince honoured patriotic valour. At the obelisk marking the spot on Queenston Heights, near which the gallant Brock fell, he saluted the 160 survivors of the war of 1812. "Every nation," he said, "may, without offence to its neighbours, commemorate its heroes, their deeds of arms, and their noble deaths. This is no taunting boast of victory, no revival of long-passed animosities, but a noble tribute to a soldier's fame."

Thoughts like these, so sane, so sympathetic, characterized all the Prince's speeches. That these speeches were put into shape by the man—whoever he was—who wrote the Duke of Newcastle's letters, no one who has read the letters can doubt. But the thoughts were the Prince's own. Read King Edward's first address to his Privy Council: "My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen. . . . I need hardly say that my constant endeavour will be always to walk in her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people." Both style and diction are altered, but not the man. The words are more homely than before; there is no straining after exactness in the King's English. The figures are drawn no longer from the literature of Greece and Rome, but from a deeper well, the Bible. The sentences are looser and simpler in construction. There is no antithetic dazzle; there are no Macaulay flowers. But the speaker is unchanged. There is the same filial love. There is the same loyalty to the principles that have made the Empire great and free. King Edward is still the Albert Edward whom we knew.

Because for three months he laughed with us, and danced with our wives and sisters and sweethearts, and thought well of us, and talked straight out to us, and prayed with us, and tried to make us all of one mind, and yet remained a Prince—a Sphinx somewhere—for his good mother's sake and for his own, we gave him our hearts forty years ago. We have never recalled the gift.

GOD SAVE KING EDWARD VII!



FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FIRST PUBLIC ACT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES (EDWARD VII)—PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE HUNDREDTH OR PRINCE OF WALES ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT AT SHORNCLIFFE, EARLY IN THE YEAR 1859

GROWTH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

By the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario.

THE growth of the British Empire is one of the marvels of the Nineteenth Century. The common impression is that the growth has been largely owing to conquest ; the fact is that had Great Britain exercised to the fullest extent the military power which she possessed, the Empire would have been far greater than it now is, as the various possessions which she voluntarily surrendered would make a considerable empire in themselves. It may be that some of these possessions were surrendered for the security of the Empire, or that in some cases the apparent surrender was merely an exchange of territory. This is, no doubt, true, but nations usually surrender territory when forced to do so by the exigencies of war. That Britain's surrender often was made in the interests of peace is a tribute alike to her magnanimity and the well-being of the world. Of the territory surrendered voluntarily and by treaty were Corsica, Sardinia, Elba, and Sicily, the Ionian Islands, the Moluccas, Philippines, and Java; Cuba, Buenos Ayres, and Argentine ; and Senegal in Africa. Many of these possessions have grown to be of much importance since, and if held by Britain would be an important source of wealth as well as of strength, both from a commercial and a naval point of view.

I do not mention in these surrenders the thirteen original colonies of the United States, as it is quite evident the reverses which the Imperial forces met with in America placed them at such a disadvantage as to make it almost impossible for Britain to establish her authority over them. Even then, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, Britain's Colonial Empire was sixteen times larger than the area of the United Kingdom.

With the century just closed, her extraordinary powers of colonization and expansion became apparent. The peace of 1815 left her with most of the West Indies, Cape Colony, a great part of what is now British India and her British possessions in North America, a half a continent in themselves. During the reign of Queen Victoria, she has annexed the greater part of South Africa, namely, Natal, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Zululand, the greater portion of the Gold Coast, the basin of the Niger and more than half of British India, with sundry possessions in China, and certain rights in Egypt and the Soudan. Some of the possessions mentioned were, no doubt, secured by conquest, or if not secured in that way, were held at the expense of British blood. Her Indian Empire cost her many millions ; her possessions in South Africa, and her territorial rights in the Soudan, have been secured at considerable sacrifice. Indeed, with the exception of Australia, Britain has very little which she has not secured with her own sword or gun, and when either of these elements of security loses its power, it is doubtful if she will be able to retain very long some of the possessions she now holds. Nevertheless, what 100 years ago was a Colonial Empire 16 times greater than the United Kingdom has now grown to be a Colonial Empire 96 times greater than the United Kingdom ; or, in other words, an Empire of two million square miles has grown to be an Empire of twelve million square miles. Compared with France and Germany, Britain's Colonial Empire even assumes greater proportions ; the colonies attached to France have an area equal to only 18 times the area of France, while the colonies of Germany have only an area equal to five times the area of Germany.

The growth of her population has kept pace with her territorial expansion. In 1800, the population of the United Kingdom was only 15 millions—about 2½ times the population of Canada today. In 1900 the population is estimated at 41 millions. This is a remarkable increase when we consider the vast immigration to Canada, Australia, the United States, and, in fact, to all parts of the world. France, though much less a colonizing nation, increased her population from 27,000,000 to 39,000,000 only, and Germany from 21,000,000 to 55,000,000. During the same period of 100 years, the population of the Empire has grown from 115,000,000 in 1800 to 390,000,000 in 1900.

The following table sets forth the relative strength of the British Empire and her four greatest rivals for the sovereignty of the world, namely, Russia, United States, France and Germany:

	Area, Sq. Miles.	Population.
British Empire	12,000,000	390,000,000
Russian Empire	8,644,000	130,000,000
United States	3,650,000	87,000,000
France and colonies.	3,940,000	96,000,000
German Empire and colonies	1,235,000	70,000,000

But the power of the British Empire is not to be measured alone by the acquisition of territory. British energy is many-sided, and no less puissant in the arts of peace than in the arts of war. An illustration or two on this point will suffice: A century ago, the value of all the cotton, linen and woollen goods produced by Britain was £22,000,000; the average value now is £170,000,000. A century ago the total consumption of raw cotton, wool and flax in the factories of Great Britain was 200,000,000 lbs.; in 1899, the consumption was 2,617,000,000 lbs. In these industries alone there are £200,000,000 sterling invested in capital, and at least 5,000,000 people employed as operators. Another illustration: The steam power employed by Great Britain in her industries in 1835, just before Her Majesty ascended the throne, amounted to 41,000 horse-power; in 1890, it amounted to 10,000,000 horse-power. Estimating one horse-power of steam as being equal to the work of sixteen men, Britain has added by the expansion of her steam power for industrial purposes, 160,000,000 men to her natural working capacity.

Equally remarkable has been the expansion of Britain's foreign trade. At the close of the Napoleonic wars, the total foreign trade of England amounted to £70,000,000 sterling (or about equal to the trade of the Dominion of Canada last year) and at that figure many of her statesmen thought that British trade was dangerously inflated; in 1900, her trade amounted to £815,000,000. Mulhall gives the following as the trade per head of the principal countries of the world:

Great Britain	390	English shillings
Germany	156	"
United States	100	"
France	163	"
Russia	27	"

Notwithstanding the gigantic strides made by Germany within the last few years, there is still a large distance between her per capita productiveness and that of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. In point of industrial activity Canadians compare favourably. Taking our population at 5,000,000, and our total trade at 356,000,000 our foreign trade represents 284 shillings per head, being larger than Germany, the United States or France.

Britain's supremacy at sea is equally significant with her commercial and territorial supremacy. At the close of the seventeenth century the shipping of the world was estimated at 2,000,000 tons, of which the

Dutch	owned	900,000
British	"	500,000
French	"	120,000
Scandinavians	"	150,000
Germans	"	100,000
Italians and all others	"	120,000

At the close of the eighteenth century, the world's shipping was estimated at 4,026,000, of which Britain owned 1,856,000, the United States 170,000, France 250,000.

At the close of the nineteenth century, the shipping of the world represented 25,000,000, of which

Britain and her colonies	owned	14,000,000
French	"	1,242,000
Scandinavian	"	2,300,000
Germans	"	2,500,000
Italians	"	876,000
United States	"	4,800,000

The number of men employed in the British mercantile marine is 242,553, and so thoroughly does Britain hold her own trade under control, that 70% of her entire commerce is carried on in British vessels, whereas of the United States commerce only 15% is carried on under the American flag.

It is also gratifying to notice that with the increase of population, pauperism is on the decline. In 1850, the pauper population of the United Kingdom was in the ratio of 5.11 to every 100 persons, whereas in 1899 the ratio was 2.65 to every 100 persons, or a decrease of nearly one-half. With the decrease of pauperism came also a decrease of commitals to prisons, the decrease within the last fifty years being from 40,000 in 1850 to 19,870 in 1890.

With all the expansion of Empire and trade and commerce which I have noted, the most significant in my judgment, as indicating the growth of British power, is the sentiment of Imperial Unity. Britain is admittedly a great nation if we regard her in her "splendid isolation"; she is much greater, however, when we regard her as the central force of that Colonial Empire, which by her energy and her splendid statesmanship she has built around her. For many years her thought of Empire was "cribbed, cabined and confined" to the island home from which she looked out, sometimes with disdain, upon the rest of the world. In later years her Imperial vision has been enlarged, and she sees now, as she never saw before, in her Colonial possessions, elements of power and security. The growth of Imperialism, instead of being the antithesis of democracy, as is held by some, is the greatest security which could be given to the democratic character of British institutions. When Rome centred the government of a great Empire in the patrician classes, her governors became corrupt, her senate arbitrary and her magistrates tyrannical. Having banished from her councils the representatives of her people, she soon lost their confidence, and her downfall speedily followed. George III acted on the same principle as the Roman senate when he attempted to force the decrees of a British parliament on a far-distant colony. Had he heeded the democratic tendency of his American colonists, the Revolutionary war of 1776 would not have been a matter of history. Britain, to retain her colonies, must be democratic, because her colonies, from the very nature of their circumstances are necessarily democratic themselves; and I have no doubt that the century on which we have entered will prove that the necessity of governing colonies as democracies, unhampered by the traditions of the old land, will react upon the government of the United Kingdom itself, and broaden its sympathies more and more towards the great masses of the people on whose acquiescence the security of her Empire depends.

SUNSET.

SUNSET along the marsh,
Along the running tide,
And all the brown is gold
At eventide ;

Sunset along the shore,
Where shell and sea-weed twist,
And on dead stones, where
Clustering waves have kissed ;

Sunset along the fields,
Where empty wheat-lands lie,
With twilight winds, and dark
Birds passing by.

Sunset along a life that knew
No sun by day ;
Now night has come, and
Broken night away.

Bert Marie Cleveland.

A RIVER SONG.

SOFTLY as the water lies
'Tween green brink and brink,
Softly as the bubbles rise
Where the turtles sink,
Glides our canoe—oh, were it but forever !
Among the moon-lit curves of Humber River.

Gladly as behind the boat
Broken waves refill,
Gladly as the wild bird's note
Droppeth from the hill,
I hear thy voice—oh, were it but forever !
Beneath the wooded banks of Humber River.

Tenderly as moonbeams wend
Over the smooth sand,
Tenderly as tall trees blend
Touching where they stand,
Heart meeteth heart—oh, were it but forever !
As we float down the quiet Humber River.

Evelyn Durand.

HOW A CENSUS IS TAKEN.

By E. J. Toker, of the Census Staff of 1891.

IN a few weeks the decennial census of Canada will be taken, and as the general reading public is not very familiar with the subject a little information in regard to it may be acceptable. There are, indeed, a few misconceptions current which should be removed.

It is not only a Dominion census that will be taken next April, but it will also form part of a general Imperial census, the population being enumerated on the same day in the United Kingdom and the various British colonies and dependencies. The census of the United States, it may be said, is taken a year earlier than ours, and other countries have their own periods.

The *modus operandi* in Canada differs from that in England. There the schedules are left at every house one day and collected the following day, the householders having filled in the required information. With us the enumerators call at each house and take down the information supplied to them in answer to their questions, this process perhaps extending over several weeks, but the facts being given as existing on the census day.

Another important difference is that in England the *de facto* system prevails, each individual being enumerated where sleeping that night. We have adopted the *de jure* system, the domicile determining where each person shall be enumerated ; for instance, pupils at school or college, visitors, commercial travellers, lumbermen, sailors, etc., are taken at their homes instead of the places where found on the census day. There is some risk of duplication, but the instructions are framed and every care is taken to avoid this. The *de jure* system is sometimes condemned, but it was adopted in Canada for what seemed sufficient reasons, and any change in that or any other important respect must be avoided, if possible, in order to permit comparison with previous decades. It may be remarked that the English census is not absolutely *de facto*. To the figures taken by the enumerators additions are made of troops serving abroad, of sailors not only of the Royal Navy, but also of the merchant service absent from home, and some other changes are made before the grand total is recorded.

Our census gives fuller details than the English. Each part of the Empire, indeed, adopts its own system, more or less complete according to its requirements, the numbers of the population being the main information wanted for the grand Imperial total. To take one interesting difference, we record in Canada the religious denomination of each individual. This is not done in England, having been advocated in vain for several decades and again rejected this year, the chief opposition coming from Nonconformists, who claim that a false impression would be given of their relative numbers, because many persons who attend no place of worship, but have probably been baptized at their parish church, would be tabulated as Church of England. This undoubted tendency may affect criminal and other statistics, not only in England but elsewhere.

There seems to be a widely-spread idea that our census distinguishes Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, etc., but not Canadians as such, and this supposed omission is sometimes condemned. There is, in fact, no such anomaly. No individual is recorded as English, Irish, Scotch or Canadian, but there are columns in which is given the place of birth of the person and of his parents. In the compiled tables it is shown that out of the 4,833,239 people of Canada in 1891, no less

than 4,185,877 were Canadian born. To these may be added 490,252 natives of the Three Kingdoms and British colonies and dependencies, making 4,676,129 born within the Empire, and only 157,110 aliens by birth. If to the British-born we add the 810,915 natives of the United States and our more remote kinsmen, the 35,579 Germans and Scandinavians, we have a grand total of 4,792,623 as against 40,616 of other races; and even this number includes 321 born at sea and 3,491 with place of birth unknown, besides 9,413 ascribed to "other countries," that is, other than those above mentioned—Poland, Russia, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and China, so that in all probability it might be further reduced.

The one exception to the rule of not recording the nationality was made in the case of the Canadian French, this information being considered important. It was intended that the Acadian French of the Maritime Provinces should be included, but it has been asserted that the bilingual heading of the column, "French Canadians," "Canadiens Français," was in some cases misunderstood, and not taken as applying to the Acadians. This seems probable from the facts adduced, and this may also extend in a measure to the French in portions of Ontario, and to the French half-breeds of the Northwest. Taking the figures as they stand they record 1,404,974 French Canadians, to which may be added 5,381 natives of France, making in all 1,410,-355.

The enumerators carried with them nine schedules, containing in all 226 columns giving various information. The personal schedule gave name, residence, with material, number of rooms, etc., sex, age, civil condition (married, widowed or single), relation to head of family, birthplace and that of parents, whether French Canadian, religion, occupation, various information as to employers and employed, education, deaf mutes, blind and insane—a pretty full supply of personal information.

Ownership and occupation of real estate, enumeration of live stock, products of the farm, orchard, forest, mines and fisheries, shipping statistics, information concerning deaths within the year, and regarding public institutions, were the principal objects of seven of the other schedules.

A very important schedule was that containing statistics of the industrial establishments. In regard to this there has been some misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Cheap ridicule has been poured on "factories" with two or three hands. The rule adopted, as in former decades and in comparison with them, was to include the smaller industries. The village dressmaker, the local tailor, bootmaker or weaver, etc., living by their occupation, could not be omitted, and their combined output is of considerable importance. That such small industries should be counted as factories was obviated by the classification of industries in five classes, the lowest having an output less than $2,000, the second an output less than $12,000, and the other three outputs ranging from $12,000 to over $50,000. Subsidiary industries were not recorded in this schedule. Though, for example, five million yards of cloth, flannel and linen were made in Canadian homes, and over a hundred and seventeen million pounds of butter and cheese were the output of the farmers' wives and daughters, these were not recorded among the industries, but may be found in the farm statistics.

This is a reminder of the fact that one of the greatest industries of the country is not chronicled in this or any other schedule. The industry in question is that of the housekeepers of Canada—the wives and mothers and all-pervading workers for the family, not described in the official statistics as of any "occupation," but ceaselessly occupied in work of indispensable importance and incalculable value. No "wages" can be recorded as paid on account of these services, for though certainly earned no remuneration is given directly for them, sometimes not even indirectly except the bare consideration

of board and lodging, and occasionally there is even no recognition vouchsafed. This "industry" or "occupation," this army of workers, comprises the great majority of the wives of Canada, and a considerable minority of the unmarried daughters. It is not only in the Canadian census that they have no record; they are comprised in the statistics of no official enumeration, British or foreign. Only those women who work outside of their families, and so earn and receive money, are tabulated as having an occupation. It may be noted here that in the great body of census compilers there was a feminine majority.

This schedule relating to industries gave the enumerators more trouble than any other, and sometimes the intervention of the commissioner or the chief officer was needed to secure the information demanded. This included statistics of fixed capital in land, building and machinery, working capital, hands employed, wages, value of raw material and of output, motive power, and time in operation. Manufacturers seemed to fear in some cases that publicity would be given to their operations and standing, in spite of the fact that all census officials were sworn to secrecy. Probably it will be found in April that this dread has been removed.

The collection of all this varied information required a large staff. There were fourteen chief officers, four each for Ontario and Quebec, one each for the other Provinces, and one for the Northwest Territories. Then came 241 so-called county commissioners, presiding, as a rule, each over a Dominion electoral division. Under these were 4,366 enumerators, who did the actual work of collecting the statistics from house to house.

The chief officers met at Ottawa to receive instruction from the Dominion Statistician, Mr. George Johnson, and his assistant, Mr. St. Denis, forming a sort of class in which each point was thoroughly discussed and explained. The chief officers then went to their districts and similarly imparted full information and delivered the papers to the county commissioners. In their turn the commissioners assembled the enumerators to instruct them and give them their schedules, subsequently collecting the portfolios, examining them and forwarding them to Ottawa.

In the outlying districts the enumerators had no light task. The Dominion Statistician gives us the following particulars in "The Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1895": "To accomplish the task of counting the population in these immense areas, enumerators had to take camps and camp furniture with them, be ready to ride on horseback, paddle a canoe and walk miles all in one day. Fortunately no lives were lost, but one man, missing the path, had to kill and eat his horse to save his life. The diaries of some of the enumerators read like passages taken from books of travel written for boys. Dangers threatening life and limb, impending starvation, narrow escapes by land and by sea, encounters with suspicious Indians and with wild animals, to whom white meat is a rare dainty to be secured with ravenous delight when the opportunity offers. In one instance, the enumerator and his band of assistants encountered an unexpected difficulty. He had forgotten to take with him the British flag. The Indians, with the traditional regard for the customs of the past, when all conferences between whites and Indians were held under the meteor flag of England, refused to recognize the enumerator. He had to send for the flag before they would give any information; when that arrived they willingly answered all questions."

Subsequently there was carried on in Ottawa the important work of compiling these statistics, a large staff being organized for this purpose. First, the figures were tabulated by townships or other minor sub-divisions, then by counties, or rather electoral divisions, these tables being combined for the Provinces, and finally affording the grand totals for the Dominion.

All these tables have been published in four large volumes, widely distribut

ed and easily accessible by those requiring such information. Eighteen bulletins were also issued, enlarging upon and analyzing the statistical information in regard to some subjects of especial interest or importance. This year the work of collecting, arranging and publishing similar statistics will be commenced, and when it is completed a comparison will show the advance made by Canada in the decade.

Statistics are considered to be a very dry subject except by the comparatively few who delight in them, apparently an acquired taste in most cases. The census work, however, both in the field and in the subsequent labour of compilation, was not altogether devoid of amusing incidents and laughable episodes to relieve the tedium and monotony of the ordinary routine.

There was one lady in a principal city of the Dominion who would insist that she was the "head of the family." In vain the enumerator expostulated, pleading the precedents in his book, the rules of law, the dicta of religion, and the natural order of things. Still she persisted; she did not care, she said, for the whole bench of judges, for St. Paul, or for what men chose to call the laws of nature; she went upon facts, upon what was right and just. She was the head of the family; it was her house, she provided for it and for those in it, she maintained it, she ruled and regulated it and the family, and if she were not the head of the house and of the family, she would like to know who was? Finally she carried the day and was recorded according to her dictation, the submissive and subdued-looking spouse following in the second place as her husband. It really made no difference in the statistics of the ward, both of them appearing in the totals as "married," and their children being described as sons and daughters of "the head of the family," as they certainly were.

In another city there was a household which gave the enumerator some difficulty. There was a head of the family, there was no dispute as to that, and he was so set down. But then came two ladies, each asserting that she was the wife. They both insisted upon the status and the place they claimed. The "head of the family," silent and, perhaps, wise, would make no sign; but even if the penalty of pressing to death for being "mute of contempt" still survived, the enumerator had no such jurisdiction. What was he to do? He was sworn to secrecy, and could not, if he wished to do so, hand the parties over to the clutches of the law for confessed bigamy? Besides, he was not there as a member of the correctional police, but as a census official to collect statistical information. His instructions were to take the information people gave him as to themselves, and he could not ask these ladies to show him their marriage certificates. Perhaps they were all Mormons or Mahomedans, or members of some other religious persuasion allowing a plurality of wives, though in the column for "religion" the man had not so described himself. He had to get on with his work and proceed to the next house, and as he was no Solomon to give judgment in a doubtful case, he agreed to describe them both as they claimed, settling the dispute which then arose as to precedence by placing them in the alphabetical order of their Christian names. Subsequently the commissioner bracketed the two and appended an explanatory note. I believe in the compilation one was added in the married and the other in the single column, the question of which was which not being settled, and, from a statistical point of view, not requiring settlement.

In a rural district the township assessor was injudiciously appointed enumerator. He went round with his portfolio of schedules, and, being thoroughly competent, took the census statistics in a very satisfactory manner, getting through his work rapidly, so that he had completed it long before some of the other enumerators had finished, and, consequently, before a meeting for the examination of their books could be called by the commissioner. In the interval he again cov-

ered some of the same ground, but this time with the assessor's book. At one of the farms on his round he was surprised at some of the figures that were given to him, for they did not seem to tally with others which he thought he remembered. A comparison with his census schedule on his return home soon showed him that his memory was not at fault. When he called again upon the farmer to have the discrepancy explained, he was calmly told that as a census enumerator he was sworn to secrecy, and that he could not use as assessor the knowledge thus obtained. The census figures were all right, said the farmer, but he did not want to help the assessor to raise his assessment. The official pluralist had to admit his helplessness in the matter. Somehow he was not reappointed assessor the following year.

Some of the enumerators were disposed to adhere firmly to preconceived notions of their own. In one book an extraordinary number of heathen were recorded. It was found that all the young children in each family were set down in the column for "religion" as having "none." The enumerator maintained the accuracy of his record. Children of an early age, he argued, had made no choice of a religious denomination, and could not even understand the difference between one and another. If he gave what he knew to be a false description of them, he would be perjured, as he had sworn to make a true report. With this scruple of conscience he could not be induced to make an alteration, so his book went in as it was. A memorandum, however, accompanied it, causing the compilers to tabulate these children as of the religion of their parents, the assumption made in every census or religious enumeration.

In compiling the orchard statistics of a township in a Quebec county, there appeared to be a considerable quantity of peaches. It was certainly not a country for peaches, and they were reported as grown by only twenty-five farmers, whose names followed consecutively, that is, by those on one page of the book. Another peculiarity was that none of the twenty-five grew any apples, which were plentiful on all the other farms in the township. The obvious explanation was that the enumerator on turning a page had entered apples in the adjoining column for peaches and had mechanically followed his own mistaken precedent till he turned another leaf and reverted to the correct column. To make assurance doubly sure, one of the farmers was questioned and reported plenty of apples but no peaches, unless bought in cans.

The column for acreage of market gardens had a strange appearance in a book for a city suburb. The area, as shown after the additions had been made, was more than sufficient for all the market gardens in the Dominion. A little scrutiny showed that the enumerator had in some instances, underneath the figures giving the acreage, entered within brackets the number of cabbages grown. The English-speaking compiler not understanding the qualifying word "choux" (he had probably never been addressed as "mon chou") had counted every head of cabbage as an acre with astonishing results. The thoroughly effective system of checking that was adopted prevented this and similar mistakes from being overlooked and insured their correction.

These are some specimens of the oddities of census taking, and might be multiplied. They tended sometimes to relieve the heavy work of the compilation of figures reaching into the millions, of calculations of ratios and percentages, and other statistical processes requiring the utmost care and accuracy. They also hint at some of the difficulties experienced both in the enumeration and compilation. Taking the census of a nation is no light task.

By "The Captain."

DRAWINGS BY W. GOODE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE MATE."

WE SPENT our honeymoon in a sailing dinghy, and this is how it happened. We had tried the orthodox kind, but didn't get farther than that Mecca of the newly wedded, Niagara. One day of bleak May weather, and the midseason discomforts of hotel life were sufficient. We decided to postpone it to summer, for a cruise among the thirty thousand islands of Georgian Bay. When we informed our friends of our intentions, they pronounced us freaks. Prophecies were numerous as to what would happen. We should be sick of it in three days; the first rainstorm would drive us to the shelter of the nearest summer resort; roughing it for three weeks in an open boat was all right for a man, but for a woman it was simply absurd. However, undeterred by the cold water, which was more plentifully showered upon the cruise before than afterwards, we commenced making our arrangements.

The first thing to be settled was the boat. Fortunately the Captain numbered among his yachting friends a well-known builder of small boats. He undertook to design and superintend the construction of a dinghy suitable for cruising. The ordinary dinghy has one bad fault. Its short length prevents it making anything like decent windward work in a sea. To remedy this defect, he proposed building her with heavy bluff bows, so as to offer increased resistance to the waves. She was to be twelve feet over all, with a beam of five feet. In a few weeks she was launched and a very funny-looking little craft she was. The Mate had been proposing all kinds of fancy names for her, but none seemed to fit. However, the naming of the dinghy was taken out of our hands. Everybody called her the tub and finally "Tub" she was christened. The boat question having been satisfactorily disposed of, we set about to arrange the details of the remainder of our outfit. We first purchased a 7 x 7 pyramid tent. Next, we added to our equipment a small single burner coal-oil stove, which we carried in a tin-box forward of the centre board. In this box was also stored two half-gallon gem jars filled with coal oil, and our lantern. Our blankets and clothing were packed in two water-proof dunnage bags. Around the boat ran a ten-inch gunwale and under this lockers were built in which were stored our supplies. We were now ready for our three-weeks' sojourn among the rocks of Georgian Bay.

Passengers going on board the steamer *City of Toronto* at Penetang on Saturday, July 14th, might have noticed a young lady in a Strathcona hat and bicycle skirt surrounded by a litter of luggage. It was the Mate standing guard over our numerous impedimenta, while the Captain proceeded to deliver the *Tub* from the hands of the enemy, the baggage-smasher. He found that she had come through the ordeal with nothing more serious than the discarding of a little varnish. In a few minutes she was resting quietly

on the waters of Penetanguishene Bay and for the next three hours we were busily engaged in solving the problem of getting something into nothing. At last everything was stored away. The sail was hoisted and the little boat headed up the bay before a light S.W. wind. The breeze soon died down to a calm and we landed for dinner on the south shore about a mile from the town. After dinner we set sail again with a light wind from the same quarter. We drifted along enjoying the cool evening after the hot, dusty train. It was delightful to sail quietly away from the cares and worries of civilization ; to lift one's nose from the grindstone of dull routine. Noiselessly we slipped along, but we were soon to find that nature, now so calm and peaceful, could be less kind. The sky became overcast with dark clouds. We were clearly in for a thunderstorm and no time was to be lost if we were to get under canvas before the storm broke. Landing on a sandy beach on Reformatory Point, three miles from Penetang, we had barely got our tent pitched when the rain came down in torrents. It rained and blew hard all night, but the tent proved a sufficient shelter and, notwithstanding the elements, we passed a fairly comfortable night.

July 15th. Turned out this morning at 5 a.m. and found it still raining. However, the Mate donned her waterproof and got breakfast. It was a somewhat inconvenient beginning to sit in the wet sand at the morning meal, with the rain coming steadily down, but we had made up our mind to put up with these little troubles.

In civilization let one sit for the infinitesimal point of time, in the most infinitesimal draught, or let one's feet absorb the faintest suspicion of dampness and we resignedly await the inevitable cold. The Mate busily engaged over the little stove in the rain, trying to concoct a ham-and-egg for her Lord and Master, had quite decided that this was part of the game of roughing it. A fine healthy game too! She knew that she wasn't going to catch cold and of course she didn't. A great deal depends on the way you look at things. The most inartistic thing in art is a picture with straight lines. So the dullest thing is a life lived in a straight groove. We had shaken ourselves out of our groove and had gone to look for experiences. This was one of them. Why should we complain. We had another a couple of hours afterwards, when the sun came out to make a beautiful mid-summer day. As the *Tub* with a bone in her teeth made her way across Matchedash Bay for Beausoleil Island one couldn't help having a well-satisfied feeling that this old world wasn't a half bad place after all.

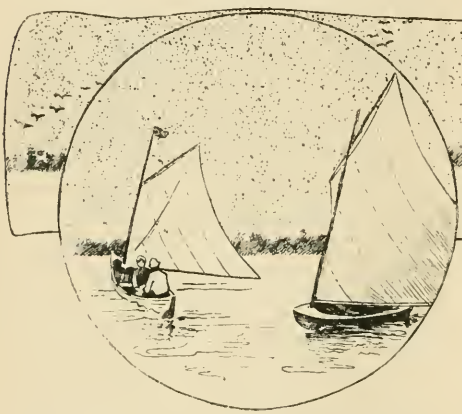
Beausoleil and its neighbour, Breboeuf, named after two of the Jesuit fathers, recall Parkman's story of those strong men who held sway over the great Huron nation. Near Penetang can still be seen the crumbling ruins of Fort Saint Marie, from which the Jesuits were driven in 1649, by the Iroquois invasion. To the S.W. we could see the Christian Island where they took refuge after evacuating Saint Marie and faced famine, disease and their inveterate foe, through a long cold winter. The walls of the fort built by the Jesuits on the Christian Island still remain, a monument of that heroic struggle.

After sailing for three hours we reached Minacognashene Island. Here we entered the archipelago of the thirty thousand islands extending for one hundred and twenty-five miles from Beausoleil on the south to Point au Baril on the north. It is impossible to give anything like an adequate description of this maze of islets. One naturally thinks of the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St Lawrence, but a comparison can scarcely be made. To form some idea of this island-dotted bay, you should take the Thousand Islands and tear down the castles of the patent medicine kings, restore them to the beauties of primeval nature, make them as they were when La Salle and his companions paddled their canoes through them on their way to the discovery of the Great

West and then scatter thirty thousand other islands in wild confusion along the north shore of Lake Ontario. It was into this wilderness of rocks that we turned the bow of the little dinghy. The wind shifted to the north and all afternoon we tacked up through the narrow channels. At six o'clock we rounded Bushby Point and ran into Go-Home Bay, the summer home of the learned professors of the University of Toronto. About twenty picturesque cottages scattered among the islands of the bay constitute the settlement.

July 16th. With a drizzly rain and head wind blowing half a gale, we beat out of Go-Home Bay. At an island near the mouth of the bay, we saw a skiff moored in a little cove. We landed to enquire the way to Indian Harbour and found camping there two young ladies who were brave enough to dispense with masculine protection and chaperonic supervision. They proposed accompanying us in their boat as far as Split Rock. The young ladies handled their boat like old salts, but beating was one of the strong points of the *Tub*, and we soon ran to windward. We waved our farewells and stood out along the narrow passage between the islands and the mainland. We tacked across the channels until three o'clock in the afternoon, when we made Indian Harbour. It now began to rain quite hard. Fortunately some friends of ours from Toronto were camping here on Mackenzie Island and we took shelter with them for the night.

July 17th. We left Mackenzie Island at 4.30 p.m. About six miles from here, O'Donnell, often called Moose Point, projects into the open. Off this point there are no islands to form a lee and small crafts usually wait for a calm day to go round. It was blowing from the west and a heavy sea was running. Prudence counselled us to camp for the night, but afraid of being windbound for several days we decided to try and go round that evening. Once clear of the islands a stormy scene opened up before us.

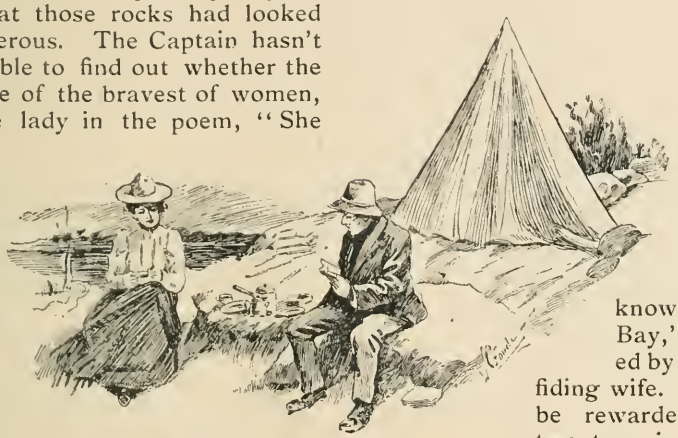


"The young ladies handled their boat like old salts."

"We soon ran to windward."

On the one hand, the whitecapped rollers, on the other a long line of wild tumultuous breakers. We must make an offing and the *Tub* was headed into the rollers. Marvellously well did the mite of a boat point up through the seas. Sometimes we thought the waves would roll right over us, and nervously the Captain pushed our hitherto despised life-preserver near the Mate, who sat coolly amidship as if beating to windward in a gale was quite an everyday event. At last we came about and made for the breakers at a point where there seemed to be an opening. When about one hundred yards from the reef the Captain stood up and was dismayed to find the supposed opening a line of foam. In a moment the dinghy was jibed around and headed up the shore again. Our situation was now becoming serious. We had run into a semicircle of rocks. Breakers ahead, break-

ers astern and breakers to starboard. To port, immense seas driving in before the freshening gale. We kept on hoping against hope that somewhere ahead was a way out of the difficulty. At last an opening appeared over our port bow. We were already sailing close, but we hauled our sheet down and managed to scrape through with about twenty feet to spare. Again in the open, we held on through the heavy seas until we could see the steamboat channel by Passage Island and in ten minutes were in calm water behind the islands. The Mate picked up her novel and having found her place quietly remarked that those rocks had looked quite dangerous. The Captain hasn't yet been able to find out whether the Mate is one of the bravest of women, or like the lady in the poem, "She never can know and never can understand."



"We loafed all morning."

That night while sitting smoking after an elaborate culinary effort of the Mate, there came to the Captain from some remote corner of his brain a line from old Virgil, "Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit." Why do we leave home comforts and home safety? Why do we laugh in the teeth of the grim destroyer and carelessly stroke the mane of the white horse? "Perchance in after years the memory of having done these things will be pleasant."

July 18th. We loafed all morning and did not get under way until 3 p.m. Two hours' sailing with sprung sheet brought us to the south channel running into Parry Sound. We were going at a good clip, when suddenly the wind seemed to change and instead of running free we were close hauled. Glancing at the sun to get the direction of the wind, the Captain found that it was now over his right shoulder. He didn't realize what this meant until his compass informed him that we were sailing south instead of north. In some unaccountable way we had got twisted around and were now rapidly completing the circumference of our first circle. We landed on an island and the Captain went to work with chart, compass and ruler to determine our whereabouts. In the meantime the Mate kept up a running fire of insulting remarks directed against his ability as a navigator. Among other things she suggested that we should insert an advertisement in one of the local papers, "Lost, the well-known navigator, Mr. —. When last reported he was heading for 'parts unknown Georgian Bay,' accompanied by his too confiding wife. Finder will be rewarded." After twenty minutes' close study the situation was as densely complicated as ever. However, the Captain determined to bluff ahead and trust to luck. Pointing to a channel to the northeast, he announced that there was the way to Parry Sound. So the *Tub* was headed up the channel. After sailing for half an hour, we rounded a point and right ahead of us stood a large building and near by some smaller ones. Some men were sitting smoking on a dock. They informed us that we were at the Wilcock's Copper Mine, fifteen miles from Parry Sound and four miles from the steamboat channel. As it was now nearly seven o'clock, we landed and pitched our tent. The Mate announced her intention of taking charge of the navigation in future.

July 19th. We spent this morning in going over the mine. It belongs to the

Parry Sound Copper Co. Unfortunately some financial tangle has stopped development on this very valuable property. Half a dozen miners were still at work awaiting the time when the difficulties would be straightened out and their arrears of wages settled.

We got under way again at noon. The breeze was very light and also ahead out to the steamboat channel. At six o'clock we had reached the Narrows, seven miles from Parry Sound. The wind had fallen to a dead calm and we had decided to camp for the night. Just then a small launch came puffing up the channel; when opposite us she stopped and offered us a tow, which we gladly accepted. Shortly after we got on board the launch, a spark from the smokestack set fire to our sail. It was speedily put out, but not before it had burned a hole about four inches square. After reaching the dock we paddled along the Sound and camped about half a mile below the Belvidere Hotel.

Depot Harbour, July 21st. If our friends could have raised the curtain on the *Tub* and her crew this morning, the following scene would have been presented: A sandy beach of an island and across a channel a large elevator surrounded by a number of houses, all painted yellow. If the spectator could be transferred to the other side of the Island, he would behold a wide expanse of water lashed into foam by a stiff gale. The sandy beach is the lee of Depot Island. The village across the channel is Depot Harbour. The broad expanse of water on the other side of the island is Parry Sound, tossing and tumbling in the bright summer sunshine. The squat nose of the *Tub* rests comfortably on the sandy beach. Alongside of it and up to her knees in the water stands the Mate attired in the latest of correct styles of the fashionable summer resort—her bathing suit. She is busily engaged in baling out the dinghy. If you were to glance into the little boat, you would see that she is nearly half full. A few feet away the Captain, also minus all but his bathing suit, is trying to straighten out a badly buckled centre-board. For yards around, the shore is littered with blankets, clothing, cushions, etc., all wet with a wetness ranging from a moisty damp to a soaky drench.

We had remained in Parry Sound on the 20th, replenishing our stores and having our sail repaired. We left the town this morning, making for Killbear Point, eight miles away at the other end of the broad Sound, and whacked up against a strong northwester to Three Mile Point, when the wind shifted to the west and blew harder than ever. The seas from the west came up and at once engaged in a heated controversy with the seas from the northwest. They soon got into the loveliest kind of a rough-and-tumble. There were no seconds or three-minute lulls but a straight fight to a finish. The little *Tub*, like the innocent onlooker of a street brawl, got all mixed up in the scrap and was handled by both contestants without consideration. They even laid hands on the Mate and mauled and splashed and flopped all over her until she was a poor bedraggled thing from the top of her Strathcona to the soles of her rubber shoes and looked like an over-dressed mermaid emerging from the vasty deep. The *Tub* having no interest in the struggle between the rival elements, hurried off as fast as she could for the nearest shelter, and that is how we came to the sandy beach of Depot Island with everything from the tent pegs to the camera floating promiscuously around the bottom of the boat and the centre-board bent almost double.

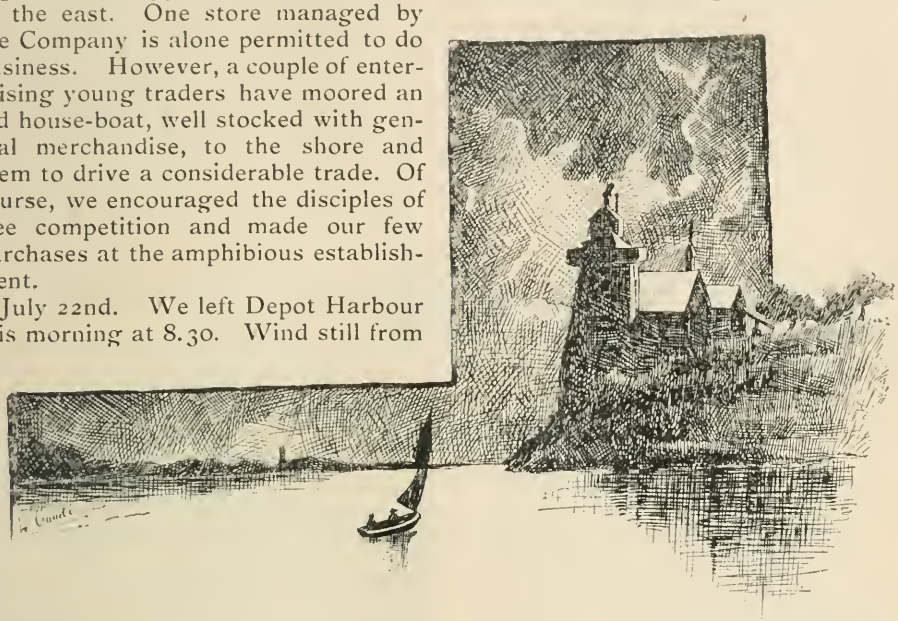
In some mysterious manner the Mate's *sine qua non*, her toilet bag, containing soap and brushes, had disappeared. To remedy the defect in the Mate's equipment, the Captain sailed the dinghy over to the village.

Depot Harbour is the new town built on the rocky shores of Parry Island by the Canada Atlantic Railway for its northern terminus when the Rip Van Winkles of Parry Sound objected to the railway expropriating a portion of their potato patches for its roadbed.

The whole place is owned by the Company and its unpicturesque collection of yellow houses illustrate the maxim, "A corporation has no soul." Most of the inhabitants are employed in the large elevator and freight sheds. It is at this point that the grain from Chicago is transhipped for transportation to the east. One store managed by the Company is alone permitted to do business. However, a couple of enterprising young traders have moored an old house-boat, well stocked with general merchandise, to the shore and seem to drive a considerable trade. Of course, we encouraged the disciples of free competition and made our few purchases at the amphibious establishment.

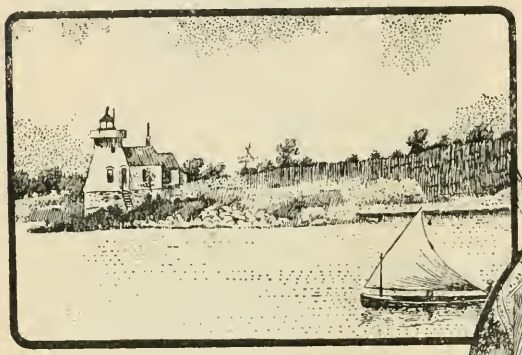
July 22nd. We left Depot Harbour this morning at 8.30. Wind still from the west but considerably moderated. We reached Killbear Point at the entrance to Parry Sound in about an hour. After leaving Killbear, we made long and short legs, keeping pretty well to the inside channels between the islands and the mainland. At 1.30 we had left Snug Harbour astern and were heading up the Franklin Narrows, making good time under a sprung sheet. We kept on without landing for lunch. The Mate, however, succeeded in providing a very good meal from some of our canned stuff. After leaving the Franklin Narrows, we entered the Shebishkong Channel, which bears east and west and necessitated a beat for about three miles to the head of Shawanaga Bay. At this point the large Admiralty chart, "Parry Sound and its approaches," ended. On the general chart the inside channels are not indicated. We had also lost track of the buoys marking the steamboat channel. As the wind had fallen considerably we determined to make for Point au Baril on the outside of the islands. A considerable sea was running, but the *Tub* negotiated the ten miles in the open without any difficulty. The sun was just setting when we ran into the harbour at Point au Baril. We had sailed forty-five miles since morning and the Captain had been at the stick for eleven hours without a break. We pitched our tent near the camp of a Mr. M., from Chicago, who was summering here with his family. We were both hungry and tired and it did not add to the equanimity of our tempers when, just as we were commencing dinner, the Captain upset the coffee pot. With the exception of a cold lunch we had had nothing since early morning and you can imagine what a delay of fifteen minutes meant. We always considered it as one of the most serious accidents of the trip.

We had now reached the limit of our cruise.



"The sun was just setting when we ran into the harbour at Point au Baril."

Point au Baril is a fishing station at the northern end of the archipelago. Nature seems to have intended this as a fitting climax to the labyrinths of beauty through which we had been passing for the last week. Without stretches the open expanse of Georgian Bay, now tossing and breaking angrily in masses of white foam against the rocks now glittering peacefully in the summer sunshine. At the entrance, like a sentinel guarding an enchanted land, stands the lighthouse. Within is



THE LIGHT HOUSE—POINT AU BARIL

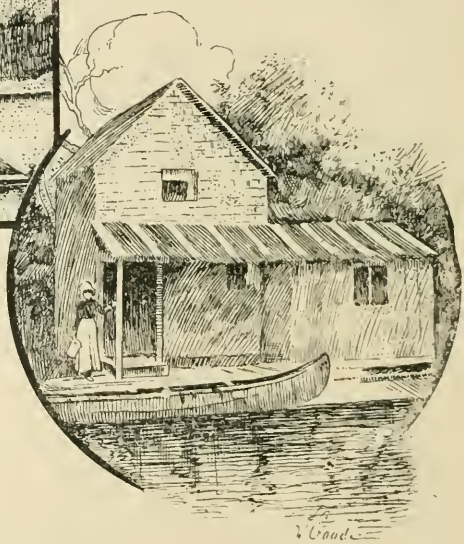
a perfect fairyland of winding passages, sheltered bays,

> "And Islands that empurpled bright
> Floated amid the livelier light."

Surely traveller at Loch Katrine or the Lakes of Killarney never saw a fairer sight.

While not very well known as yet, as a summer resort, there were a number of tourists summering here. A new hotel, the Oldfield House, has accommodation for about forty guests. It is a splendid place for anyone desirous of getting away from high collars and starched shirts. "The touristes," as they are called by the residenters, seemed to put in an easy unconventional kind of time. Of course, they are all Americans. Muskoka Lakes, with its modern summer resorts, seem to be the mode among our own people. To Canadians Georgian Bay is an undiscovered country. As every rock is not yet ornamented by a lone follower of Isaak Walton, fishing is good. In fact, all the time we were there, we had no difficulty in keeping the larder well supplied. The settlement is scattered about among half a dozen islands and all communication between the inhabitants is by boat. Mr. Oldfield, the proprietor of the hotel, has fitly named Point au Baril the Venice of the North.

We remained here until Wednesday, the 1st of August, living a kind of lotus-eating life. We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of a Mrs. Hansen, a very intelligent woman, the wife of a fisherman. Six miles from Point au Baril, the Shawanaga River flows into

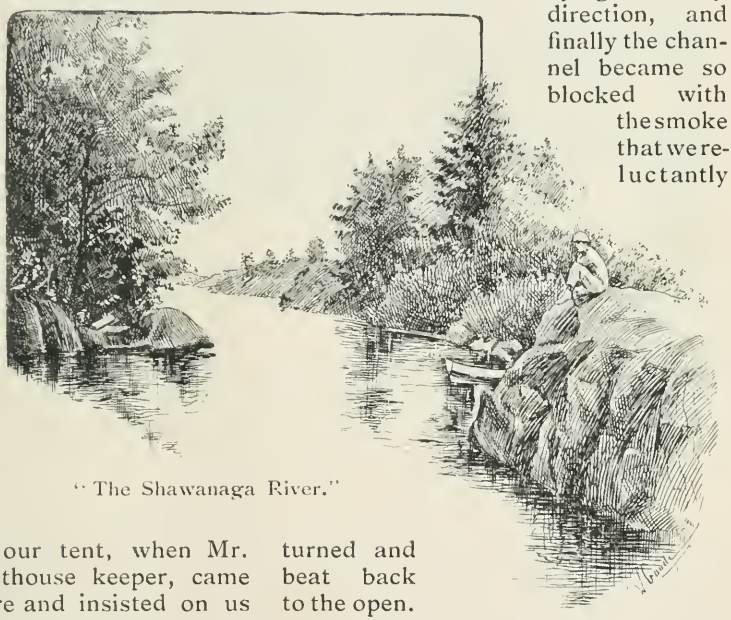


MRS. HANSEN'S COTTAGE

the Shawanaga Bay. Accompanied by Mrs. Hansen and our Chicago friends, we ascended the Shawanaga River, about three miles, to a picturesque falls. Local traditions relate that it was at the mouth of this river a party of Hurons and several Jesuit priests concealed themselves from the Iroquois after the evacuation of Sainte Marie. A few years ago there was found on one of the portages of the Shawanaga River, a copper urn. On it was engraved the date 1636. Parkman mentions in his "Jesuits in North Ameri-

ca," that after the dispersal of the Hurons, one band with several priests escaped to the islands and remained there during the winter of 1650. On an island, near the foot of Shawanaga Bay, are the ruins of a Trading Post. About a hundred yards in the rear of these ruins, are three cone-shaped cairns. Nearby we discovered traces of the walls of a large building, about a hundred feet long by fifty feet wide. This building must have been abandoned many years ago, as trees have grown up within the walls to a considerable height. We were unable to determine whether these ruins are connected with the Trading Post or are the remains of an earlier settlement.

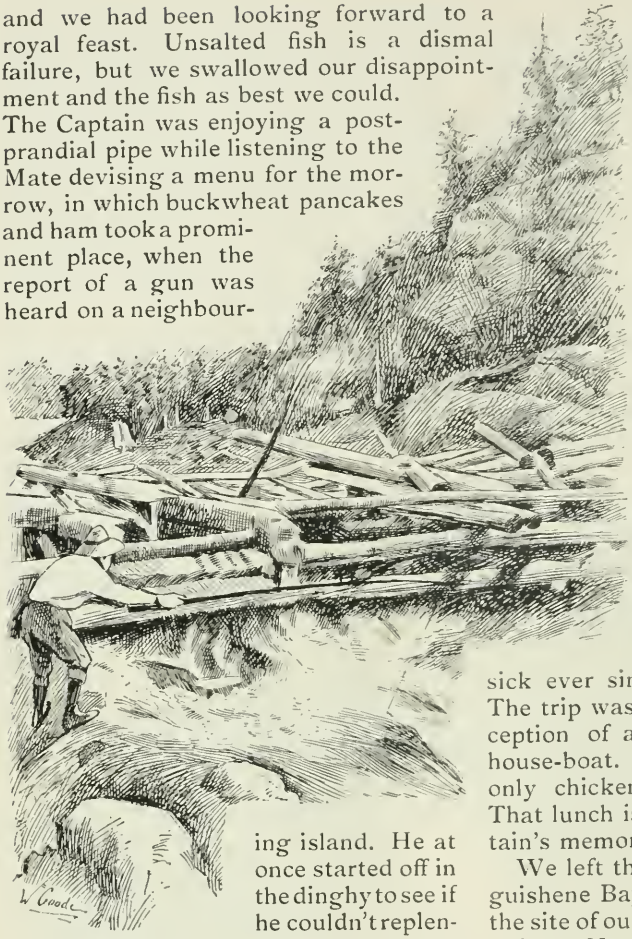
August 1st. At noon to-day the bow of the *Tub* was turned south for her homeward voyage. We sailed before a fresh northwester until late in the afternoon, when we reached Snug Harbour, twenty miles from Point au Baril. We were preparing to pitch our tent, when Mr. White, the lighthouse keeper, came down to the shore and insisted on us staying with him for the night. After a proper show of reluctance, we consented.



"The Shawanaga River."

August 2nd. This morning we were awakened by the wind whistling round the lighthouse. The northwester had increased to a gale and at first, we were afraid that we were windbound. However, after breakfast, we put two reefs in the sail and said good-bye to our friend at the lighthouse. We ran to the outside of Parry Island and arrived at Sans Souci, six miles from O'Donnell Point, early in the afternoon. For about five miles after leaving Sans Souci, the steamer course runs through comparatively open water. From a fisherman, we learned of an inside channel to Jubilee Island, near O'Donnell Point. Following his directions, we sailed in behind the islands and headed in the apparent direction of Jubilee. About two miles away and in the direction we were sailing, a considerable bush fire was burning. We kept on, thinking that we would be able to find a way out to the open before we reached the fire, but no opening appeared. We soon had burning islands on every side and the smoke got denser and denser. Cinders were flying in every direction, and finally the channel became so blocked with the smoke that we reluctantly turned and beat back to the open. Here we encountered a choppy sea, which thoroughly drenched everything in the boat by the time we arrived at Jubilee. On this island there was a deserted cottage, which we decided to occupy for the night. While getting dinner, the Mate discovered that with the exception of one loaf, our bread had been ruined by the water. Our salt had also disappeared, having been probably converted into brine. That morning the Mate had landed a bass while sailing through one of the narrow channels

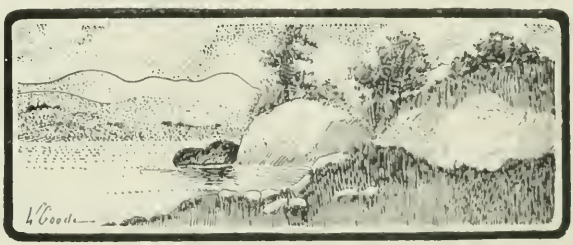
and we had been looking forward to a royal feast. Unsalted fish is a dismal failure, but we swallowed our disappointment and the fish as best we could. The Captain was enjoying a post-prandial pipe while listening to the Mate devising a menu for the morrow, in which buckwheat pancakes and ham took a prominent place, when the report of a gun was heard on a neighbouring island. He at once started off in the dinghy to see if he couldn't replenish the bread box. He found a house-boat moored in a little harbour. He was invited on board and after hearing of our catastrophe, a negro servant was despatched for the much-needed supplies. The party on the house-boat was Mr. J. B. Vandergrift, a Pittsburg manufacturer, his wife and two friends. It was Mr. Vandergrift's first season on Georgian Bay and he said that he enjoyed roughing it immensely. Living on a house-boat, however, is very much like roughing it with all the comforts of home—especially when you have a negro butler and a professional cook to cater for you, and three or four guides to row you around when you go fishing.



"The fishing was good."

August 4th. This morning the tug arrived for the house-boat. The Captain accepted a tow to Penetang, to the great delight of the Mate who had been getting more and more home sick ever since we turned homeward. The trip was uneventful, with the exception of a gorgeous lunch on the house-boat. We had chicken, and not only chicken, but "chicken ad lib." That lunch is a bright spot in the Captain's memory.

We left the house-boat in Penetanguishene Bay and stayed that night at the site of our first camp on Reformatory Point. Next morning, we returned to high collars and began to wonder what had happened during the three weeks we had been away from civilization and newspaperdom. The faithful little dinghy was consigned to the tender mercies of the baggage-man and we were soon whirling southward to take our place again in the rut of human existence.



DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXII.—DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE, POET-LAUREATE.

IN Dr. Louis Honore Frechette, the Canadian Poet-Laureate, this country has a unique and notable literary figure. For years his works have been popular in many countries, while especially keen has been the appreciation of them in France, America and England.

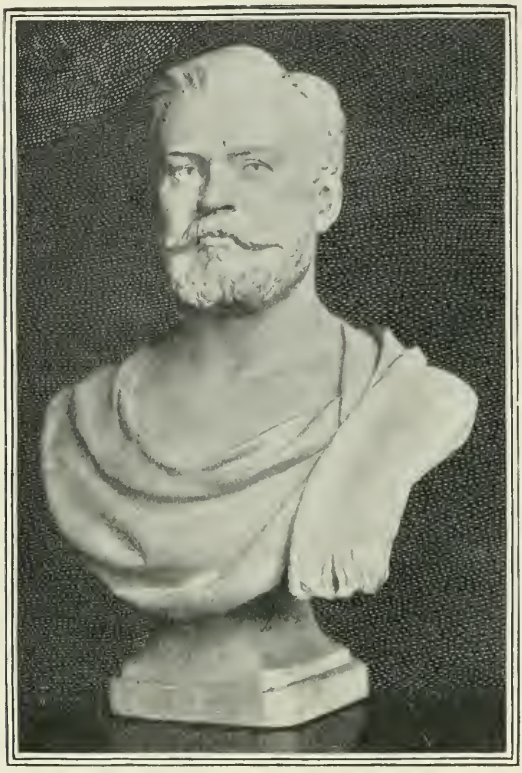
To have been crowned by the French Academy, for the excellence of his verse, was an honour in which the whole country had pride and interest with the author. That the recognition of poetic genius, from a source so high, was indeed an honour to our Dominion was felt by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who, shortly after the crowning of Mr. Frechette, gave voice to the following stately and classic lines in commemoration of the event :

RONDEAU.

TO LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE.

Laurels for song ! And nobler bays,
In old Olympian golden days
Of Clamor thro' the clear-eyed morn,
No bowed triumphant head hath borne
Victorious in Hellas' gaze !
They watched his glowing axles graze
The goal, and rent the heavens with praise—
Yet the supreme heads have worn
Laurels for song.
So thee, from no palæstra plays
A conqueror, to the gods we raise,
Whose brows of all our singers born
The sacred fillets chief adorn—
Who first of all our choir displays
Laurels for song.

The high compliment of a chaplet, from the French Academy in Paris, was awarded the distinguished Canadian litterateur in the year 1880 and was the result of a competition of poets. The



BUST OF DR. FRECHETTE BY HEBERT

contribution crowned was entitled "Les Fleurs Boreales."

In an able review of this work an eminent French poet writes: "Les Fleurs Boreales" contains five poems which are simply masterpieces. They are 'Papineau,' 'Reminiscor,' 'La Derniere,' 'Iroquois,' and 'La Decouverte.' Any one of them would be sufficient to make the author's reputation."

Before giving specimens of Mr. Frechette's verse a short sketch of his career—a stirring one—will be interesting.

Born in Levis, Quebec, in 1839, Mr. Frechette is now in his sixty-second year. At a very early age he began his education, taking a seminary and a college course at Quebec, after which, at the age of fifteen, he went to the United States for a year. Returning to Canada again, he studied at the Nicolet Academy and left this institute to take up the study of law at Laval University, Montreal.

In his twenty-fourth year, one year before he graduated, he published his first poetic essay, "Mes Loisirs," which immediately attracted attention and much controversy. While certain critics pointed out faults (which time would remedy) in the work, there was a quick recognition of the marked genius running through it. Commendation of the essay came from such men as Hugo and Lamartine, and, it is needless to say, was an incentive to the young student to fix his eyes on higher heights.

Almost immediately upon graduating Mr. Frechette began to take a most active interest in politics, and going to Levis, founded *Le Journal de Levis*. "At this time," says the laureate, "when 'liberal' and 'excommunication' were almost synonymous terms the launching of such a paper was like putting a lighted match to a wasp's nest." The paper flourished for a time, but finally died.

Leaving Levis, Mr. Frechette then took up his residence in Chicago and founded a paper, called *L'Amerique*. While in that city he was also appointed foreign corresponding secretary of the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railway, replacing Mr. Thomas Dickens, a brother of the novelist, in that position. About this time he published the poem, "La Voix d'un Exile." It was a biting satire against the administration of the political party then in power in Canada.

The merits of the poem were spoken of in the most diverse manner. To the quarter to which it appealed it was hailed as the just wrath of a censor of public morals; while those of dissenting political opinions declared it to be an outbreak of "resentful disappointment." The poem very soon became widely popular, especially with the young men in the Province of Quebec, and was used with much effect at the

elections which took place shortly afterwards.

Meanwhile *L'Amerique* was prospering, but the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war incidentally led to its demise. It so chanced that to secure the German vote the Republicans of the State voted resolutions of sympathy with Prussia. At the time Mr. Frechette was on a visit to this country, and his editor, a "Suisse," took advantage of his employer's absence and published a series of articles hostile to France. This gave deep offence to many subscribers of *L'Amerique*, and finally the paper had to cease publication.

Leaving Chicago, Mr. Frechette went to New Orleans, and chanced to be there just as the Prussians were besieging Paris. While in New Orleans a most dramatic incident befell the future poet-laureate—a duel. It was with a German who had spoken insultingly, in the hearing of Mr. Frechette, of France. In the duel Mr. Frechette was wounded.

In the year 1871 he returned to Canada again and once more entered the arena of politics. In this year he contested Levis for the House of Commons but was defeated. In 1874 he was more successful, being elected. He sat in the House during the Mackenzie Administration. In 1878 he retired from active politics, and making his home in Montreal gave himself up entirely to literature and journalism. Two years later he produced the poems which were so honoured by the French Academy. He has produced many works in poetry and prose, and is a writer of plays. His long poetic works are:—

"Mes Loisirs," Quebec, 1863.

"La Voix d'un Exile," Chicago, 1867.

"Pele-Mele," Montreal, 1877.

"Les Fleurs Boreales," Paris, 1880.

"Les Oiseaux de Neige," Paris, 1880.

"La Legende d'un Peuple," Paris, 1887.

"Les Feuilles Volantes," Montreal, 1891.

"Veronica," a drama in five acts, Montreal, 1898.

Also two dramas entitled "Papineau," and "Felix Poutre."

His most important prose works are:

"Lettres a Basile," Quebec, 1872.

"Histoire Critique des Rois de France," Montreal, 1881.

"Originéaux et D'etraqués," Montreal, 1893.

"Christmas in French Canada," Toronto, 1899.

"La Noël au Canada," 1900.

A French author of high note, criticising the poems of the poet-laureate, says: "In all his verse is found highly attractive qualities, fire and earnestness, marked picturesqueness and a flowing music and expression that charms."

The selections given below from the poems of Mr. Frechette, give some slight insight into the methods of the author.

"Fors l'Honneur," a dramatic poem, of the burning of French flags to pre-

THE HOUSE WHERE DR. FRECHETTE WAS BORN —HADLOW COVE, LEVIS—FROM A PAINTING BY C. HUOT

vent their capture, contains the following fine piece of descriptive verse:

"Then, sight sublime, and strange, like a vast wave
Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,
And solemnly into the sacred fire,
Which, amid the sounds of death-rattle, shot
Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls
Into the firmament,—amid the rush
Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,
Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,
The colours he had loved so long and well!
Some slight cracklings more, and all was done!"

Professor Roberts, who has translated many of Mr. Frechette's poems, translated the laureate's beautiful poem on "Liberty." We produce the second verse which is the keynote to the poem:

LIBERTY.

"I have sung them all;—youth's lightsomeness that fleets,
Pure friendship, my most fondly cherished dreams,
Wild blossoms and the wind that steal their sweets,
Wood odors, and the star that whitely gleams.
But our hearts change; the spirit dulls its edge
In the chill contact with reality;
These vanished like the foam-bells on the sedge,
I sing one burden now, my song is liberty."

DR. FRECHETTE'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE

The late Mr. Charles Pelham Mulvany, a poet of great talent, translated the laureate's poem on "Niagara." One verse is given below:—

NIAGARA.

"Majestic moves the mighty stream and slow,
Till from that false calm's semblance, suddenly,
Wild, and with echoes shaking earth and sky,
The huge tide plunges in the abyss below;
It is the cataract! from whose thund'rous ire
The wild birds flee in terror far away
From that dread gulf when with her scarf of fire
The rainbow sits above the torrent's sway!
Earth quakes, for sudden that vast arching dome
Of green is changed to hills of snow-white foam
That seethe and bound and boil in tameless pride.
Yet this, Thy work, O God, Thy law fulfils,
And, while it shakes the everlasting hills,
It spares the straw that floats upon its tide!"

In his poem on the Saguenay Mr. Frechette touches on the famous rocks of this river of shadowy legend. Two verses are given below and are a translation of Sir James D. Edgar, politician and barrister of Toronto.

SAGUENAY.

"O, towering steeps that are mirrored
On Saguenay's darkening breast!
O grim rocky heights, sternly frowning,
The thunders have smitten your crest!

O sentinels, piercing the cloudland,
Stand forth in stupendous array!
My brow, by your shadows enshrouded,
Is humbled before you to-day."

As a final selection the two verses below, from the poem: "Whither Go the Hours?" are well worth producing.

WHITHER GO THE HOURS?

"They go to the goal of all mortal things
Where fade our destinies, scarce perceived,

To the dim abyss wherein time confounds
them—
The hours we laughed and the days we
grieved.

They go where the bubbles of rainbow break
We breathed in our youth of love and fame,
Where great and small are as one together,
And oak and wildflower counted the same."

The striking characteristic of the laureate, in almost all his work, is a ringing patriotism. This trait is especially brought out in his "La Legende d'un Peuple,"—his longest and most serious work—the purpose of which is to celebrate the glorious deeds of the French-Canadian people. A well-known authority says: "'La Legende d'un Peuple,' strikes an ambitious note and is sustained with remarkable success." The work consists of three groups of episodes, from Canadian history, representing three of its phases. Into these groups there are two poems by way of prologue and epilogue called: "L'Amerique" and "France." The work scourges the memory of Louis the XV. who neglected the colony so in the time of its troubles.

While Dr. Frechette holds firm to the belief that the future destiny of this country is annexation to the United States, he is a most sincere admirer of British institutions. If annexation comes he holds it should be through friendly means. He is an ardent upholder of the principle that so long as Canada forms a part of the British Empire it is the duty of Canadians to help England in stress. He strongly favoured sending the contingent to South Africa. Indeed, on one occasion, he declared he would have been glad to have sent his own son.

Dr. Frechette is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, a member of the Imperial Institute, London. Honorary degrees of LL.D. were conferred upon him by McGill, Toronto and Queen's Universities; and the honorary degree of D. es L. from Laval University. He is vice-president of the Royal Society of Canada.

Personally Dr. Frechette is known as a man of tolerant views, kindly of temperament and a firm and loyal friend. From his bust (by Hebert), here produced, it will be seen the poet-laureate is a man of splendid physique. In mannerism he has that flash and fire so frequently the attendant of artistic temperament such as his.

The Frechette family, it may be observed as a matter of merely curious interest, is connected, by marriage, with that of William Dean Howells, the well-known American novelist; the poet-laureate's brother having married Howells' youngest sister, Annie. She, like her brother, gives much of her time to literature.

F. Clifford Smith.

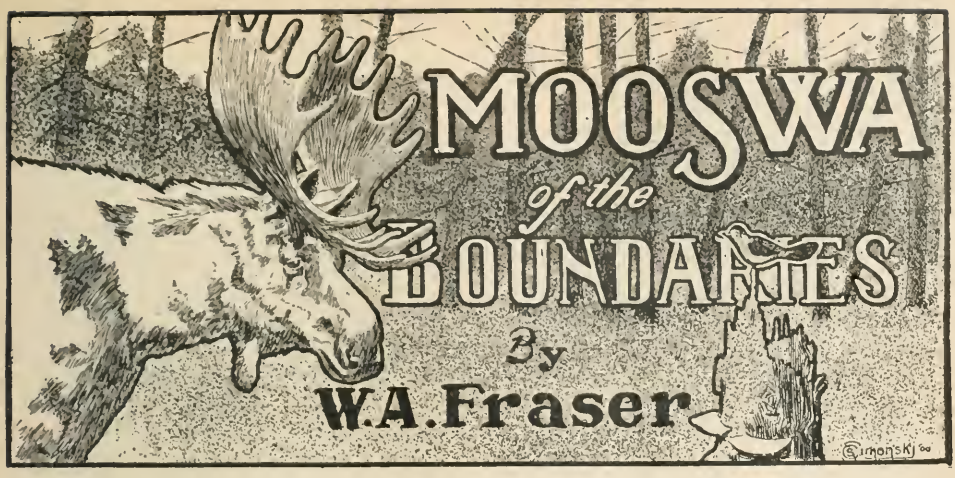
A WOMAN'S PART.

SHE most is blessed who bears what life may send
In cheerfulness, not striving to contend
With man's own right; to make a woman's way
As free from care, as strength and loving may.
For him the struggle, the fierce pain of strife;
For her the surety of a sheltered life.

May Austin Low.

HON. R. L. BORDEN, M.P.

THE NEW LEADER OF THE DOMINION OPPOSITION (CONSERVATIVE)



CHAPTER VII.—THE GUARDIANS OF THE BOY.

RESUME.—The furred dwellers of the northern forests are introduced choosing anew the Black Fox as their King. They then renew the oath of The Boundaries, that each will help the other, and that the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all. François, a trapper, and Rod, the son of a former Hudson's Bay Company factor, have built a shack in The Boundaries and set traps in the neighbourhood. The animals conspire against them and spring their traps. Mooswa, the Moose, when a calf was a pet at the Factory and knew and loved the boy Rod; consequently, he makes all the animals promise to do him no harm. Carcajou, the Wolverine, and Black Fox, the King, are trapped but succeed in getting away with the assistance of the other animals, although Black Fox loses a foot. Carcajou, in revenge, enters the shack one day while the men were out, unlatches the door, and lets in the other animals. Everything eatable in the shack is taken away or destroyed by these wise and mischievous beasts. As a consequence François decides to leave Rod alone for a week and go to The Landing for more flour, bacon, and traps. After François' departure the animals take council and decide to look after the Boy who has only a dozen whitefish and a little flour on which to live during François' absence. Pisew (the Cat) treacherously steals the whitefish during the Boy's temporary visit to the river to draw water. For this act Pisew is tried and condemned to death by the other animals.

"HOW fares the Boy, Swift-Flyer?" Mooswa asked of the Jay, as the latter took position on a sapling.

"Badly, great Bull, badly. One time he takes the two fish this dead thief left—unwillingly enough, no doubt—in his hand and looks at them pitiably; then he takes the white dry, eating—flour, Men call it—and decides of its weight; then with the little stick which makes a black mark he lines cross-trails on a board, and mutters about so many pounds of eating for so many days, and always ends by saying: 'It can't be done—I shall starve.' Then he comes to the door and looks up over the river trail which way went François, as though he too would pull out for the Landing."

"That he must not attempt," cried Mooswa decidedly. "Turn your noses, brothers, to the wind which comes from the big west hills—moisten them first, so!" and a bluish-gray tongue damped the cushion-bulk of his nostrils. All the Council pointed their heads up the wind, and it smote raw in their questioning faces.

"Gh-u-r-r!" growled Blue Wolf, "I know; when comes this wind-wrath of the mountains, Mooswa?"

"To-night or to-morrow," was the answer.

"Then lie we close from the time the light fails this day until it is all over; each to his burrow, each to his hollow tree, each to his thick bush," continued Rof. "François will not have reached the Landing yet, either. Dogs are not like Wolves—perhaps the blizzard will smother them."

"The Breed-man has the cunning of all animals together," asserted Carcajou. "He will choose a good shelter

under a cut-bank, even perhaps put the fire-medicine to the dry-wood, then all together, as brothers, he and the Dogs will lie huddled like a Fox pack, and though the wrath howl for three days none of their lives will go out." The deep thinking little Wolverine knew that Rof was fretting, not because of François, but because of Marsh Maid.

"But the Man-cub is not like that," declared Bull Moose, "and if he starts, good Jay, do thou fly quickly and bring us tidings. Rof, thou and thy pack must turn him in the trail."

"We will," asserted Blue Wolf. "All this trouble because of that carrion!" and he disdainfully threw snow over the dead body of Lynx with his powerful hind feet.

Whatever Rod's intentions might have been about following on after François, their carrying out was utterly destroyed by the terrific blizzard which started that night. All the next day, and the night after, no living thing stirred from its nest or burrow.

Whisky-Jack cowered in the lee-side shelter of the roof; and inside, Roderick listened to the howling and sobbing of the storm demons that rocked his rude shack like a cradle. Even through the moss-chinked, mud-plastered log-cracks the fine steel-dust of the ice-hard snow drove. It was like emery in its minute fierceness.

Spirit voices seemed calling to him from the moaning forest; his imagination pictured the weird storm sounds as the voice of his friend pleading for help. Many times he threw the big wooden door-bar down from its place, and peered out into the dark as the angry wind pushed against him with fretful swing. Each time he was sure he heard his comrade's voice, or the howl of Train Dogs; but there was nothing; only the blinding, driving, frozen hail—fine and sharp cutting as the grit of a sandstone. Once he thought the call of a rifle struck on his ear—it was the crash of an uprooted tree, almost deadened by the torturing wind noises.

The cold crept into his marrow. All night he kept the fire going, and by dawn the supply of wood had dwindled to nothing; he must have more, or perish. Just outside, in the yard, François had left a pile of dry poplars. Almost choked by the snow-powdered air, Rod laboured with his axe to cut enough for the day. At intervals he worked, from time to time thawing out his numbed muscles by the fireplace. "One trip more," he muttered, throwing down an armful in the shack, "and I'll have enough to last until to-morrow—by that time the storm will have ceased, I hope."

But on that last short journey a terrible thing happened. Blinded by the white-veil of blizzard he swayed as he brought the axe down, and buried the sharp steel in his moccasined foot. "O God!" the Boy cried in despairing agony. He hobbled into the shack, threw the wooden bar into place, tore up a cotton shirt and, from the crude medicine knowledge he had acquired from François, soaked a plug of tobacco, separated the leaves and, putting them next the wound, bound the torn cloth tightly about his foot.

That night the storm still raged, and his wound brought a delirium of pain which made his fancies even more realistic. Whisky-Jack heard him moaning and talking to strange people.

Next morning a cold sun came up on a still, tired atmosphere. The fierce blizzard had sucked all life out of the air; the spruce trees' long arms, worn out with swaying and battling, hung asleep in the dead calm; a whisper might have been heard a mile away.

At the first glint of light Jack spread his wings, and travelling fast to the home of Black Fox, told of Rod's helpless condition. "Before, it was the hunger death that threatened; now the frost-sleep will come surely, for he cannot walk, only crawl on his hands and knees like a Bear-cub," said Jay with a world of pity in his voice.

"Call Mooswa and Carcajou," cried the Red Widow; "the Boy is in their keeping."

When Wolverine had come he said: "There is still a piece of fat-eating

cached, if I only can find it under this mountain of white fur that covers the breast of the Boundaries."

"That is well, good comrade," declared Black King; "but how shall we get it to the hands of our Man-cub?"

"Place it in the bowl of my horns," said Mooswa, "and I will lay it at his door."

"Yet the fat eating may be on one side of the wooden gate, and the Boy starve on the other," remarked Whisky-Jack thoughtfully.

"I will knock with my horns, and the Boy will open the gate, thinking it is François."

"Even with a full stomach he may perish from the frost-death," continued Jack, "for now he cannot cut wood for his chimney-fire—though it is still alive."

"Call Umisk," ordered Black King; "he is a wood-cutter."

"Excellent, excellent!" sneezed Carcajou in a wheezy voice, for the blizzard had set a cold on his lungs. "If Chizel-Tooth will cut firewood I'll drop it down the chimney, and the Boy may yet be kept alive until François returns. Come with me, Daddy Long-Legs," he continued, addressing Mooswa, "and we'll have a look for that cached fat-eating in this wilderness of white-frosted water."

After a tiresome search they found the bacon that had been hidden by the little hunchback. Mooswa carried it to the shack, dropping it at the door, against which there was a great drifted snow-bank; then he rubbed his horns gently up and down the boards.

"Is that you, François?" cried a voice that trembled with gladness from inside the shack. There was a fumbling at the door-bar, and the next instant it was pulled open.

Mooswa almost cried at sight of the pain-pinched, ghostlike face that confronted him, and the Boy recoiled with a look of dismay—the huge head frightened him. Then, catching sight of the bacon, he looked from it to the Bull Moose questioningly; all at once an idea came to him.

"You are hungry, too, Mister Moose, are you?" for he remembered stories of severe storms having driven deer and other wild animals to the haunts of Man for food. Evidently the smell of bacon had attracted the Moose; but where in the world had it come from? Had it been left by some chance on the roof, and knocked off by the strong blizzard wind? That seemed a likely solution. The Moose was so unafraid, too—it was curious! He reached out and pulled in the bacon—it was like the manna shower.

"Poor old chap!" he said, stretching out a hand and patting the big fat nose timidly; "you've come to a bad place for food. There's nothing here you can eat."

Mooswa stuck out his rough tongue and caressed the wrist. Rod scratched the Bull's forehead in return, and they were friends. The big eyes of Mooswa wandered about the bare, pathetic interior. It was a poor enough place for a crippled Boy—but what could be done? "I wish I could speak to him," he thought, rubbing his massive face against the flannel shirt reassuringly. Then he turned and walked solemnly through the little clearing, and disappeared in the thick wood.

The bacon put new heart in Roderick. A rational explanation of this advent of the pork appeared to be that it had fallen from the roof; but all through that night of distress the Boy had muttered broken little prayers, just as he had done for years at his mother's knee, and whether it had actually fallen from the roof or from the skies was not the real issue, for he was convinced that it had come in answer to his prayers.

The pain crept up his leg, up his back; and as the hours dragged on, the dreary, lonesome hours, it mounted to his brain, and the queer fancies of approaching delirium carried him to a fairy land peopled by unreal things. He had just sanity enough to keep the chimney fire going, but his little pile of wood dwindled until the last stick was placed on the coals. When, in the afternoon, Carcajou dropped three billets that

Umisk had cut down the chimney, Roderick laughed. He was a King in Delirium-land, and when he wanted anything all he had to do was pray, and the angels would send it.

Sometimes the sticks of wood rolled out on the floor as they clattered down —these the Boy put to one side.

"I suppose the angels won't come in the night," he whispered, then laughed. It was a grotesque idea, but the fire was kept blazing. He had no rational thought of eating; when he felt hungry-pains he fried a little of the bacon and ate it. Sometimes he made a batter of flour and water, cooking the mixture in a frying-pan over the fire—turning out an almost impossible kind of pancake.

"He acts like Wapoos in the early spring," Whisky-Jack told Mooswa; "laughs, and whistles, and cries, and sobs; but he eats, which is a good thing, and is also warm. I never thought that crop-eared, hunchback Carcajou had goodness enough in him to do anything for anybody."

"He's like yourself, Whisky-Jack, a bit of a th—— sharp-tongued fellow, I mean" (thief, he was going to say, but checked himself just in time), "and full of queer tricks, but good-hearted enough when a comrade is in trouble. How long will the fat-eating, which is the food of you meat-eaters, last the Boy?" Mooswa asked.

"Perhaps three days."

"Also, is it good food for the sick —is it not too strong? When I am not well there are certain plants that agree with me, and others I cannot touch."

"Fish would be better," declared Jack with the air of a consulting physician.

"I thought so," said Mooswa. "The smell of the bacon at the door almost turned my stomach. If the Man-cub could only eat sweet birch-tips, or dried Moose-flower—it's delicious when well preserved under deep snow. Even unrotted moss would be better for him than that evil-scented meat."

The Bird laughed. "He, he, he! fancy the Man-cub chewing a great cud of mushy grass. Now fish, as I have said, would be just the thing; there's nothing lies so sweet on one's stomach, unless it's butter. Warm roostings! but I wish that cat-faced Pisew had been hanged before he found my cache."

"Jack," continued the Moose, "you might ask Nekik or Sakwasew to catch a fish for the Boy; they are all bound by a promise to help take care of him."

"All right," said Jay. "Otter might do it, for he's a generous chap, but Sakwasew is a greedy little snip, I think. I never yet knew a Mink that wasn't selfish."

"I don't know how long we shall have to look after this Man-cub," Mooswa said, when he and Rof and Black King talked the matter over that evening. "François is a good trapper—we all know that to our sorrow—and he likes the Boy, for he was years with his father, the Factor, as servant to the company, but still he's a Breed, and if there's any fire-water at the Landing it is hard to say when he may get back; besides, the breath of the mountain that shrivelled us all for two days may have got into his heart."

"My pack hunts for three days in the far Boundaries," muttered Blue Wolf.

"Why?" asked the King sharply.

"In three days I will tell Your Majesty," answered Rof, shutting his jaws with a snap.

"Well, well," exclaimed Black Fox; "in the Year of Starvation there is no preserve. We hunt where we find, and eat where we catch; and only the Kit-law and the Cub-law and the Seventh Year Law of the Wapoos are binding."

Blue Wolf disappeared for three days, and for three days Umisk cut wood for the Boy, and Carcajou dropped it down the chimney. Mooswa went every day and rubbed his horns against the door. The coming of his Moose friend was also a part of the angel care the wounded boy had

dreamed into his life. His eager joy at even this companionship was pitiable; but it was something to look forward to—something to pull him back out of the deeper levels of delirium-world.

Nekik, the Otter, caught a fish, at Mooswa's request, and Carcajou dropped it down the chimney.

"It will burn," objected Umisk, who was cutting wood.

"Then the Boy will find it with his nose," answered Carcajou.

After that Roderick asked the angels to bring him fish—it was better than bacon. They were queer angels, Nekik and Carcajou, but the sick lad got a fish every day.

On the third day Blue Wolf returned. "I found one of the Men-kind down the river," he announced to Mooswa and Black Fox; "he is trapping—alone, I think."

"Well," queried Black King, "what of that?" for he did not quite understand.

"If we could get him to the Boy I thought it might be well," answered Blue Wolf.

"Ah! I see!" cried the King. "That's why the pack hunted for three days in the far Boundaries." Wolf growled a deprecating objection.

"How far away is he?" asked Mooswa.

"Six hours of the chase-lope," answered Blue Wolf.

"I could bring him, even as I lead François away when you are not desirous of his company, Your Majesty," said the Moose.

"It's a dangerous game," muttered Black Fox. "I don't like it—one can't judge the strike of their fire-stick; and you're such a big mark—like the side of a Man's shack."

"I saw the Boy's leg to-day," continued Mooswa, "and it's bigger, with this wound-poison, than my nose. Unless he gets help soon he will die."

"François should be back in a day or two," declared the King.

"François is a Breed," asserted Mooswa; "and days are like the little sticks the Breed-men use when they play cards—something to gamble with."

"The pack could be ready, if the Man pressed too close," suggested Rof.

"I do not fear him the first day," continued Mooswa. "Man's speed is always the same and I can judge of it; it is on the second day, when I am tired from the deep snow, that a little rest, too long drawn out, or a misjudged circle with one of the followers travelling wide of my trail, may cause me to come within reach of their fire-stick."

"Well, you might not reach Red Stone Brook in one day," asserted Blue Wolf; "so perchance you may need help the second. You'll find the Man just below Big Rapids."

"I'll start to-night," said Mooswa, "for the Boy must get help from his own kind soon. With good fortune I may lead this Man to him by the coming of darkness the first day; if not, then Blue Wolf will stand guard on my trail the second."

As Mooswa tramped down the wide roadbed of the frozen river, François, up at the Landing, was doing very much as the Bull Moose had feared. He had weathered the blizzard, lying huddled up with his Dogs in the shelter of a cut-bank, not daring to stir even for food till the fury of the icy blast had passed. He had even come to the Landing with a full resolve to go back immediately after he had secured his outfit; but, alas, for the carrying out of it! He was but an easily influenced Half-breed. At the Landing were several of his own kind down from Little Slave Lake with the first catch of winter fur. With these, the possession of money or goods always meant an opportunity for gambling.

François had a "debt credit" at the Hudson's Bay Company's store equal to the value of his needs; any Trapper who has kept his slate clean in the Company's accounts can usually get credit for a small outfit.

When the Half-breed had completed his purchase, the Factor tossed him a large plug of smoking tobacco, which was the usual terminal act of a deal in goods in any H. B. post. François

filled his pipe, sat down by the hot box-stove with its roaring fire of dry poplar-wood, and smoked and spat and dilated upon the severity of the blizzard, and regaled the other occupants of the Trading Post with stories of Wolverine's depredations. Suddenly he ceased speaking, held the pipe in his hand hesitatingly, and straightened his head up in a listening attitude. The deep, sonorous, monotonous "tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum" of a gambling outfit's drum-music came sleepily to his acute, listening ear. It was like a blast from the huntsman's horn to a fox-hound; it tingled in his blood, and sent a longing creeping through his veins.

"There goes that Nichie outfit from Slave Lake again," cried the Factor angrily. "They've gambled for three nights; if the police were here I'd have a stop put to it."

François tried to close his ears to the coaxing, throbbing, skin-covered tambourine the gambling party's music-maker was hammering that still, frosty night; but his hearing only became acuter, for it centred more and more on the thing he was trying to keep from his mind. Even the "Huh, huh! huh, huh! huh, huh! huh, huh!" of the half-dozen Indians who sat about a blazing camp-fire, came to him with malevolent fascination.

"I t'ink me I go sleep," François said, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it in his bead-worked deer-skin fire-bag.

"You'd better pull out sharp in the morning," commanded the Factor; "young Macgregor will be running short of grub before you get back."

"I roun' up ever't'ing to-night," returned François, "an' hit de trail firs' t'ing in de mornin' soor. I make me de s'ack in t'ree day."

Outside, the "tum-tum" called to him; pleaded with him like the voice of a siren. He would go and sit by their fire just for a little, this Breed reasoned—not play! for more than once he had been stripped to his very shirt when luck set against him.

"Huh-huh! François! Huh, Boy—welcome!" went round the circle of squatting figures when the Half-breed stood amongst them. The musician stopped beating his instrument; solemnly each player and onlooker held out a hand and gave François one sharp jerk of greeting. Two rows of men sat facing each other, a big blanket over their knees; room was made for the new arrival.

"S'pose I not gamble to-night me," said François hesitatingly.

They laughed in astonishment.

"S'pose you 'fraid you lose, Man-who-saves-his-money," cried a Saltaux Indian disdainfully.

Now a Breed, or an Indian, must not be accused of being afraid of anything; if he be, and submit to it, he is done for all time. Half their bravery is due to this same moral cowardice. François hesitated, and the others, ignoring him, drew the blanket over their knees; the player secreted the tokens, and drawing forth his hands crossed his arms, always weaving them in rhythmic time to the tum-tum. Then the man who guesses in the opposite party indicated with his fingers where he thought the tokens were hidden.

It wasn't in human blood to stand out against this thing—not in generations of gambler blood—and François cried, half fiercely: "Make room, brothers! We'll see who's 'fraid."

That was the beginning. In the end, which came toward daylight, François had neither grub-stake, nor rifle, nor Train Dogs. Time after time he took, in exchange for some asset, a little bundle of red-willow counter sticks; time after time the little sticks, some long and some short, dwindled until they were all gone. The evil fate that had been his down at the trapping stuck to him in gambling.

Broken, and half numbed by loss of sleep and a sense of impending disaster, brought on by his despoiled condition, François crawled off to a friend's tee-pee, lay down like a Train Dog, and fell asleep.

THE LAST INSTALMENT OF THIS STORY WILL APPEAR IN THE EASTER (APRIL) NUMBER.

THE HEART OF A RED MAN.

By Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

JOSS-A-KEED was the only son of Big Chief Keneu of a tribe of the southern Algonquin Indians whose wigwams were dotted along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Quebec. It was in the early days of the century and the influx of white men from the land beyond the sea had driven the North American native into the west country, Keneu and his tribe being the last red man to remain on the old camping ground.

Joss-a-keed was a tall straight young warrior, fleet of foot and strong of courage, and when it came to the matter of a bow of ash-wood and an arrow with jasper-head, you could not have found a red man's son from Huron's blue waters to Labrador who could match him.

Wenohan, his mother, had borne the Big Chief six black-haired daughters before the advent of Joss-a-keed. That was why, on that sacred birth morning, the chief's heart was glad, and he whispered into the ear of the Jesuit missionary, "The God of your country is also the God of the red man. The great Mother of the paleface is also the great Mother of the red man, for together they have blessed Keneu in sending him a son. He is the son of his father, Keneu the Algonquin, even though the cursed blood of the Iroquois of Onondaga be in his mother's veins —and we shall give him for name Joss-a-keed (Prophet) because he shall be the greatest of his father's blood. The God of the white man be praised!" and he threw his hands up wildly, his great frame quivered and the bright waving plumes in his head swayed to and fro as though tossed by a heavy gale; then he uttered a loud cry of thanksgiving which was taken up by a score of red men along the river bank. The flames of the camp fire shot up into the darkness and cast an even redder glow over the thickly painted faces. A great pow-wow followed when the fire grew brighter and the voices louder, the whoop of the Algonquins ringing out through the pine-scented air to be answered only by the moan of the wind in the hemlocks and the good-night cry of the whip-poor-will.

But all this was many years ago and Joss-a-keed the young Indian prophet was now a stalwart boy of some sixteen years. "He was the youngest papoose to ever shoot the rapids," said Wenohan proudly. "The skins of the bears that fell by his hands are many," cried the old chief.

"He is the bravest in the woods," continued Wenohan.

"The very fish fear him," said the chief.

"He shall be the mightiest red man —the leader of all the forests," continued Wenohan.

"Not so," cried Keneu angrily, "he must be more. Is he not Joss-a-keed —Joss-a-keed, the prophet? I will give him book learning as Father Damien has. He shall be the first Indian of America. Then the old squaw's eyes fired. "Would you have him as the paleface, as the weakling? The white priest has been hissing into your ear;" and the old woman's expression was one to make the strongest tremble. Keneu turned and looked at her kindly. Was she not the mother of Joss-a-keed and had she not been his little mememoo-sha in the old days.

"I would have him as the paleface," he answered; "I would have him as they who sail from distant lands in their great flying white-winged canoe. They must see that Joss-a-keed can do more than ford rivers and kill the great bear. Father Damien has told me how this can be done."

Wenohan turned on him fiercely.

"May the spirit of 'Gitche-Manito' haunt you," she cried. "Joss-a-keed is the son of Wenohan; I will have him as the red man or slay him!" Then for the first time an angry light came into the great chief's eyes and he uttered some strange words into the woman's ear and subdued her.

Joss-a-keed was a bright boy and absorbed knowledge rapidly. His mental brilliancy was equal to his physical strength and he grasped ideas even more quickly than Father Damien could put them forth. The little white-haired priest gave him instruction each day in the language of the great white people. Sometimes it was in the boy's birch canoe, sometimes outside the wigwam on the summer evenings, and again while the arrows flew thick and fast into the clear air; for the good little Jesuit possessed the insight of the generations which were to follow, that of imparting knowledge through sense impression.

"Joss-a-keed is a great creature," the old chief would cry fondly; "soon he will go to the wigwams of the white man and return to us as a great spirit."

"Jee-bi protect us!" cried the old squaw, shaking her black head. "May he not go to the wigwams of the paleface and forget Keneu, his red father, and Wenohan, his red mother. May he not forget the wigwams of his sisters or may the great Naked Bear destroy his offspring. May he not forget the forest of his youth, the ahdeek and the thunder and the ewa-yea that Wenohan, his mother, sang to him in his papoose days." The old squaw turned away to hide her emotion.

"Osseo!" cried the chief, and again he shook his head so that the scarlet plumes waved mightily. "Osseo! Was he not born in the Moon of Falling Leaves and did not Shawonda, the south wind, bless him? Fear not, Wenohan, he will be a mighty man." And as the old chief spoke the south wind swept gently past and the whip-poor-will cried aloud and the rapids seemed to take up the cry, all for Joss-a-keed, the young prophet, who appeared shortly with a red bear slung over his shoulder as though it were a rabbit, so strong of muscle and large of bone was he.

It was in the autumn, creeping on towards the Moon of Snow Shoes, that Joss-a-keed, under the priest's protection, started for the little college town. The night before a great pow-wow had been held in his honour. The friendly tribes from the south and east assembled around the fire and unburdened themselves of their gifts of freshly-killed animals, laying them before the chief whose son was going to the white city to become as a great spirit and return to the wigwams of his birth to banish the Destroyer. Kwasind, the strong man, danced a weird war dance, accompanied by unearthly yells of delight, while the firelight grew brighter and brighter and revealed good feeling on every face.

The following morning at daybreak Father Damien and the boy slipped into their birch canoe, while a row of young Indians on the shore drew their bows and simultaneously a score of arrows flew up into the morning air as the small craft shot over the shallow water. Such was the salute of the Algonquin. At the turn of the river a dark-eyed young squaw appeared, sitting erect in her canoe; she paddled across Joss-a-keed's bow and dropped her eyes in the purest modesty. "Good-by," she said softly; "do not forget little Ome-me; do not forget the shaw-shah, long ago, when we played with the kee-go and listened for the Owaissa in the Moon of Bright Nights." She drifted away and then, dipping her paddle, gave one mighty stroke which carried her to the shore.

"I shall not forget little Ome-me," cried Joss-a-keed sadly, and he glanced back, but they had turned a curve in the river and the girl was lost to view.

Now Father Damien, who had very greatly influenced the chief to bring about this state of affairs, had some months back negotiated with a trader

for the purchase of skins from Keneu, for the good little priest well knew that even in those pioneer days one could not live while absorbing knowledge without some small capital. And so as they glided noiselessly over the water, the little Jesuit turned things over in his mind and decided how best to spin out his small funds to the best advantage for his beloved *protegé*. It was the following morning that they reached their destination, and having drawn up their canoe, Father Damien turned to the boy.

"To the raiment-makers we go," he said, smiling.

"But I have raiment," answered Joss-a-keed, glancing down at his doeskin leggings with their fringed sides.

"But you must dress as the white man," said the priest.

"I am not ashamed," answered Joss-a-keed quickly; "why dressed as the paleface when I cannot be as the paleface?" The little priest did not answer for a moment; he was thinking of the innate sincerity of the savage and he repeated in his heart the lad's words: "I cannot be as the paleface, so why dress as the paleface?" Oh, might the Holy Father of all forgive him if he did wrong in bringing this child of nature from surroundings of truth and beauty into the foul air of civilization and hypocrisy! But surely, surely the end in view was holy—heaven-inspired. Would not the boy carry the truth of the Gospel into the hunting ground of his forefathers?

"Yes, Joss-a-keed," he said presently, "you must dress as the white man while you are with them. You will understand later; do so now to please me," and he led the boy into Marquette's, the trading shop.

The years of training which the priest had given his *protegé* now began to bear fruit. The young Indian evinced great interest in his studies and gradually acquired the customs of his college to such a degree as to bring delight to the heart of the little Jesuit. For some weeks they lived together, and then, seeing that the Indian's self-confidence was well established, the priest took a step farther.

"I must now leave you for a time, Joss-a-keed," he said one morning; "I must return to your people. I must tell Chief Keneu of his son's safety. I must take up my work with renewed vigour and thankfulness of heart."

"And I?" asked the boy, open-eyed.

"I have found a quiet home for you close to the college. You have learned something of the ways and customs of my people, and, Joss-a-keed, you must try to understand, you must be to them as I have tried to be to your people." The boy placed his hands on the priest's shoulders and looked down at him from his great height. "I understand, Father. Go back to my people. I will remember that you are with Keneu, my father, and Wenohan, my mother. I will be as you say, and come soon again to see if a red man can keep his word."

The home which Father Damien had selected for Joss-a-keed was the rose-covered cottage of Madame Natouche, a widow. The cottage stood in the midst of the fairest garden of hollyhocks and sweet-william. A row of purple hills were beyond the corn fields and in the tall trees the little priest knew that the boy could hear again the "wawonaissa" of his childhood, and its voice in the twilight would spur him on to greater things.

It was after much labour that the priest had persuaded Madame Natouche to receive the young Indian. She had a vague dread that the blood of his ancestors would rise up within him and perchance, on some lonely night, he would slaughter them all.

"But can you not trust me?" Father Damien had said.

"I trust you, *mon père*, but nevertheless I shall, each night, say the prayers for the dead. I trust you, but, *oh*, *mon Dieu*, can you speak for the savage heart?" she cried quickly.

"No, my child, but I can speak for the great, good heart such as Joss-a-keed has. I can speak for the sincere and honest hearts of his tribe. Would

to God I could say the same for my civilized children. My one prayer night and day is that Joss-a-keed may always preserve his manly uprightness. Ah, madame, it is sad to say, but I fear lest he learn the trickeries of the people among whom I have thrust him. If he does, the guilt will be mine, *mon Dieu*, the guilt will be mine," and he bowed his white head on his breast.

"I shall do my share to protect him," said the French woman quickly, and there was a tremor in her voice. "Send him to me. Afterwards we must leave him to the Holy Mother."

"He shall have our prayers night and day," said the little priest; "and think of the power for good he will be when he returns to his own people with the truth of God in his heart and on his lips; ah, madame, he will do more than many scores of missionaries, for it is one's blood that influences most, though we may not know it."

"God helping me, I shall do as you wish, Father," said the woman. "Gustave and Marie can help him with his studies."

"Gustave can help him," said the priest gravely, "but Marie would only hinder him Keep them apart."

And so it came to pass that Joss-a-keed, the Indian, he who could slay the fiercest animals in the North American woods; he of whom every beast and red man stood in awe; he whose eye was sharpest, whose arm was strongest and whose arrows shot the highest and pierced the deadliest; he, Joss-a-keed, son of the great red chief of the Algonquins, entered the widow's cottage with trembling heart and a strange sense of fear at the thought of facing two weak women and one slim lad, all of whom he could have crushed in the hollow of his hand.

For the first week they left him entirely to himself, and had you listened each night, you might have heard great bolts moving in the neighbourhood of two small rooms and later, as the night advanced, lumbering furniture barricaded across the doors. Foolish people, had they but known the uselessness of such precaution, for had the young Indian desired to slay them, what could have resisted Joss-a-keed's iron arm? Such, however, is the natural suspicion and distrustfulness of the enlightened! Joss-a-keed lay sleeping as an infant, oblivious of everything, trusting everyone; even his few copper coins which he valued as gold, lying carelessly spread over his small table. For did not his good, kind friends with smiles upon their faces, occupy the adjoining rooms; so why fear? Such is the trustfulness of the savage. Well might Father Damien have fears of the pure heart of Joss-a-keed becoming contaminated by intercourse with civilization.

. . . .

"Is it not queer to see no stars above your head at night—in bed?" said Marie as they all sat together in the cottage sitting-room. Joss-a-keed was leaning over a small table trying to read by the light of two tallow candles. He flashed his eyes resentfully at the girl.

"We are not as the beasts. We sleep in wigwams."

"Oh, yes, I forgot," and the girl laughed softly.

"She is foolish," said the mother, looking up from her knitting. "Do not heed her. To me it would be much more pleasant to sleep in a tent these warm autumn evenings; walls are so thick." Joss-a-keed did not answer, but gave the woman a grateful look.

"You must be very tall," went on Marie presently. "You stoop every time you go through our doors."

The Indian smiled: "There is a notch on a birch tree at the wigwam door where I stood the night before I left home. Ome-me herself climbed up and marked it. I was the tallest man in the camp."

"Who is Ome-me?" said Marie quickly.

"She is the daughter of Iagoo. Her mother was a Huron from Manitoulin

and long ago they were going to scalp her because our people were at war with her people. But they did not kill her, and I am glad."

"Does Ome-me live near you now?" said Marie softly.

"Not far; on the banks of the upper Ottawa."

"That must be more than a mile," said Marie innocently.

"More than a hundred miles," said Joss-a-keed, "but that is not far. One could run halfway in the summer time and in the winter there are the snow shoes."

. . . .

As a student the young Indian accomplished more than even the sanguine Jesuit teachers had hoped, and at the close of the first year it was unanimously urged that at the expiration of his present college course he should be sent over the great sea water, even to old France itself, and become a learned medicine man.

When the college closed for the summer months, Joss-a-keed hurried at once to his cottage home, changed his wearing apparel and appeared shortly in his beloved doeskins. He brought madame's heart into her mouth as he rushed into the garden, took both her hands in his and shook them warmly and then with an unearthly shout of delight ran to the river, slipped into his canoe and paddled away to the wigwams of his forefathers.

And so the seasons slipped away from Moon of Nights to Moon of Snow Shoes and Peboam. And each spring the bluebird sang aloud as Joss-a-keed floated home to his people, and Ome-me, the beautiful daughter of the Huron mother, waited for him at the river bend and led him with shining eyes to the old chief.

It was on the morning before his last trip to the college town. The heart of Wenohan, his mother, was very sad, for she was growing old and the long winter to come was sad to think of without Joss-a-keed, her only son, for the heart of the Indian mother is filled with the purest love. "Soon I will have no son," she said sadly. "Soon I will go away to the great hereafter, to the land of Pomenal, and Joss-a-keed will forget his red mother and the eaw-wea she sang to him in his papoose days. Oh Jee-bi, it is hard!"

"Not so," cried Joss-a-keed aloud. "Soon I will be with you always. Soon I will come and tell you of the great Meda who lives in the Pomenal and His Holy Mother who bore Him and nursed Him when He was a papoose as your Joss-a-keed once was. He whom Father Damien tells us of—I will tell you still more. You will wait for me, Wenohan, mother?" He embraced her lovingly, and the old squaw's heart grew happy again as she saw him spring into his birch canoe and then smile back at her from mid-river. Below the rapids Ome-me awaited him as of old, but this time her bright eyes were filled with sadness and there was a curve of sorrow playing about her full red lips.

"Good-by, Ome-me, little playmate," he cried, waving his paddle.

"Good-by, Joss-a-keed," she answered plaintively, allowing her canoe to glide beside his. "Once," she continued, "when you left us you would draw your canoe up on the sands and sit beside Ome-me. Now you glide by and call to her across the waters."

"I grow older; I must hurry more," said Joss-a-keed gravely.

"Ah, it is more," said the girl sadly. "There is some paleface in yonder city and you have forgotten little Ome-me." Then without another word, she turned her canoe and drifted away from him.

The great Spirit had whispered aright into Ome-me's ear. Joss-a-keed had indeed forgotten the little Indian girl who had loved him since childhood, who had waited with beating heart at the river bend during the years which had transformed her from a wild child into a beautiful clear-eyed young squaw. It was Marie who filled the young Algonquin's heart; the

little pale-faced, coy, playful Marie, the little cunning, thoughtless, heartless Marie! Had ever such beauty existed before? Was ever maiden so bewilderingly sweet? He compared her to the glory of a summer morning when the birds are awakening, and again to the summer evening when the sun is red behind the pine trees and the whip-poor-will is singing a good night hymn, and yet again to the owaissa and the playful antelope. So he mused and dreamed of her by night, seeing visions of that future which she should make for him. He whispered of her beauty to Father Damien, but the good little priest only shook his head and spoke of his studies and, very guardedly, of the unworthiness of Marie.

The little French girl was waiting for Joss-a-keed at the garden gate on the very evening of the day he had waved farewell to the broken-hearted Ome-me. She wore her trimmest frock of white, a string of corals for necklace, and a showy ring, knowing well the Indian inborn love of gewgaws. Joss-e-keed trembled as he approached her. Could anything be more beautiful than the picture she made, standing there in the Indian summer twilight with the golden glow from the west shining on her face and twinkling in her laughing eyes? So he asked himself. Ah yes, Joss-a-keed, a picture far more beautiful was that of a slim young girl sitting erect in her birch canoe, her black locks falling in nature's freedom over her straight back; her two bright eyes pure as God's stars above and a smile of innocent love upon her face. A far more beautiful picture, Joss-a-keed, with the rippling waters about her and the swaying hemlocks behind her, and the owaissa singing above her head.

Marie stretched out a little hand as he drew near.

"Back again! I am so glad to see my Algonquin."

"And why?" he asked, still trembling.

"Because it is so good to see you. You are so tall and straight and brave-looking."

"That you might say about the animals of my forests; is it all, Marie?" She laughed softly, this daughter of New France with all the Old France coyness about her.

"It is all, except Paul and Gustave and Pierre are so small and weak, they cannot surely be men if—if you are a man." He smiled as she led him through the garden, chattering by the way.

"They tease me about the 'warrior,' as they call you, and do you know what I tell them?"

"I could not think."

"I say, yes, you call him warrior because you are afraid of him. You know he could take you all in one hand and break your bones like macaroni."

Joss-a-keed laughed as Father Damien joined them. "Yes," said the little priest with a twinkle in his eye, "and figuratively speaking, break their bones like macaroni about examination time. Ah, Joss-a-keed, what a good *protegé* God has made of you—or rather helped you to make of yourself."

"I am glad you think so," the young Indian answered. "And I hope I may not disappoint you this time."

"I am not afraid," said the priest with a tone of assurance.

"Who is afraid?" cried Marie, laughing. "I shall tell you who is afraid. All those little animals who tremble when Joss-a-keed comes near."

"I suspect Marie is a little diplomat," said the priest meaningly. "She would say the same to Pierre or any one; what do you think, Marie?" She only blushed and ran on ahead of them.

One of the delights of the girl's life was to skim over the water in Joss-a-keed's birch canoe with Father Damien in the bow and the young Indian behind sending the strange little craft along like a flying bird. But the hazy autumns were always too short and the winters crept in and sealed up the river, and Marie did not find in tramps abroad on snow shoes half the pleasure that there was in sitting list-

lessly in the canoe and gliding like a spirit across the still waters.

The spring came and with it the examinations. As every one had predicted, Joss-a-keed, the Indian, carried everything before him and decided the question of his being sent to France the following year. The young Algonquin had not been very confident himself as to the results of his winter's work. His mind had been so much taken up with Marie that he scarcely dared to think of the mischief that these thoughts might work with the closing of the term. The girl had given him a solemn promise that on the day following the close of the college she would steal away and go for a sail with him in his fairy canoe.

They met at the river side and she stepped nimbly in while Joss-a-keed pushed the bark out and sprang lightly after it.

"We must sail in the shadow of the bank," she said. "If the good *mère* or Father Damien should see us, I should be punished."

He did not answer but sent the little craft along silently with great swift strokes.

"No one can paddle like my Algonquin," she said softly. "The canoe seems to obey you; it seems almost part of you."

"And so it is," he said smiling. "The canoe is part of the red man's life. I made this, my cheemaun, several years ago. I made it with my own hands. It is cut from nature's forests and with nothing but nature's tools, so is it not truly alive?"

"Indeed it is so. You are so clever, Joss-a-keed."

"Do you think so truly, Marie?"

"You know I do."

"And I think you are so beautiful." He dropped his paddle before him and crept up beside her looking earnestly into her face.

"Oh, Marie, mememoosha, how can I tell you what my heart would say? Oh, Marie, little Opechee, do you not love me?"

She dropped her eyes and smiled. "What a question, Joss-a-keed; I love every one."

His face fell and then suddenly brightened again, as on a breezy day a cloud darts before the sun and then hurries on.

"That is right, Marie. Father Damien says we should love all the world. But oh, little mememoosha, your heart's love, tell me, let me hear it from your lips, even though I know it in my own heart."

The earnestness of his face alarmed her. She suppressed the laugh which was about to break through her lips and turning from him looked away over the quiet hills. The bell in the steeple of St. Anne's rang out through the warm air calling the faithful to vespers.

"There is the bell; Father Damien will miss us," and she turned to him quickly.

"But you have not answered my question," he said eagerly.

"What can I say, Joss-a-keed?" demurely.

"By the great Wahnowin! Do you mean that? Does your heart not tell your lips what to say?"

"But perhaps the little Marie has no heart."

"All maidens have hearts. Oh, Marie, little sweetheart, can you not see? I would die for you. I will do what you say; I will leave my people and be as the white man. So few would know when—when I am in these clothes," he added almost piteously.

"Every one knows an Indian," she said carelessly; and her voice wounded him as no poisoned arrow could have.

"Even so, is it harm to be an Indian? I have lived amongst you for years. I have learned your ways; I have tried to learn for your sake. Having learned, am I not now what you would call civilized?" He paused for a moment and looked far over the still water. "Well, then, you are French; you would not think it harm to marry civilized English or German, so why Indian? I have done fairly well at college. The good priest to whom I owe all is pleased, for which I thank

the Holy Mother. Soon I will go across the great sea water and learn to be a medicine man. Afterwards I will be all else you wish." He spoke softly and with a sweeter voice than she had ever heard before; his handsome face was full of feeling and his dark eyes said what reticence withheld from his lips. But this daughter of New France had no power to see nor appreciate all that is best in manhood; nevertheless she had found power to win his pure heart and then cast it from her, and she had also found power to acquaint him with his first knowledge of the hypocrisy of life.

"What a silly *garcon* you must be," she began presently, with very wide open eyes. "I could never love an Indian; why, I only let you kiss me sometimes because—well because your face is so handsome and your voice is so sweet. Then I let Pierre kiss me because Pierre is so thoughful and—and brings me sugar candy sometimes, and then Louis because—"

Without raising his eyes he slipped back to his former place and grasping his paddle nervously, he thrust it deep in the water and paddled quickly to the shore. Again his face alarmed her, and she cried out some excuse and prayed to be forgiven. He answered nothing, and when he sprang to the shore it was only to help her to alight, then like a flash he was in the canoe again and shooting far out into the misty river, having neither glanced back nor answered her good-bye cry.

"Cursed be the paleface! Cursed be the fate that sent me here! Cursed be the world!" So he cried as he paddled down the stream. All night he sped along and with the early morning turned the bend of the river where Ome-me always awaited him. There floating close to the shore she sat, fresh and sweet as the morning.

"How did you know I was coming?" he said smiling sadly.

"The great Spirit told Ome-me so last night at sunset, and also that Joss-a-keed was in trouble. I have been watching for you since dawn." His heart stood still with wonderment as he approached her, for she addressed him in the language of the white man, even in the strange French language.

"How—why—oh, how did you learn it, Ome-me?" he cried quickly.

She smiled, and drawing her canoe close to his, said softly: "Father Damien taught me. I tried so hard to learn, and he, holy soul, worked so hard to teach me. We did it for your sake, Joss-a-keed, so—so," and she dropped her head shyly, "so that you would think me clever like the paleface." Then she raised her eyes to his and as he looked into their clear depths a strange sense of repulsion for the woman of the evening before filled him.

"Come and let us sit under the maples and talk," he said, guiding her canoe.

"No," she answered quickly. "Wenohan, your mother, is waiting for you, you must see her first; and Keneu, your father. Afterwards we will come and sit under the maples and talk."

MISS WYNIFRED FRASER.

By Harold J. Temple Hill.

THE Volksraad was sitting in Johannesburg, just after the Jameson raid, and the phlegmatic Dutch members were getting tired and had almost reached the limit of Boer patience, as the afternoon drew to a close. The setting sun flung all his radiance and glory into the secret chamber, lighting up the wrinkled, hoary head of President Kruger, as he listened with stony indifference to the terribly earnest and passionate pleading of a girl for pardon for a young lieutenant who was before the Dutch court charged with being concerned in the Jameson raid.

The girl had pleaded with all the earnestness and intensity of a nature trained in the principles of justice ; she had tried every means in her power, save tears, to secure freedom for the supposed guilty one, but all her efforts were fruitless, the Boer Executive maintaining a stolid front, impervious to anything short of mauser bullets—not even exhibiting as much feeling as a descendant of Cetewayo's might have been expected to under the circumstances.

With her lovely azure eyes ablaze with the righteousness of her cause, by her gesture, by her manner, by her voice, she commanded a hearing from the people who made a travesty of justice.

Hearing was granted her, impatiently ; nothing more. Witness after witness, perjured, corrupted, bought and bribed, underwent the pretence of examination, and all unitied in agreeing that the prisoner was guilty of aiding, abetting and accompanying an armed force into a peaceful country, for the purpose of stirring up strife.

Tiring at length of the girl's desperately convincing arguments, the President arose and lifted up his knotted hands in a pious manner for silence.

"Your pleading is using the breath that God has given you in a wasteful and useless manner," said the old man. "You English are pigheaded, and must be taught a lesson. We trust in God, you trust in your arms. The prisoner is guilty and will be sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, and to reside in the State prison for a period of two years."

Miss Wynifred Fraser sprang from her seat.

"Honoured Sir, can you not believe what I and my friends say and have said. I pray you, as you believe in a God, to extend at least a small measure of justice toward the one who is in your power."

There was an angry stirring amongst the assembled burghers. "Have I not spoken, Miss Fraser? Did you not hear me, or must I repeat my words? This case is closed. I have spoken. Praise the Lord."

"Then you mean to say that Lieutenant Britton, who is as innocent as I am of these charges, will be sentenced. Very well, President Kruger, remember that though I am only a woman and a weak vessel, God can confound the high and mighty with weaker things than a woman. May you have need to invoke His mercy next time we meet," and Miss Wynifred Fraser pierced the Dutch leader through with looks of scorn, disgust and contempt that flashed from her sparkling eyes.

The court broke up in a state of much excitement for a Boer gathering, the burghers scowling at the bold young English girl who had dared to threaten their beloved leader.

When a woman and a Boer meet, so much the worse for the Boer.

. . . . . .

Some four years later the R.-M.S. *Tantallon Castle* was plunging

along in the face of a strong westerly wind, on her way to the Cape, carrying special reinforcements, a couple of South African diamond merchants and one of the most valuable war maps ever possessed by the British Government.

This map had been entrusted to the custody of Major Bagshawe, of H.M. Intelligence Department, who, with a couple of officers, one of whom was Lieutenant Britton, lately released from the gaol at Pretoria, and the other holding priceless certificates for strategy from Sandhurst, fully intended to convey in safety the said map to the officer in charge of the military operations at the front.

Leveque, one of the diamond merchants, occupied the best cabin on the port side of the ship, and he lay upon the red plush couch, slowly puffing at his cigar, whilst two of his friends had arranged themselves in as graceful and comfortable positions as possible in various parts of his cabin.

After a short silence, Leveque said sharply with a foreign accent, "By Gad, we can do it, Steiner; Bagshawe's our man. The two lieutenants don't count, they're puppies; and if Bagshawe has that map we'll get it, though I don't half like that look in his face!"

"Well, perhaps, the thing is in the skipper's safe, and in that case we know what to do, don't we Jansen?" answered Steiner, addressing a small, undersized Dutchman, the third member of the party, who had been brought aboard for the express purpose of attending to the ship's safe, if necessary.

An oily, cunning smile broke slowly over the Dutchman's countenance, and he softly replied, "Leave that to me."

Had this party of three only known that in the next cabin, equipped as a nurse, stood Miss Wynifred Fraser, with her ear to a crack in the corner, they would probably have experienced a tumult and disquietude in their souls not altogether foreign to them, (they had been mixed up in other transactions) and have carefully hidden all feelings of joviality until a more fitting occasion.

Being human, however, and in the Boer service, they were not gifted with the faculty of seeing through wooden partitions, like the X rays, so they continued to discuss their plans with subdued glee.

Miss Wynifred Fraser snapped her pretty teeth together and nodded her head vigorously, which always meant with her that her mind was made up and she was going to *do* something.

Though she had never visited America, she was no fool.

Pressing the electric button for the stewardess, she hastily scribbled a brief note. The attendant soon made her appearance.

"Is Lieutenant Britton visible?" enquired Miss Fraser.

"In the smoking-room, Miss."

"Will you kindly have this note delivered to him at once, please?" and handing the stewardess the note, Miss Wynifred Fraser arrayed herself for an outdoor interview with Lieutenant Britton, which could not truthfully be said to be the first.

Upon reaching the deck she saw him pacing up and down, hands behind his back, in his favourite attitude; with the same glance she also saw Jansen, the Dutchman, who was leaning over the bulwarks apparently intoxicated with the diversified scenery of sky and water.

Lieutenant Britton turned and met Miss Fraser, and together they walked the deck, conversing in low tones, whilst she told what she had heard in her cabin, taking care the while not to let the apparently much-occupied Dutchman hear a word of their conversation.

The tall lieutenant frowned at first, then looked stern, then thoughtful.

"By Jove! nurse, your right." And he shook the trim little nurse's hand as they parted, she to disarm Jansen's suspicions—if he had any—and the officer to Major Bagshawe, who promptly sent for the other lieutenant, and together they discussed Britton's plan.

"How long did it take you, Britton, to make that map?" asked the major, and he drew the valuable piece of paper from the Government map case.

"About a week, sir," answered the lieutenant.

"In how long a time could you make another not quite so complicated?"

"Probably in a day or so, sir, I should think."

"Well," said Major Bagshawe, "I think that your plan is excellent. Set to work now and draw another one as quickly as you can."

Britton promptly made preparations to obey. "That's right. Shift the hills. Turn the rivers a bit," continued the major. "Throw in a few boulders and kopjes where there are none—they are keen on kopjes. Use your imagination," and so, at the suggestion of a woman, a counter move was prepared to checkmate the Queen's enemies.

They worked hard all that night, and the next day the map was finished, and at the first glance was an exact replica of the original.

Major Bagshawe put it, with a grim smile, into the Government map case and sealed it up, and carelessly leaving it upon his bunk, went chuckling out of his cabin.

He and Miss Wynifred Fraser had a quiet and interesting stroll on the deck. The major even went so far as to call the lieutenant a lucky young dog.

. . . . . .

The Boer Commandant, General De Wet, with President Kruger, were standing at the top of a kopje watching the bloody operations through his field-glasses.

"Your plans were well laid, General," remarked the President. Ere DeWet had time to reply a Boer horseman came galloping towards them from over a small hill not far away. Then more galloping horsemen, and horses without men; still more and more came riding hard and furiously to gain the shelter of the trenches.

The Commandant put down his glasses, as the first rider dashed up, pursued by shrieking shrapnel and hissing mauser bullets.

"There was no ravine there, General," he panted, "no ravine. We are betrayed. The British Lancers are cutting our commando to pieces. They have maxim guns and heavy artillery."

The General stooped, and from a box at his feet drew out a map.

"But it is here," he said, thrusting the map under the rider's eyes. "See, here is the British war map and there is the ravine."

"It isn't there, General. It isn't there. We've been done. There was nothing but a squadron of British Lancers and rooineks in ambush, and we'd better clear."

"General DeWet," interposed President Kruger hurriedly, "Let us give those wretched English another exhibition of our wonderful mobility"—and they did.

Miss Wynifred Fraser and Lieutenant Britton were married after the war, and he always declares that it was her plan and idea, executed by himself, that secured for him promotion in the British army.

DEATH.

HE gathers the yesterdays under his arms,
And laughs at the woes of the Past;
He bribes the dumb Future with mystical charms,
And makes ye all freemen at last.

A. H. Kimmel.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

THROUGH all that has been written and spoken about our dead Queen there runs like a golden thread this universal tribute —that Her Majesty was great because she was good. Her absolute truthfulness, her thoroughness, her wide sympathy, her sincere gratitude for any expressions of loyalty and affection; her purity; her conscientious discharge of her responsibilities, and her full realization of the same; these are some of the chief attributes which all now remember as they think of the long life that has passed away. And thinking of these things one gratefully remembers the devoted mother and the early home-life that had so much to do with the development of the Queen's character. The very strictness with which she was schooled in those habits of carefulness, truthfulness, industry, economy and self-control were all, from the first dawn of her experience, just the very best lessons to fit her to be a loving mother, a devoted wife, a considerate mistress, a generous benefactor, an exemplary Christian, a noble Queen.

AT KENSINGTON.

Canadians have a special interest in the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, from the fact that he spent several years in this country, from 1791 to 1800, when, owing to ill-health, he was obliged to return to England. The following amusing story is told by one of his travelling companions of the way in which his royal status was discovered by an inquisitive person while he was on a journey in this country: "We arrived late one evening at the little inn of 'The Cedars,' on the St. Lawrence. The landlord was very attentive, for he saw that he had under his roof no ordinary personage, but who it was he could not possibly guess. He frequently entered His Royal Highness's sitting-room. The first time he said 'I think, Captain, you rang the table bell. What did you please to want?' The second time he brought in a plate of raspberries, and said, 'We have found in the woods, Major, a few raspberries; will you please to taste them?' He invented a third and fourth excuse for entering, and saluted His Highness first as Colonel and then as General. The last time just before leaving the room he returned from the door, fell on his knees, and cried out, 'May it please your Majesty to pardon us if we don't behave suitable; I know that you are not to be known. I mean no offence by calling you Captain and Colonel. What must I call you? For anything I can tell, you may be a king's son.' To this the Duke would have given a kind answer but for a hearty and irrepressible explosion of laughter. If you had seen the scared old innkeeper on his knees you would have laughed too."

His death occurred when the little Princess was only a few months old, and a touching picture of his devotion to her is given us by a clergyman who was often at the palace. "I was at Kensington Palace one evening, and on my rising to leave the Duke intimated his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib, adding 'as it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer, in which I asked God that as she grew in years she might grow in grace, and in favour both with God and men, nothing could exceed the fervour and feeling with which he responded in an

emphatic 'Amen.' Then, with no slight emotion, he continued, 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father; but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God." That prayer was offered and was surely answered.

Who can tell how much the nation is indebted to the Queen's mother for her persevering efforts to plant right principles and foster the best ideas in the mind of her child? Indeed all must recognize how much of the purity of character and loftiness of aspiration which has marked the Queen's life was due to the moulding and training she received from her mother's influence. The daily life at Kensington and Claremont passed very simply and with much regularity, and the little "Drina," as she was called for many years, from babyhood, through early childhood to girlhood, fared more plainly and lived more quietly than does the average child in these days. It will interest mothers, perhaps, to know that she was the first member of the Royal Family who was ever vaccinated. Unlike the Princesses of earlier ages, she was never surrounded by needless attendants and servants, but went out twice a day with her mother and governess, playing and running with her favourite dog or amusing herself in the gardens of Kensington Palace. Her future mother-love was developed by means of her dolls, of which she possessed a score. Most of them she dressed herself with the aid of her nurse, Mrs. Brock, to represent different nationalities or some of her Royal ancestors and relatives. Several of these dolls are still to be seen in the room that was her bedroom.

The Queen showed her understanding of her people's affection when she decided to throw open the principal part of Kensington Palace to the public forever as a commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee. Her love for this palace has naturally been very great, and it is said that when she visited each of these apartments the day before her Jubilee she was moved to tears when she came to the rooms that were her nursery and bedroom in the days of her child life. The room in which she is born is in the private portion of the palace, which is now the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle.

I had the great pleasure of visiting the Palace with a small party of Canadians two summers ago. While there was very much to interest us in the grounds, where we pictured the little golden-haired girl-Princess running about the walks, and where we stood to look at the statue of the Queen, made by her daughter, now the Duchess of Argyle, yet we anxiously hurried on up the Denmark staircase, to Queen Mary's gallery through the Queen's Closet, Queen Anne's private dining-room, Queen Mary's privy chamber, and Queen Caroline's drawing-room, on through the cupola in which the Queen was baptized, the King's drawing-room, the King's privy chamber, scarce pausing long enough to look at the oak wainscotting, the carving, or the great paintings that hung on all the walls, until we reached the nursery, and there, indeed, our steps were stayed. No rich carved wood-work nor richly painted ceiling was there to admire, but instead plainly papered walls, painted wood-work and a ceiling that was not very high. On the walls we saw a collection of old prints of the Queen as a child, of the Prince Consort, and of the Jubilee celebration of 1887, and also a painting of the First Council held by the Queen in the Council Chamber below. But many more scenes we saw, mentally at least, and what these were all mothers will understand.

Passing on at length through the anteroom into the Queen's bedroom how vividly one pictured the scene enacted there on the night of June 21st, 1837, for through this anteroom, down

the staircase beside it one seemed to see the slim, girlish figure in white passing with hurried steps to meet Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury and to be greeted by them for the first time as the Queen. The bedroom, like the nursery, is an exceedingly simple room, and is unadorned, save with prints, illustrating scenes in the life and reign which has just closed. To these, however, we gave less attention than to the collection of toys which were played with so long ago in this very room and in the adjoining nursery. The Queen's dolls' house is there, not a grand affair, however, like the dolls' houses of this day, and the dolls are there also, one of them without a head, and some way that headless doll seemed to concentrate in itself the sentiment which is so easy to understand and so hard to express. It was of interest also to know that the Princess May, now the Duchess of Cornwall and York, was born in this room.

And the same careful, thoughtful, loving training which the Queen received within these Kensington walls she afterwards gave to her children, her example in this respect being of infinite value to mothers throughout her Empire. The picture of perfect wedded love and of happy home-life which Her Majesty allowed her people to see through the pages of her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," and from the "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," will cause her memory as wife and mother to be most deeply impressed in her people's affections for all time to come. And the influence of that love and of that life will not, we may be sure, cease with her death, but will be reflected in the life of him for whom we pray "God Save the King."

WOMEN WORKERS.

The formation of Women's Historical Societies is engaging attention in the different Provinces. The value of the patriotic work which they may be the means of doing by means of creating and sustaining interest in the past history of the country, is very great, adding to the same by collecting and preserving letters and other documents that may be in the possession of members of the community. In Charlottetown, such a society has recently been formed which will work in concert with the older Natural History Society. The chief objects of their work at present is to secure a public library and to promote interest in the study of Canadian History.

At the request of many women, some of whom are members of the Daughters of the Empire and other organizations, the National Council of Women of Canada have drawn up the following loyal address to Queen Alexandra, which all Canadian women are invited to sign, and which with the signatures will be engrossed and handsomely bound in morocco. Those living in places where there is no local Council are requested to send their signatures to the Vice-President in their Province as follows:—Ontario, Mrs. Boomer, London; Quebec, Madame Thibaudeau, Montreal; Nova Scotia, Mrs. Borden, Halifax; New Brunswick, Lady Tilley, St. John; Prince Edward Island, Lady Davies, Ottawa; Manitoba, Mrs. McEwen, Brandon; Assiniboia, Mrs. N. F. Davin, Regina; Alberta, Mrs. Lougheed, Calgary; British Columbia, Miss Perrin, Victoria. To meet the necessary expenses, every one signing is asked to give a two-cent stamp. The address reads as follows:

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

May it Please Your Majesty:

As Women of Canada, we would humbly convey to His Majesty King Edward VII and to You His Illustrious Consort, through the National Council of Women of Canada, our sincere congratulations on Your accession to the throne, and the assurance of our perpetual love and fealty.

We have the greater confidence in making this approach by reason of the gracious message sent by our late beloved Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, on the seventh day of July, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, to the National Council of Women of Canada, in re-

sponse to their congratulations on the completion of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign. Words fail us to tell of our love for Her. We praise God for Her long and glorious reign, and we enshrine Her in our hearts as one who bore, through a long tale of years, as Queen and woman, a stainless sceptre.

Your Majesties have been endeared to Your subjects in all parts of Your dominions by the breadth of Your sympathies and Your many activities for the general good. You have long been held in honour for the untiring devotion and constant self-forgetfulness with which You have fulfilled the onerous duties devolving on You in ever-increasing measure by the advancing years of our late beloved Queen, and as we thank God for Her, so we pray that this Empire may long enjoy the beneficent rule of His Gracious Majesty, and of You His Illustrious Consort.

An avenue for future usefulness has been recently opened to the blind in the constantly increasing popularity of massage as a treatment for disease. At the Blind Asylum at Gifu, in Japan, the boys and girls are thoroughly taught massage, and are thus provided with a lucrative means of livlihood in the future. A movement has also been begun in London to establish a training school in massage for the blind, and it is proposed to raise funds to secure rooms later in some central situation where patients could go for treatment by the blind masseurs and masseuses. A few who have been trained have acquired a high degree of skill.

In the Province of Prince Edward Island there are sixty women who grow flax and weave it into linen by hand looms, and there are over a hundred women who still spin and weave their own blankets, druggets and the like, selling what they do not need to the local merchants. They also weave a good deal of very durable carpet for their homes. Very many women also spin and card the wool by hand that grows on their sheep.

E. C.

THE HANDS OF A GREAT QUEEN.

IN all the photographs of the late Queen, one cannot help being struck by the manner in which she used her small, well-formed hands. They always remain in one's memory with peculiar significance. They are the hands of a gentlewoman unused to menial tasks and yet capable of far harder work than those of many a woman who toils for her daily bread.

The writer so well remembers the first time it was her privilege to come into close contact with Her Majesty, who was then in her sixty-third year, and who looked a much older woman than her years would warrant.

It was at a garden party given at Marlborough House one sultry day in July when London, as is London's wont, can provide weather more enervating and dangerous to people of apoplectic habit than any midsummer day on this continent.

The hall, which runs the entire length of Marlborough House, opens upon a series of shallow terraces at the back, leading down to the lawn which lies like a well at the foot of the marble steps. Towards this doorway all eyes were directed, as the rumour ran that the Queen had arrived. The crowd of exquisitely dressed women (it was the year when professional beautydom was at its height) and distinguished men, drew to one side, as the Prince of Wales came into view with his Royal mother leaning rather wearily on his arm. The small figure, dressed in sombre black, in a material resembling "bombazine," came slowly forward, while the waiting assembly of women "bobbed" as she passed, an act of homage which suggested an abbreviated curtsy. The men lifted their hats, standing with uncovered heads, with a reverence more palpable than that accorded to other royalties at social functions.

The demeanour of the Prince of Wales and the members of the Royal Family who were present in great numbers, was in itself a lesson in the deference due to a great sovereign. A small marquee had been erected for the Queen's especial use, and as she stood on the Persian rug spread at the entrance, the Royal party clustered round the tiny dark-clad figure with every mark of affection, and yet pay-

ing her the homage due to the representative of the throne. One could not help noticing that her greeting of the Princess of Wales was particularly demonstrative, and the bond which appeared to exist between the two women was evidently of the most intimate and tender nature.

Her Majesty was exceedingly flushed and looked very tired after the railway journey from Windsor, and as she stood surrounded by her suite and relatives she slowly drew off her black gloves, and her hands stood revealed in their shapely whiteness against the sombre hue of her dress. There came a thrill through one at the sight of those tiny hands, which even in this simple act of drawing off her gloves showed the perfect poise of the brain which guided their actions.

There is no surer index of a well-balanced intellect than the manner in which the hands are used. The all-round development of the faculties and the perfection of nerve-power will nearly always be indicated by the manner in which the human being uses his or her hands in the smallest acts of every-day life.

The Queen, while she mastered all the difficulties of state questions and constitutional law, recognized the necessity of cultivating all the powers within a woman's legitimate sphere; her hands were never idle, and the "wholesome sanity" of this Royal mother, is one of the greatest arguments for the efficacy of a wide training for women in general.

It is strange to think that the little perfumed hand, which was tendered with such grace to the courtiers who sank on one knee and placed their ungloved hand beneath that of their sovereign, as they lightly pressed their lips to the jewelled fingers, should have excelled in all the arts which draw closely the heart-strings to that sacred spot called "Home." Thousands of lips have lightly touched that tiny hand. Princes, Emperors, Potentates of every colour and creed, peers, knights, generals and church dignitaries, representatives of republics, and citizens of the greatest republic the world has seen, have all in their turn, paid homage to that woman's hand, which held the secptre of state with unwavering determination and dignity for over sixty years.

Those little hands have turned over the leaves of state documents intricate enough to puzzle her Ministers, yet deliberately perused, and thus mastered by this woman, who accepted the great responsibilities of constitutional monarchy with unfailing courage and patience.

It is stated that the Queen was ambidextrous, and she might well be so, for the number of signatures penned by her hand during her long reign must have reached into the millions, and her gift appears the more extraordinary when one thinks of the thousand and one letters to family and friends she managed to write, as well as those treasured letters of condolence to the relatives of subjects who held some public office under Her Majesty.

Lally Bernard.

THE QUEEN.

"THE Queen of Merry England,
The Royal and the Fair,
Our English-born Victoria,
For her we'll breathe a prayer:
O! Queen of Merry England,
Auspicious be thy reign,
And may thy glorious annals be
Unsullied by a stain."

—*Agnes Strickland* in *Anglo-American Magazine*, Toronto, July, 1853.

Current Events Abroad

by John A. Ewan

THE idea is not uncommon that the advent of a King to the throne of Britain will make a great difference in the relations between the nation and foreign Powers. It is perhaps not difficult to understand the ground upon which the notion is founded, but it is a mistaken notion. It is true that whatever personal influence King Edward VII may exercise will be different in character from that exercised by his mother, but that it will be of greater potency or extent may well be doubted. The anomalous position that the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland occupies is a matter of familiar comment. He is a symbol of authority, not authority itself. It is sometimes asked what would happen if a being with the uneasy genius of a Bonaparte or the unerring political instincts of a Burke were born heir to the British throne. The answer must be that such a man would be influential in the direction of affairs. If he busied himself in matters of state he would leave his mark on them. If the Marquis of Salisbury met a man in a penny 'bus who in a chance conversation gave him a plausible solution of the Chinese puzzle, that man would to that extent leave his impress on the course of the British Empire. Can we suppose, therefore, that a great political intellect which happened to belong to the King or Queen of England would be the only intellect in the Isles which was incapable of giving form and direction to the course of Empire?

That is as much as to say that if the King happened to be a man of greater original powers than his Ministers and should turn his talents in the direction of statecraft, that they would often be guided in or deflected from their paths by a dominant mind which was always in office while they were liable to recurrent change and eclipse. Should such a royal phenomenon however find himself at times in conflict with popular sentiment his authority would have to bend to the first general election, no matter how convinced he was of the people's error and the soundness of his own views. Though he foresaw that the trend of opinion ensured national dangers of the first magnitude, he would be compelled to take the advice of some Jack Wilkes, perhaps, who for the moment was the people's darling. This would be the national tragedy, for peoples no more than kings are always right. There is poetic justice, however, under the democratic system. Those who make the bed have to lie on it. In former times the ruler was bed-maker and his subjects had to do their sleeping the best way they could.

In connection with this question, the current exchanges of courtesies between his Britannic Majesty and the Emperor of Germany are interesting. To what extent do their mutual affabilities engage their respective peoples? There can be no question that they do morally to a large extent. We have already seen the man who two or three years ago caused the British coasts to bristle with cannon acclaimed in the streets of London. It is true that since the sending of that historic telegram he has turned the portrait of the receiver to the wall, and his Chancellor has entered into an understanding with Lord Salisbury; but the favour of their King has been a still greater factor in effecting the transmutation.

Germany, if the German press is a reflex of the feelings of the people, is less inclined to be enthusiastic. To

THE LATE GUISEPPE VERDI—THE FAMOUS ITALIAN MUSICAL COMPOSER

the minds of most of us this seems a curious reversal of what the true positions should be. The heart of the British Empire is surely safer from the attack of a combination of great powers than Germany is. The dogs may foam at the foot of the tree for all that the cat safely ensconced amid the branches cares, and until the fleets of Britain are mastered she is in the position of the cat. Germany is in no such position. She is down on the ground among the dogs and if they are too large or too many for her she cannot afford to give them cause for quarrel. Germany has more to gain from such an alliance than Britain has and if the Kaiser's subjects repudiate his approaches too vehemently they may be surprised how quickly they will be taken at their word. The "splendid isolation" mood is one that suits the proud spirit of Englishmen and it will not require much flouting to make them return to it again with some degree of satisfaction. While this is true there is nothing to be urged against a good understanding between the Teutonic peoples if such an understanding spells peace.

Our American neighbours have been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the acceptance of office by John Marshall. It would not be surprising if the reader should ask who was John Marshall, for while the names of many lesser personages in the American pantheon are to be found in all cyclopedias or other dictionaries of information, that of John Marshall, the great interpreter of the constitution is often omitted. He was for thirty-four years, between 1801 and 1835, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and if that tribunal is to-day an influential estate in the body politic it is largely due to John Marshall. In the many references to Marshall occasioned by the celebration of his day the tribute paid to him by Mr Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," does not seem to have been included. And yet it is quite as high as if it had been written by an American writer, a genius that is apt to be eternally discovering that all American geese are swans.

"It is scarcely an exaggeration," Mr. Bryce says, "to call him, as an American jurist has done, a second maker of the constitution." "Marshall," he continues, "was, of course, only one among seven judges, but his majestic intellect and the elevation of his character gave him such an ascendency that he found himself only once in a minority on any constitutional question. His work of building up and working out the constitution was ac-

complished not so much by the decisions he gave as by the judgments in which he expounded the principles of these decisions, judgments which for their philosophical breadth, the luminous exactness of their reasoning, and the fine political sense which pervades them have never been surpassed and rarely equalled by the most famous jurists of modern Europe or of ancient Rome. . . . . He grasped with extraordinary force and clearness the cardinal idea that the creation of a national government implies the grant of all such subsidiary powers as are requisite to the effectuation of its main powers and purposes, but he developed and applied this idea, with so much prudence and sobriety, never treading on purely political ground, never indulging the temptation to theorize, but content to follow out as a lawyer the consequences of legal principles, that the constitution seemed not so much to rise under his hands to its full stature as to be gradually unveiled by him till it stood revealed in the harmonious perfection of the form which its framers had designed. That admirable flexibility and capacity for growth which characterize it beyond all other rigid or supreme constitutions is largely due to him, yet not more to his courage than to his caution."

This is not a higher estimate than his own countrymen would place on him, but if we are to judge by the neglect with which foreign publications have treated his name we must deem Mr. Bryce a missionary on the subject. It would almost seem as if the cannon and drum and trumpet were the only things that make an impression on the world and serve to reach its ear. As a man whose fame is founded in the region of intellect and in places where justice is established by right and not by might the United States have done well in establishing a day dedicated to the memory of John Marshall.

It would be rather a narrow mind which would refuse to sympathize with the objections of Roman Catholics to the coronation oath. In it some of the rites which are most sacred in their eyes are singled out for animadversion and disavowal. It is a survival of the days of the Stuarts, and it is to be feared that we are not far enough removed from that era to look for a modification just now. Let us hope, however, that by the time another King ascends the British throne he will not be called upon to repeat words that must be offensive to millions of his own subjects. The liberalizing tendencies of the age should have arrived at that point by that time. The political purposes which are supposed to be served by this abjuration could surely be safeguarded in a way less offensive to our fellow-citizens.

This subject naturally suggests two other matters, namely, the Duke of Norfolk's uttered aspiration for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, and the campaign which the French Prime Minister has instituted against the religious corporations in France. It is a discouraging spectacle upon which the aged Pontiff looks forth. In two of the ancient strongholds of the faith that were unshaken by the Reformation he finds himself at daggers drawn with the secular power. And the significance of it is that it is not with a man nor a clique of men but in each case with a nation that the Papacy is at war. One hesitates to pass opinions on matters so bound up with those beliefs which men consent to regard as among the dearest that humanity cherishes, but looking at it from a secular standpoint the tenacity of the Papacy to the idea of temporal power seems like a man who hugs the thing that destroys him. He must have singular reserves of hopefulness who can persuade himself that the church can by sulking procure the restoration of the temporal power. That is among the political impossibilities. Yet while this delusion is being nursed the church puts itself in the position of a body of profound traditional dignity and solemnity reaching impotently after something that no one

believes it can get, and in addition incurring the hostility of a people who should be its chief pillar and ornament. During the incumbency of the present Pope the spiritual position of the church has been high. A learned, devout, noble, wise and far-seeing prelate has filled the throne of the Vatican. And a throne it is, although not a temporal one,-attracting the devotion and obedience of millions of reverent subjects—a devotion and obedience that may well be envied by earth's greatest monarchs. An office so enthroned in the hearts of men is belittled by a futile childish striving after the unattainable.

The campaign of the French Premier against the religious societies in France is amazing even though we keep in mind that this is rationalistic France where the Ferry laws were put in operation. The Government's programme which appears nevertheless to have the support of the French Chambers is largely condemned by the best opinion in England. Here, indeed, is some historic topsy-turvy—an English duke incurring the anger of Italy for supporting Papal claims, and the organs of English Protestantism defending the Catholic corporations against the aggressions of the Premier of Catholic France.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

A GREAT railway struggle is the most interesting development of the month. Like all other struggles, there are two parties to the issue. On the one side is the Canadian Pacific Railway which since its opening for transcontinental traffic in 1885 has had a practical monopoly of the carrying trade of Western Canada, from the Ottawa River to the Pacific Coast. The West and the C.P.R. have been one and the same thing. The Executive of the C.P.R. have ruled the country, dictated the charges which traffic of all kind should pay from East to West, or West to East, indicated the places where it desired development to proceed, and in many cases even controlled the choice of town sites. This powerful influence has done much to develop the country. In many ways the C.P.R. was generous and enterprising. If its wisdom failed at some points, it is but natural. History will certainly give Sir William Van Horne and his associates considerable praise for the work they have accomplished in the West during the past twenty years.

MANITOBA'S RAILWAY PROBLEM.

It was natural that competitors should arise. The Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company was the earliest and most successful of these. Under the direction of Mr. C. S. Mellen it pushed its way through the Province of Manitoba from St. Paul, beyond the Southern boundary, until it was operating in that Province 355 miles of railway, with a capital of nearly fourteen millions of dollars. As it grew more powerful, it was more and more opposed by the C.P.R. With the tacit favour of the Greenway Government, then controlling the Manitoba Legislature, the C.P.R. fought the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway to a standstill.

The second competitor to arise was the Canadian Northern, the creation of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. Acquiring certain charters and securing certain concessions from the Governments of the Dominion, the Province of Ontario and the Province of Manitoba, they are now building a road which will parallel the line of the C.P.R. from Port Arthur at the head of Lake Superior to Winnipeg. The line runs south of the C.P.R. nearer to the

International Boundary. In fact, in order to get past the Lake of the Woods, it runs for a few miles through the State of Minnesota. From Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie there was a break of one hundred miles in Mackenzie and Mann's lines. From Portage la Prairie, charters were secured and a line has been run north toward Prince Albert. By the end of this year the Canadian Northern hopes to have all these lines in operation.

When the people of Manitoba found that the Northern Pacific and Manitoba was making little progress and that the Canadian Northern was in a difficult position, negotiations were opened for the amalgamation of the two roads. Mr. Greenway's Government had been defeated, and its successor, under Mr. Roblin, was less favourable to the C.P.R. Mr. Roblin and his associates found that an amalgamation of these two competitors of the C.P.R. would give them one strong competitor with a continuous line from Prince Albert to Port Arthur—from the outskirts of the northern agricultural district to the head of inland navigation. This amalgamation would also do away with the necessity of building a third line from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie.

During the month of February the basis of an amalgamation has been reached. The Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway rents its system to the Manitoba Government for 999 years for a rental increasing from $210,000 to $300,000 a year. In turn, the Manitoba Government rents these lines to the Canadian Northern (Mackenzie & Mann) for the same time on the same terms. The Manitoba people thus secure one strong competitor to the C.P.R. instead of two weak ones, and prevent a further duplication of lines.

Further, Mr. Roblin and his associates secure what the people of Manitoba have long been fighting for, a control of the rates to be charged for freight and passenger traffic. For thirty years, these are to be fixed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. The control of rates is the object of all such suggested reforms as Railway Committees, Interstate Commerce Commissions, Railway Commissions, State Control and Government Ownership. The Manitoba Government has secured the same end in another way.

Of course, this railway transaction must be ratified by the Manitoba Legislature and the Dominion Parliament. It is by no means certain that it will be ratified. The C.P.R. is a powerful factor in the struggle and if it cares to throw its whole influence against the leases, the fight may be a very stubborn one. In any case it will be an interesting and instructive passage-at-arms. The defeat of the leases and the Roblin Government would undoubtedly lead to a cry from the whole Dominion for a federal control of rates or for governmental ownership of all railways. The confirmation of the leases will postpone government ownership for many years, because the chief cry for a change from present conditions has come from the Province most concerned in this transaction. The confirmation will also lead to a development of the rich agricultural section between Prince Albert and Saskatchewan, for Mackenzie and Mann must at once open up that district to secure the necessary traffic to feed their new lines.

OUR FORESTS.

It is a rash, even a daring proceeding for a person to say that he has discovered a government report which is interesting. I was once recommended by a government official to read the report of a surveyor who had made some explorations in Northern Ontario. As a result of this advice, the blue-book was hunted up —it had a red cover, by the way—and duly perused. It was one of the dryest things I have ever read. Since then I have been somewhat chary of these government publications. Nevertheless, I have discovered one which is interesting. Here is a sample paragraph:

"In the early history of Canada the deeds of the explorer are everywhere

in evidence, but when fixed settlements were formed and the people settled down to sedentary occupations this spirit seems to have died out. The result is that to find any records of travel in our wilderness regions, outside of what has been done by the Geological Survey Department, our only recourse is to the narratives of the early French and English explorers of perhaps a century or two ago. This state of affairs should be remedied as soon as possible."

Here is an official with something to say and the ability to say it. This quotation is from the "Report of the Chief Inspector of Timber and Forestry for Canada," and in it Mr. E. Stewart, the author, throws new light on an old subject. He points out that Canada's forest wealth is unknown, that it is badly protected from fires, and that the part of it which is known is partially misused.

Forestry reserves are necessary to bring about the necessary climatic and economic conditions necessary to carry on our agricultural industry with success. With this in view the United States has established forty-seven permanent forest reserves containing nearly fifty millions of acres. The Dominion Government is following along the same lines, and so is the Ontario Government. Forest cultivation and preservation is a work which cannot be done by individuals; it must be done by the state. These reserves will not only help our climate, but they will afford a constant source of wealth as the old trees are cut down year by year to make room for the growing young trees. If Canada would treat her forest-wealth along the business lines indicated by Mr. Stewart, the revenue might ultimately relieve us of the extreme pressure of high tariffs and other taxation.

Manitoba is usually considered to be a prairie province, with no trees. Mr. Stewart, however, tells us that the Government has set apart three reserves in that province. The Riding Mountain Reserve contains one million acres and "there is a good growth of timber," mainly poplar. The Spruce Woods Reserve contains 190,000 acres less wooded, but in parts, Mr. Stewart thinks, suitable for growing jack-pine. The Turtle Mountain Reserve, close to the International Boundary, is smaller with considerable white poplar.

Besides these and other reserves in the West, Mr. Stewart is sanguine over the tree-growing prospects on the plains. "It is now reasonably certain that the greater part of what is now the treeless region of our Northwest is capable of growing trees as well as grain." The recently formed Canadian Forestry Association assumes considerable importance in the light of the facts which Mr. Stewart has presented in these few thoughtful and entertaining pages.

The British Empire League has held a meeting in Ottawa. This annual proceeding is one of the interesting events of the year, and at the same time one of the most peculiar. The British Empire League in Canada really consists of one man, many of its officers and members having never attended a meeting. This one man is Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, the organizer and continuous president. Being a vigorous and enterprising student of affairs, and an ardent Imperialist, he has decided that he may inflence public opinion to a greater extent outside of Parliament than inside of it. Through the League, he issues to the country his motions, reports and speeches. The newspapers publish these as bits of public opinion. Thus we have another example of the one-man power.

PECULIAR.

The British Empire League is nominally composed of persons who bear to our present political system the same relation as was borne by the family compact of the pre-responsible-government days, with a smattering of imported Englishmen. These men are Imperial Federationists of a mild type, loyal in their attachment to the hereditary monarchy of Great Britain and yet touched with the live coal

of independence produced by colonial fires. They are a new type—an Empire type. Their fathers had a share in the ruling of the country and they feel that to them should come the same honour, without having their respectability soiled by the contact with politics rendered necessary when one desires to become a member of Parliament. Their special business at present is to assist the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain to run the Empire on broad lines.

Their propaganda is preferential trade within the Empire, organization for Imperial defence and Imperial ownership or control of telegraph and cables. Much may be said in favour of all three schemes and the League is not doing a great deal of harm in advocating them. The President and his protégés are attempting to speak for Canada and to that extent they are attempting to usurp the privileges of the Premier, the Government and the Dominion Parliament—that is where the peculiarity of the whole proceeding asserts itself. The League is one of the curiosities of this aristocratic-democratic country.

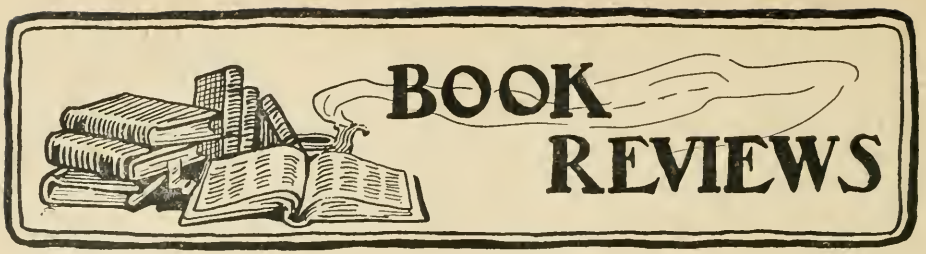
SOME SALARIES.

I once made a suggestion in these columns that the Government should buy up all the railways and put them in charge of Sir William Van Horne with a salary of $250,000 a year. Few people seem to realize that as salaries go my suggestion was very moderate. The United States pays Andrew Carnegie just $25,000,000 a year to manage a part of its steel business. It pays Mr. Rockefeller even more to look after the oil and some other industries. It paid Cornelius Vanderbilt nearly $2,000,000 a year to hold certain railroad stocks. A young Vanderbilt was married the other day at Newport, and he gets $1,200,000 a year for the use of his name as a stockholder. There are plenty of men in the United States with salaries of over half a million.

In Canada, we are paying some large salaries also. Lord Strathcona, for instance, gets well on to a million a year for holding certain stocks. Sir William C. Macdonald must have a revenue of over half a million. Mr. Gault, Mr. Shaughnessy, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Cox, Mr. Massey, and a score of others have salaries ranging from $100,000 to $1,000,000 a year. Sir William Van Horne would have been underpaid at $250,000 as salaries go. Mr. Shaughnessy in the same position would be worth nearly as much. The Bank of Montreal pays its directors $20,000 a year for attending a few meetings and giving occasional advice. There are men managing wholesale houses in Toronto and Montreal who get $100,000 a year for two or three hours' work a day. There are hundreds of men managing retail stores in Canada drawing salaries of $10,000 to $50,000 a year.

One place where salaries are low is at Ottawa. The Premier should have at least $25,000 a year. Cabinet Ministers should have $15,000. The leader of the Opposition should get $10,000. If these were the salaries, we would get better men. It is no answer to say Sir John Macdonald did splendid service on $8,000 a year. Sir John was badly paid and was often in financial distress. Private generosity made him a present of many thousands or he might have been in debt at the time of his death. Moreover, salaries have "gone up" in the last ten years. The salaries of workingmen have increased from twenty-five to fifty per cent. Those of merchants and manufacturers in about the same ratio, while monopoly and combine promoters now receive twice as much as they did ten years ago. When we come to nationalize our telephone, telegraph and railway systems, as we soon must, let us make the salaries such as will attract the best men. A few years ago a popular novelist made a living only, now he makes that and several thousands a year in addition. Surely the managers of our governmental and administrative machinery should be as well paid as the average man in other walks of life.

John A. Cooper.



ART BOOKS.

THE art of the bookmaker is nearly as important as the art of the writer—important as a part of the national artistic elevation and important as a feature in the success of literary work. A country which which produces fine editions of the works of its standard authors may be said to have passed beyond the infantile period of its development.

Viewed in this way, Canada is still in her infancy. Yet we have many fine editions and a considerable appreciation for them even if we do not often produce them in our own workshops. Our booksellers are importing small lots of the finest books in the world. One of the latest of these is "Monsieur Beaucaire," * a little one-dollar volume produced in New York and issued in a special edition here. The dainty pen-and-ink ornaments, the handsome wash pictures surrounded by dainty tint-borders, and the general features of the mechanical side of the book make it distinguished. Booth Parkington, the writer of the story, has produced a cameo—a genuine bit of fine cutting which has left the figure of "Monsieur Beaucaire" clear in outline, dainty in grace, and strong in the perfection of his indicated manhood. A book which may be loved for itself and also for its contents is the greatest embodiment of the literary arts.

HISTORY AND ACCURACY.

Sir John Bourinot as a historian has his merits and defects—as have most other historians and writers. His merits are that he has presented Canada's political history in a more popular form than any of his contemporaries, and that he has done more than any other Canadian historian to make the main facts of Canadian history known at home and abroad. These are the two sides of the same merit, perhaps, but there can be no unfairness in stating it in this double phrasing. His defects are looseness of statement and inexactness in the use of words.

As an example of the former, take the phrase "Protestantism was unknown in Canada under French rule." Now it is not likely that emigrants from France would be ignorant of the existence of a religious body known as "Protestants" or "Huguenots." Nor is it likely that the French colonists living a few miles away from English colonists and carrying on trade with these English-speaking people would be ignorant of the fact that these dwellers along the Atlantic coast professed a religion which might be termed "Protestantism." What the learned historian probably intended to say was, "There were few if any Protestants in Canada under French rule." Again he says, "Tithes were first imposed by Bishop Laval, who practically established the basis of ecclesiastical authority in the Province." The question naturally arises here, did Bishop Laval issue an ordinance without the approval of the governor or of the intendant, imposing tithes? Or does the historian mean simply that tithes were first imposed during Laval's tenancy of the bishopdom? It is important to have an answer to these questions, but Sir John leaves the reader in doubt. Again, still considering this quotation, was it "the basis of ecclesiastical authority" which Laval esta-

* Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

blished, or was it "the ecclesiastical authority" itself?

Inexactness in the use of words may be considered in the same way. "There was not any comparison whatever between these French and British colonies with respect to trade." Surely "not any" is an expression which Sir John's mother taught him to discard for the simpler "no" or "none." Again, no matter how small the French trade and how large the English trade, "comparison" could have been made. The historian's language is misleading. In fact, he does compare the trade of the two countries a few lines farther on where he says "the total value of the exports . . . . never exceeded 3,500,000 francs, or about one-tenth of the export trade of the English colonies to Great Britain."

There are a few palpable mistakes such as "The Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, now the Earl of Derby, called upon the Senior Privy Councillor in the Cabinet, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, to form a Cabinet." Of course, the historian knows that it was Lord Aberdeen, not Lord Stanley, who did this.

Otherwise "Canada Under British Rule 1760-1900," * the volume from which these extracts have been taken, is a fairly good piece of work. It is perhaps the most readable of Sir John's numerous works on Canadian history, and one may be pardoned for expressing the wish that Sir John had secured an experienced master of rhetoric, several of whom he numbers among his friends and admirers—to revise his proofs. Careful revision is what Canadian histories most require.

One feature of the book, much to be commended, is the way in which Sir John has broken away from the conservative idea of history and treated it topically rather than chronologically. The chapters on social progress are excellent even if lacking here and there in definiteness and clearness. In his chapter on the social development of recent years, Sir John is comprehensive and judicious, holding up the mirror to our national life with the impartiality of an historian and with the perspicacity of a critic.

* Canada Under British Rule 1760-1900. By Sir John G. Bourinot. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

NATURAL CHEMISTRY.

One of the most difficult subjects for a High School pupil to grasp is chemistry. As generally presented to the beginner, it has apparently no connection with anything observed in the pupil's past experience. Liquids and solids, new to him, are treated separately or together, and the result may be the production of equally unfamiliar substances. Interest is aroused largely by the novelty of the subject. Frequently the observation is distracted by the elaborate apparatus employed, and consequently the main purpose of the experiments may be lost sight of at first. Such a presentation of the subject may be the best for those who intend making chemistry a special study, but very often the pupils who do not continue to study beyond the High School (and they are a majority) get the impression that chemical action takes place only in the laboratory with specially-prepared substances. During their short course they may never be brought to a proper realization of the fact that important chemical changes are taking place continuously in the great laboratory of nature. Animals and plants in their growth and in their decay affect chemically the air, the water and the soil. The science of chemistry will not be devoted to any unworthy purpose if in the laboratory every pupil is taught how and under what circumstances these chemical actions take place, and is implanted with a desire to still further prosecute his research. Every one should be able to test the purity of the air he breathes and the water he drinks, and to select the most nourishing food. The teacher of chemistry, if seized of the full utilitarian as well as educational possibilities of his subject, will endeavour to lead his pupils to see that the farm is the great laboratory where

may be performed experiments that will demand a keener observation and a higher reflection than in any other profession, and that life everywhere is in intimate relation with chemical action.

In a recent handbook on chemistry,* the author endeavours to simplify the introduction of the subject by the discussion of familiar substances, but goes hardly far enough in this direction to justify this addition to the already long list of elementary texts on the subject.

The properties of rain water, well water and salt water are found out by tasting, freezing, evaporating and distilling each. Incidentally the pupils are familiarized by handling with the use of the commoner articles used by a chemist in a laboratory. Water is next electrolyzed and the properties of the produced gasses examined. The study of oxygen leads up to a study of air. A lucid description of the atomic theory is introduced after a large number of elementary experiments have been performed and the pupil has grasped enough of the subject to intelligently understand the theory upon which it is based. Not until then are symbols for the elements and compounds introduced and explained. Before this, simple non-technical language is used and the pupil is expected to express his observations and conclusions in similar language. Associated with each experiment are a number of questions to direct the observation and stimulate the reasoning powers of the pupil. These are the most valuable features of the book. The most modern methods of the production of substances such as sodium, aluminium and acetylene gas are given instead of the obsolete ones.

A table of the atomic weights of the elements is given in which oxygen is taken as the standard and its atomic weight as 16, hydrogen being consequently 1.0075. The author does not give any reason why he has departed from these numbers on p. 81, where the weight of the molecule of ammonia is given as 17 instead of 17.0675, the result obtained from the table. Other instances of this departure occur throughout the book, notably on p. 128, where hydrogen is stated to be unity, nitrogen 14, and oxygen 16.

The letterpress, paper and binding are fully up to the usually high standard of the Macmillan Company.

* A School Chemistry, intended for use in High Schools and in elementary classes in Colleges, by John Waddell, B.A., Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price 90 cents.

LOCAL HISTORY.

The third volume of "Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society" has just been issued. The first eighty pages contain a record of baptisms, weddings and burials that took place at Niagara or its vicinity, from 1792 till about 1835. The records of St. Mark's Church, kept by Rev. Robt. Addison from his arrival as a missionary in 1792, till near his death in Oct., 1829, are very full and exceedingly interesting. In a hasty glance over the lists of baptisms, we notice many names familiar to the student of the early history of Upper Canada, such as Butler, Claus, Hamilton, Jarvis, Merritt, McNabb, Ridout, Ball, Secord, Dickson and Burwell. We are reminded of the days of slavery in Canada by entries, such as "Clarissa, a negro girl," among the baptisms, and, among the weddings, "Moses and Phœbe, negro slaves of Mr. Sec'y. Jarvis."

An article on "German-Canadian Folk-Lore" brings together a large number of the superstitions, festival customs, cures for diseases, signs of good and bad luck, of rain, and fine weather. As the author, Mr. Wintemberg, says, many of the superstitions are common property, being found among widely different peoples. The making of the sign of the cross over or on a loaf of bread by German Catholics for good luck, calls to mind a custom of the early times in Canada. When bread was scarce, the head of the household—and he was not a Catho-

lic either—cut a cross on the cut face of the loaf when the meal was ended. This was not done for good luck, but to make sure that no bread would be eaten until the next meal.

Mrs. M. H. Ahearn has a very readable article on "The Settlers of March Township, County of Carleton"; and Mrs. Burritt has given a short sketch of "The Settlement of the County of Grenville."

Mrs. Holden gives a short sketch of a red silk banner, now faded and torn, given by George III to Capt. Joseph Brant to rally the Six Nations to the Royalist side in the Revolutionary War; and also of a ring and a watch, on which was engraved the Royal Arms and a suitable inscription.

Mr. D. W. Clendennan, in "Some Presbyterian U. E. Loyalists," proves that the general statement, "there were no Presbyterian Loyalists," is not strictly correct, as some Scotch-Irish Loyalists came to Canada from New Hampshire.

"The Migration of the Voyageurs from Drummond Island to Penetanguishene in 1828," by A. C. Osborne, is in some respects the best in the volume. These voyageurs were descendants of the French and Scotch servants of the North-West Company who married Indian women. They settled adjacent to the Fort on St. Joseph Island and were the men who aided in the taking of Mackinaw from the United States in 1812. When Mackinaw was restored in 1815 to the United States these people wished to be under British protection and moved to Drummond Island, but in 1828 had to move again as the boundary survey took Drummond Island from Canada. The description is largely the narrative of the now few survivors. The picturesque speech and romantic descriptions of the voyageurs have been retained, making the narratives interesting as well as valuable. If Mr. Osborne's projected larger work on Penetanguishene and vicinity will be as readable as this paper he will take very high rank as a local historian.

When the British Association met in Toronto in 1897, a committee was appointed to organize an Ethnological Survey of Canada. Mr. A. F. Hunter, one of the committee, has prepared an article for this report which includes results reached thus far in Ontario. Absolute accuracy is not claimed for the numbers or locations of the groups except in a general way. It is merely a basis which must be extended by actual local knowledge of the first settlements in each township. The list is very incomplete with regard to the Eastern district. French Canadians were not original settlers in either Glengarry or Stormont. Glengarry was settled in 1784, not 1782, by Highland Scots, Catholic and Protestant, members of the disbanded Royal Highland Emigrants or 84th Regt., and King's Royal Regiment of New York.

The most interesting historical fact in the volume is a description of the romantic finding of a panel, the face bearing a painted portrait and the back the words "Père Marquette." So far as known no picture of the renowned explorer exists, and if it turns out, as it now appears, to be a genuine portrait of Father Marquette, the painting is decidedly unique.

One day in September, 1896, Mr. Donald Guthrie McNab, an artist of Toronto, was walking along Little St. James St., Montreal, when he noticed a panel about 14x20 inches projecting from a push-cart load of debris that came from a house that was being demolished in the neighbourhood. The panel was bought from the two boys who owned the load and lay neglected for about three years, when Mr. McNab began to clean the dust and varnish from the face of it. Soon a well-painted portrait of a man, reproduced in this volume, began to appear and when about a quarter of an inch of tar was removed from the back the words "Père Marquette" deeply cut and under these is "L. Chretien Mission" and another long word evidently Indian. Above the portrait appears a legend and "R. Roos, 1669."

LITERARY NOTES.

SEVERAL months before the last illness of the Queen, a history of her life was in preparation by Richard Rivington Holmes, M.V.O., librarian to Her Majesty. No one at court was better equipped for this undertaking than Mr. Holmes, and the result was a most perfect work presented to the world—a masterpiece in royal biographies.

A new edition of this beautifully illustrated volume has just been brought out in Canada by The Copp, Clark Co., containing some important additional features and extending the history to the end of the Queen's reign. The last chapter relates Victoria's solemn death which put an end to one of the most illustrious reigns in history; and in closing, the accession of King Edward VII is well described.

With the exception of the last few pages, the entire work was read in proof to the Queen, who authorized its publication.

A new story by Joseph Hocking, entitled "Lest We Forget," is to be published in a Canadian copyright edition by William Briggs during the coming summer.

Ward, Lock & Co. have negotiated for the publication in England of Mr. Barlow Cumberland's "History of the Union Jack."

A collective edition of Charles G. D. Roberts' verse is to be published this coming spring. Mr. Roberts has written more poems than any other of our native singers, and is a strong candidate for the title "Canadian poet-laureate." His coming volume doubtless will be welcomed by the many admirers of his muse.

"The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle, now running serially in the *Century Magazine*, will be published in book form about the first of May, by the Copp, Clark Co. It is a stirring story of France, at the time when Henry of Navarre was fighting the League. While in no sense can it be said that Miss Runkle has copied Dumas, her story is worthy a place beside the writings of this famous author. The book will contain twelve illustrations.

"Napoleon: The Last Phase," by Lord Rosebery, is a book that has been so fully reviewed in this journal and in all the leading literary periodicals that it is unnecessary to say more about it than the statement that it is a very able and interesting book by a very able and interesting man. Lord Rosebery presents the great Corsican to us as he was in those last melan-

JEAN BLEWETT, AUTHOR OF "HEART SONGS"
(See p. 484)

choly days at St. Helena. The Canadian edition brought out by Morang & Company at $2.00 is the cheapest book recently put on the market.

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, have secured the publication of "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel." It will appear about the end of April. The heroine presented is a charming young woman, Virginia Carvel, a great-granddaughter of Richard Carvel; and the hero, a New England lawyer. The scenes are laid chiefly in St. Louis, and such important characters as Lincoln, Grant and Sherman appear in the story. Eight excellent illustrations will add to the attractiveness of the book.

The W. J. Gage Co. will shortly issue Mrs. Dudeney's "The Third Floor." This story, by the author of "Folly Corner," is considered to show a decided advance over her previous work. This firm will also issue "On Peter's Island," by A. R. Roper, a strong Russian story. Zangwill's "Mantle of Elijah" and Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike," issued by the same firm, have been very successful in Canada, although one is distinctively English and the other distinctively American.

The Copp, Clark Co. have announced for immediate issue "The Devil's Plough," by Anna Farquhar, author of "Her Boston Experiences" (published under the pen-name Margaret Allston). Like "The Helmet of Navarre," this story is staged in France, but at a later time, when Anne of Austria was Regent, and Mazarin, Administrator. The author's own preface gives a clue to the story itself:

"My excuse for working out the life herein recorded may be traced back to a sympathetic acquaintance with that Northwestern territory of North American Indian romance and adventure, civilized and partially tutored into the Christian faith by the unselfish martyrdom of Jesuit missionaries, whose courage and fortitude under barbarous persecution has never been excelled and seldom equalled in the history of the world. . . . And so Father Gaston was born into the world of fiction, and his progenitor indulges the hope that this missionary's personal experiences may approach somewhere near in interest those of his human prototype.

"The French Court of Anne of Austria and Mazarin, whose atmosphere made work for the Devil's Plough, was to some extent responsible for the Jesuit decadence beginning to prevail at that period. In this Parisian world of folly, mantled in false piety, Gaston L'Artanges, the celebrated preacher of Paris, developed both the weeds and flowers of his complicated nature; and from out his great weakness there grew his abiding strength."

F. CLIFFORD SMITH, AUTHOR OF "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN" AND "A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS" (See p. 484)

Miss Fowler is engaged in another story, the title of which, we understand, is to be "Fuel for Fire." Miss Fowler is holding well the wonderful popularity that came to her with the publication of "Isabel Carnaby." William Briggs will publish this new story in Canada.

One of our poets, referring to the unfair criticism of Dr Rand's "Treas-

ury of Canadian Verse" in the London *Daily Chronicle*, hits the nail well on the head when he writes: "It is simply a case of that dignified ignorance which so often tends to obscure to our eyes the admirable qualities of the Englishman-at-Home! I think the reviewer believes what he says. He only does not know, and is not competent."

The Poole Publishing Co., of Toronto, have issued "Cartoons of the Campaign of 1900," by J. W. Bengough. This volume contains twenty-two cartoons contributed to the Toronto *Globe*, with an explanatory note to each. This makes a handsome souvenir of a memorable political campaign. The price is $2.00 in leather and 25 cents in paper.

The Publishers' Syndicate will shortly issue Hamilton Drummond's "The Seven Houses." This is a story of Guienne and Northern Italy in the time of the Borgias. The heroine, when an infant, was the subject of an astrologer's prophecy and by him her life was divided into seven periods, hence the title of the book. The author is said to have rivalled Weyman's best.

It is somewhat remarkable that Canada has no woman poet who has risen to the height attained by Roberts, Campbell, Lampman and Scott. But if the women have not given us philosophic and classic verse, they have produced many wholesome and touching songs. And, after all, that is a great deal. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* once wrote of Jean Blewett as follows:

"When some years ago, Eugene Field wrote of Jean Blewett's work, 'It is delightful in this day of hysterical productions to come on something so natural and true to life. She gives us men and women human as ourselves, gives us scenes so real they seem a bit our own history, or the history of one familiar to us, and thus wakes our sympathies and walks straight into our affections. Jean Blewett will be a name known and beloved in time,' he wrote a truth which to-day is universally acknowledged. Her first book of poems, 'Heart Songs,' has had a large sale, and a second volume is looked for in the near future. Besides contributing to various publications in the States and the Old World, her prose and verse are pleasant features of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the Saturday *Globe*, the two best literary channels of Canada."

Jean Blewett deserves to be well known, and her "Heart Songs" should be in every home. The purity of the sentiment covers deeply the few slight imperfections. This lady is a native Canadian, and one who has made her way to the front in spite of many handicaps. Her latest portrait is reproduced herewith.

F. Clifford Smith's new novel, "A Daughter of Patricians," will shortly appear in England and Canada. It is a French-Canadian story dealing to a considerable extent with the relations of the two great religious bodies in that Province. It does not do this more than indirectly, of course. However, it throws considerable of a sidelight on such relations as are in evidence in the Delpit marriage case which has recently disturbed that Province. Every reader of the reports of that case will desire to read Mr. Smith's book, although the MS. was completed and in the hands of the publisher before the Delpit case arose. Then those who have enjoyed Mr. Smith's short stories in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, in foreign publications, and in his very successful volume "A Lover in Homespun" will desire to read this his first long novel. Mr. Smith has also made a start as a writer of plays, a short piece of this kind of work having recently been produced in Hamilton. The latest portrait of Mr. Smith, who is a Montreal journalist of standing, accompanies this. His new book will be issued in Canada by The Publishers' Syndicate.

IDLE MOMENTS

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A QUEEN.

WHEELING through England in the summer of 1899, four Canadians approached Windsor, all hopeful of seeing the Queen with their own very eyes—for the flag on the high east tower told of Her Majesty's presence at the castle. On this little tour of ours, I happened to be charged with the hotel arrangements, so, on arriving at the outskirts of the royal burgh, I hurried on in advance of the others to select our stopping-place. "*The Castle Inn*" and "*The White Hart*" were on my list, and purchasing directions with a penny I dashed into the High street and turned left towards the Thames bridge. Tired, and intent on my purpose, I pedalled on without regarding my surroundings. All at once I was hemmed in between two crowded boulevards of eager, bowing, people: in fact, I had almost run down Queen Victoria and Princess Henry of Battenburg. Carelessly costumed in a Varsity sweater and dusty knickerbockers, I felt the embarrassment of the situation; but as there was no escape through the thronging crowd, and as I was unable to turn in the narrow space without being trampled by the outriders, I rode on beside the smiling Queen until the royal carriage swung up the hill to the castle, and left me with my cap in my hand, and my heart beating fast for the wonderful kindness of fate.

C. B.

ANECDOTES OF THE NEW KING.

In 1897, when the new Municipal Buildings at Oxford were opened, King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, came down for the occasion. The Duke of Marlborough came in from Blenheim, and all the local grandees were present. At the evening reception the Prince was most gracious for a time, but when the guests had arrived he slipped away and could not be found. Search was made, and eventually he and the Duke of Marlborough were found in a small room upstairs, gossiping quietly, each with a clay pipe and a whisky-and-soda. Prince Hal long ago excused his longing for small beer on the ground that even a prince was human; so here, does not the monarch appeal to us far more as the lover of a clay and a whisky-and-soda than he would if he had chosen a havana and champagne?

. . . . . .

On the same afternoon occurred one of those little incidents, trivial in themselves, which yet show the exquisite tact and kind-heartedness of the new monarch, and which have so greatly endeared him to the hearts of the common people in England. A block occurred in the procession, and for some minutes the carriage in which he was sitting remained stationary. Suddenly there was a lull in the shouting, a second of silence amid the babel of tongues. An old charwoman, standing unkempt and ragged in the front row of the crowd, piped up: "God bless the Prince!" He caught the words, turned, singled her out with his eye from those around, bowed and smiled with a frank, unaffected pleasure that was delightful. It may be doubted if for the rest of that day there was a happier woman in Merrie England than that poor woman.

W. G.

COULD NOT BE UTILIZED.

Utilitarians doubtless have their use in the world, but they rarely make sympathetic companions. Some time ago the eminent astronomer, Professor Bos, bound for Europe on the same steamer with a number of friends, gave a popular talk one beautiful starry night on the Milky Way, which was much enjoyed by his listeners, who were audibly expressing their approval when suddenly, from the edge

* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

of the crowd, came a shrill voice: "But what is de use of it? It has no bractical use. Now, if I could only shove dose stars together so dey would sbell 'Blank's Brinting Ink' I would give den thousand dollars."

WELL DONE.

On old Carlisle bridge in Dublin there used to be a fruit stall kept by Biddy, the apple woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue, and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honours. An American visitor, who had heard rumours of her skill at fence, one day took up a watermelon displayed for sale and said, gravely: "You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size." Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied in a tone of pity: Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples."

A ROMANCE.

(FROM LIFE.)

A little sprig of mistletoe
One Christmas eve was fated
To reunite a man and maid
Who had been separated.

'Twas not a feat so difficult
As to inspire with wonder,
Because, you see, the man and maid
Were but a foot asunder.

James Barrett Kirk.

WHITE LIES.*

I was greatly affected by the scolding you gave me yesterday, dear papa. I was on the point of starting, you remember, with Miss Harriet, my governess, and little Paul, for our old house at Cherbourg, where my aunt was expecting me. Though you had forbidden it I had put a little rice powder on my cheeks, as you found out when you kissed me good-bye. Your sudden ejaculation took me so by surprise that I made a stupid and unsuccessful denial of the obvious fact and brought down on my head a well deserved lecture on the sin of falsehood.

You sternly commanded me henceforth always to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, regardless of consequences.

I objected that the truth is often disagreeable, and is apt to produce anger and hatred.

"Truth is truth," you replied. "We must not compromise with it, but always say what we think, frankly and boldly."

I deeply regretted having offended you, dear papa, and I thought I could show my repentance and my respect for you in no better way than by blindly following your advice. I have done so.

We had scarcely taken our seats in the railway carriage when the man came to inspect our tickets. As you had directed we had taken a half-fare ticket for Paul.

"That child must pay full fare," said the railway man. "Surely he is more than seven!"

Miss Harriet muttered something in her incomprehensible jargon, but the memory of your lecture was too fresh to permit me to hesitate an instant.

"He is eight," I said.

"Nine and a half francs more, please."

We paid and the train started. My interference had put the governess in bad humour, and I don't know exactly how it happened, but one thing led to another, and at last she said that none of us appreciated her as she deserved.

"The other day," she concluded, "I overheard your father say 'That Harriet is a blockhead' ('lourde')! Can you deny it?"

Thus appealed to I thought it my duty to tell her the truth, so I said:

"You are mistaken, Miss Harriet. Papa did not call you a blockhead. What he said was: 'That Harriet is a sot' ('gourde')."

"Oh! Oh! So much the worse. Well, I know what I shall do."

*Translated from the French of Lawrence B. Fletcher.

She refused to utter another word, but I think, dear papa, that you may as well look for a new governess.

At the city custom house the inspectors asked what we had in our trunks. I boldly made declaration of the cognac, the "eau de Cologne," the game for my aunt and all the rest. It cost us fourteen francs.

An hour's carriage ride brought me to the arms of my aunt whom we found stiff, angular and crosser than ever (you see how frank I am!) on the porch of the old house that you want to sell her so badly.

"Why is not your mother with you?" she asked.

"Oh, mamma was very glad to get rid of us. She and papa will have a good time while we are away."

"She is not ill then?"

"Not at all."

"She wrote that she was. What a fib! But I see, she sends me the children to take care of while she is amusing herself."

She seemed displeased, so I became very affectionate.

"You love me, don't you, darling?"

"Yes, auntie."

"As much as you love your mother?"

I nearly told a falsehood, but I remembered your words and answered frankly:

"Oh, no! I should think not!"

"I suppose you think your mother much nicer than I—and much prettier!"

"Oh, yes, auntie, ever so much prettier!"

"How old do you think I am?"

I stepped back to take a good look at her and said:

"Sixty at least."

"You little beast! I am only forty-six."

She appeared quite vexed. I thought it a good moment to produce the presents.

"Here is a table scarf from mamma."

"It is very pretty, but what especially pleases me is that my sister-in-law has at last thought enough of me to embroider it for me."

"But the chambermaid embroidered it, auntie."

Her face darkened again. I handed her your box of chocolate.

"Oh, chocolate—and from Marquis!" she exclaimed, relaxing into a smile.

As it was your own gift, dear papa, I had not the slightest hesitation in telling the simple truth.

"The box is one of mamma's New Year's gifts," I said. "Yes, the box is from Marquis, but the chocolate is from Potin's."

My aunt rejoined in a very acid voice:

"I had hoped that your parents would take the trouble to come and see me themselves. They want to sell me this house. I don't want it, but your father insists that it is just suited to me, and I suppose I shall end by buying it—especially as he had it renovated last year expressly on my account."

"That's funny! I haven't seen a workman in the house in three years."

"Ah! And do you know why your father is so anxious to sell it?"

"Because of the horrible smell from the city sewers that stifles us all summer."

Dear papa, I cannot describe the dreadful effect of these truthful statements. My aunt bounced out of the room and slammed the door behind her. I should have forsworn truth at once had not Gaston des Tournettes ridden up at that instant.

He sprang from his horse and rushed toward me.

I started to apprise my aunt of his visit, but he stammered that he wished to see me alone, and that he had leaped to the saddle the instant he had heard of my arrival. He began to talk very confidentially and in a little while asked me if I liked him.

Ah! dear papa, how easy and pleasant it was now to tell the truth, which had hitherto cost me some little effort.

"Yes, I like you very much, Monsieur Gaston."

"The idea of becoming my betrothed does not frighten you?"

"Not in the least."

"And you can learn to love me?"

"I love you already."

"But I pause in affright, dear papa, for I seem to see your brows contract and to hear your voice sternly saying:

"Oh, you little goose! Every time you have told the truth you have put your foot in it!"

So I hasten to assure you, dear papa, that all this is prime fiction. Paul travelled half-fare, Miss Harriet is still friendly and the cognac slipped through the custom house like an eel.

My aunt is charmed with the scarf which she believes to be mamma's handiwork and delighted with the chocolate which she supposes to have come from Marquis—and she will buy the house.

And poor Gaston is still in ignorance of my sentiments.

I merely wished to show you, maliciously perhaps, but, I assure you most respectfully, that your beloved truth is not always the easiest thing to say.

And, indeed, is it proper to present to the world, without dressing, combing and adorning her a little, a lady whom we have pulled naked out of a well?

You may trust our feminine taste, tact and skill to make her presentable, agreeable, even lovely and seductive without sacrificing any of her native graces. Beflounced with a few saving fibs she becomes fitted to adorn any society.

So do not scold me too severely, dear papa. I promise to lie only with the tip of the tongue and never without good reason. You may rest assured that I shall never make use of any big, black venomous lies, but only little, sedative ones, so innocent and so very white that even you, I am quite certain, will never be able to distinguish them from the truth!

—*Charles Foley, in Short Stories.*

SARDOU MADE BY HIS MARRIAGE.

No dramatist ever had a harder start than M. Victorien Sardou. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love of the pill-box, and in the interval of his other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had but little money, though he managed to get some journalistic work to supplement his more slender income. At last he finished his first play. It was a dead failure, and Sardou rushed from the theatre vowing never to enter one again. The disappointment preyed to such an extent upon his nerves that he fell seriously ill. On the floor below where he lived an actress, named Mlle. de Brecourt, was staying; she heard of the unhappy young man's illness, took compassion upon him, nursed him back to health, and afterward married him. The marriage was the making of Sardou.—London *King.*

"THE MOON-MAN."

The Moon-man keeps a great big book,
Where it says what the children do,
If you're *very* good, he'll give you a peep,
But he lets *me* look right through.

The moon is the house where the Moon-man lives,
And he sits and writes all day.
When he wants to visit another land,
He just lets the moon sail away.

He sits at his window all day long,
And hears what the children say;
He sees them eat, he sees them sleep,
And he watches them at their play.

If the babies cry and the children quarrel,
And the boys and girls are bad,
He hides his face in a big black cloud,
And he cries 'cause he feels so sad.

But when the children are very good,
And never begin to cry,
He feels so glad that he takes a ride
Right over the bright blue sky.

Then, when the children are all asleep,
And he doesn't know what to do,
He lays his head on a soft, white cloud,
For he gets sleepy, too.

But once—when a dear little baby died—
And went where the angels sing,
The Moon-man saw when it flew to heaven,
And he put on a golden ring.

The ring round the moon is the Moon-man's crown;
And when there are stars in the crown,
It shows when the dear little baby went up,
One of God's angel babies came down.

Elma Bingeman.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK, LONDON

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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A VISIT TO COREA IN 1899.

WITH NUMEROUS PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

By Helen F. M. Lewis.

IT is a little over a year since the King of Corea informed all the Great Powers that he had had himself proclaimed Emperor. At that time—so far as a casual visitor to Seoul, the capital, could judge—the Government seemed in a very unstable condition. Ever since the assassination of his Queen by the Japanese, the Emperor had been living in fear of a similar fate. He had deserted both his ancestral palaces, with their handsome structures beautifully situated in truly regal parks, rich with trees and foliage, and transferred himself and his large retinue into a number of great ugly wooden sheds hastily erected on a low-lying piece of ground adjoining and dominated by several Foreign Legations. Into each of these he had had constructed a species of private run-way to allow of his having a choice of retreat in case of disturbances amongst his own people, or sudden political differences between ambassadors. Soldiers patrolled day and night the vicinity of the Court—comic opera soldiers these with their badly made uniforms of French pattern, their caps perched high on the top of a species of horsehair nightcap, worn to preserve the proper shape of the top-knot, the Corean token of manhood. Frequently one might see suspects driven inside the Court grounds from whence a few moments later would issue their shrieks of torture, this to force them into confessing themselves the authors of the several dynamite explosions which had taken place near the residences of the Emperor's favorite Ministers.

EMPEROR LI-HSI OF COREA

The populace were still excited over the burning up of the new electric cars, to which they accredited the prevailing drought.

Daily the tolling of the great bell in the centre of the city summoned all to read fresh proclamations from the Emperor, full of threats toward wrong-doers. One edict forbade all, un-

THE LATE QUEEN OF COREA'S FAVOURITE RESIDENCE

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IN COREA

PUBLIC BRIDESMAIDS GOING TO A WEDDING

der pain of death, to stir outside after sundown.

The opportune arrival of Prince Henry of Prussia, heralded by great deluges of the long-wished-for rain, seemed to pacify everyone. Edicts were repealed, arches in his honour were erected, and the two chief public bride's-maids, noted for their luxuriant hair, were in daily request to assist in celebrating long-delayed wedding feasts.

The Coreans, as a people, impress one as being lazy, inoffensive and absolutely devoid of ambition. Centuries of extortion by Government officials have killed all desire to accumulate any possessions. Even in Seoul there is no sign of wealth anywhere, no building of more than one floor, no store of which the stock—and that chiefly foreign—would fill a room fifteen feet square, no industries or factories of any kind. The house of even a "Yang-Bang," or noble, has few claims to either comfort or superiority. The decadence of the nation is made still more marked by the existence of wonderfully well-built city walls, the ten miles of which were constructed within a few months, less than two hundred years ago. At one time also they made cabinets of a design and finish peculiarly beautiful, and boxes of iron-work delicately inlaid with silver. Both of these arts now appear to be lost.

The desire of the Corean is to impress upon every-

one the fact that he does nothing. In order to emphasize this, he has his outer garments as ample and as nearly white as possible and wears upon his head a delicate horsehair hat as fragile as an eggshell and transparent enough to show his possession of a topknot. These hats are worth anywhere from two to thirty dollars apiece.

STREET SCENE—THE BLACK GAUZE HATS PROTECTED FROM POSSIBLE RAIN BY CONICAL OIL PAPER COVERINGS

It is the women of Corea who accomplish the greater part of what work is done. This consists chiefly in cultivating the fields, bringing the produce to the weekly "Chang" or market, and—hardest labour of all—keeping clean and that without soap, the flowing white robes of their lords and masters.

Previous to the China-Japan war, it was the Chinese merchant who was paramount in business throughout Corea. Those who survived that event were forced by the Japanese outside the town limits, in order to secure for their own merchants the best business centre as "Concessions." The Chinese now, however, are rapidly regaining their trade ascendency, Coreans, foreigners and missionaries of all denominations preferring to deal with them rather than the Japanese.

Nevertheless it is to the latter that Corea owes most of her steps toward civilization. With the exception of an occasional Russian steamer, it is Japan that supplies the excellent coast service. We should have been obliged to walk or be carried in chairs from Chemulpo to Seoul (a distance of twenty-five miles) but for the little Japanese steamer on the River Han, the fare for a whole day's trip being only one dollar. Besides the interest attached to the succession of ancient walls and fortifications on either bank of the river, and the frequent stoppages at various villages, we had for company on the boat all the Corean State Ministers returning from paying their respects to Prince Henry on the *Deutschland*.

The hotels are Japanese (with the exception of one in Chemulpo, run by a Chinaman). Doctors, dentists and hospital nurses are Japanese likewise,

HILLS BEHIND CHEMULPO—MIDDLE CLASS COREANS AND A COOLIE

ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN COREA —GOING TO THE CHANG OR WEEKLY MARKET

and if you wish to send a letter or telegram to foreign parts it must go through their post-office, the Corean one being for purely local matter.

There are nearly ten thousand of the Mikako's subjects scattered throughout the country. Many of them are soldiers in barracks. All have served in the army, and at a few hours' notice would blossom into regiments. It is little wonder then that seeing on every side evidence of their own energy and the Corean's inertness, they act rather as proprietors of the country than as visitors.

Whilst in Northern Corea at Gensan, the chief port, and adjoining the great harbour of Port Lazaroff, so much coveted by the Rus-

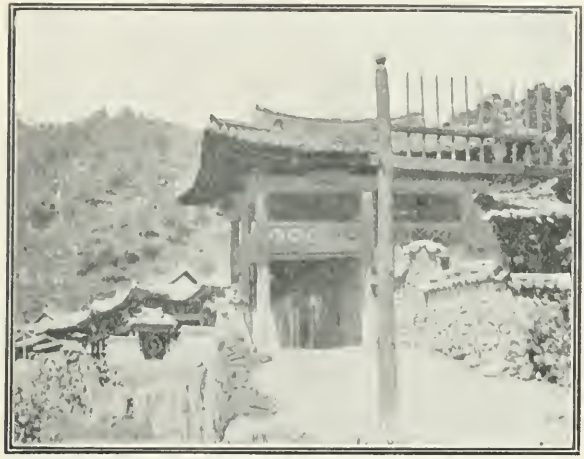
A NATIVE TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS—FUSAN, COREA

BRIDGE ON THE PATH TO SAK-KUM-SAH MONASTERY

sians, we heard of a monastery perched far up amongst the distant mountains, and decided to visit it.

There are no temples or monasteries in or about the towns and cities. After the great number in China and Japan their absence is most noticeable. Up to about three hundred years ago Buddhism flourished, and at that time more than a fifth of the male population were priests, and their monasteries were solidly enough built to be considered forts. About this period the country without previous warn-

ing was invaded by the Japanese. Advance guards dressed as priests entered one city after the other, opening the gates after dark and then mercilessly butchering the unprepared populace. Thirty years afterwards when the Japanese were expelled, an edict banished all Buddhist priests from the cities and plains. To-day, about the only worshippers of Buddha are the priests themselves, it being a case of "out of sight out of mind." The masses in Corea have fallen back on the propitiation of demons with which they believe the air to be filled; and those having knowledge of Chinese classics regulate their lives by the teachings of Confucius.



ARROW GATEWAY AND ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY

Early one August morning we started for the monastery with a missionary and his Corean teacher, the latter acting as guide. They were afoot, my husband on his bicycle, and I in a comfortable cane chair, its poles borne by four very active and fine-looking coolies. For a few miles we skirted the seashore, the narrow footpath running between the paddy fields and over very primitive bridges. Then we began the ascent and our troubles commenced. The heat was intense, almost suffocating. Very often the path disappeared amongst boulders and then for miles stretched over clay hills resembling an unballasted railroad with the spaces between the ties about eight inches deep. This had been caused by generations of burden-bearing oxen putting their hoofs in the holes made by their predecessors.

My husband had previously to this been alternately carrying and pushing his bicycle, riding being long since out of the question. He now straddled a great ox, persuading its owner to carry the machine, of which he seemed in great fear.

The view of the monastery, from whatever side one sees it, is most picturesque. Approaching, we passed under an narrow archway a short distance from the main entrance, upon the gate of which is painted the Corean crest. We were soon surrounded by monks in white attire and conducted to the Abbot, who offered us rice cakes and a pleasant drink composed chiefly of wild honey.

The sun was just setting. We had been fourteen hours on an unshaded

FIGURE AT TEMPLE GATEWAY

AN EXTERIOR WALL OF TEMPLE—NATIVE CHRISTIAN TEACHER—TWO LITTLE BOYS GIVEN BY THEIR PARENTS TO THE MONASTERY TO BE EDUCATED AS BUDDHIST PRIESTS—THE LADY IS THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE.

road, not a breath stirring, and the thermometer registering 118°. Our only thought after several times emptying the Abbot's flagon, was of a place in which to rest. Outside of one of the several temples we were asked to remove our shoes and were then conducted to a dimly lighted corner within and informed we could lie down. Sleep came immediately although our rugs were thin and the clay floor hard and smooth as polished marble. How long we slept I know not, but I awoke parched, suffocating and in a bath of prespiration.

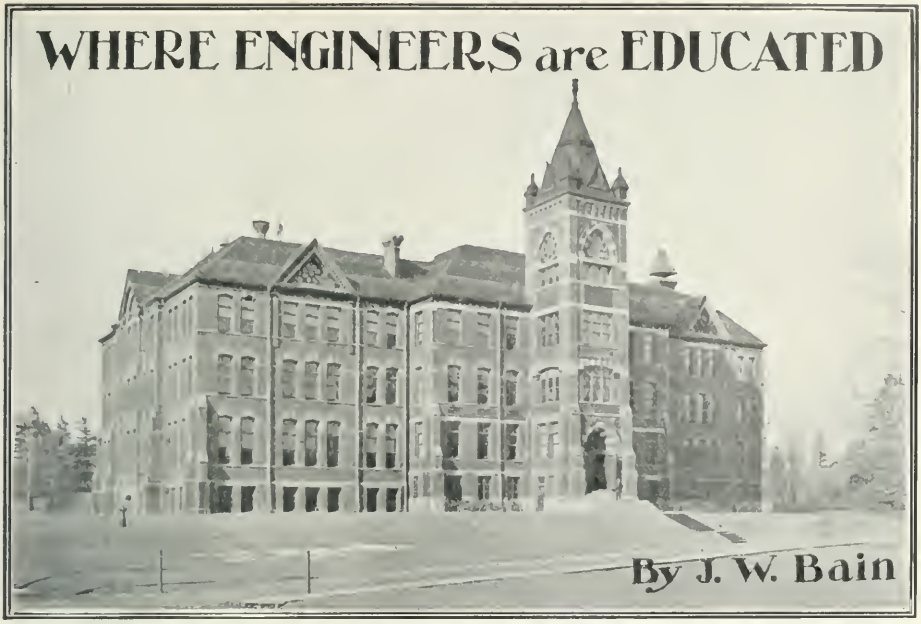
Soon I put my hand on the floor. My exclamation of surprise, almost horror, was enough to awaken the others, and we realized immediately that it was only another act of welcome on the part of the kind Abbot. He had had a fire built under the clay floor, that being a luxury without which no Corean who can afford it ever goes to sleep, winter or summer.

Gathering up our belongings we quickly tiptoed our way out to a building with open sides, reached by several steps. Inside were a few rather narrow tables, a couple of which appeared to be occupied by sleepers. We thought of trying the others, but the dread of rolling off decided us to content ourselves with the floor. The sun was quite high when we arose and made the ghastly discovery that our companions *had been lately monks* and that the tables upon which they rested were their biers.

In spite of his ninety years the Abbot himself showed us many treasures in and about the extensive premises. His hearty laugh over some of our translated queries, and the pleasure he derived from our acceptance of a monk's four-cornered headgear, necklace and bamboo undershirt, are amongst our pleasantest recollections of a summer spent with the "Hermit Nation."

TEMPLE WITH IMAGES OF FORMER ABBOTS AND MONKS

WHERE ENGINEERS are EDUCATED



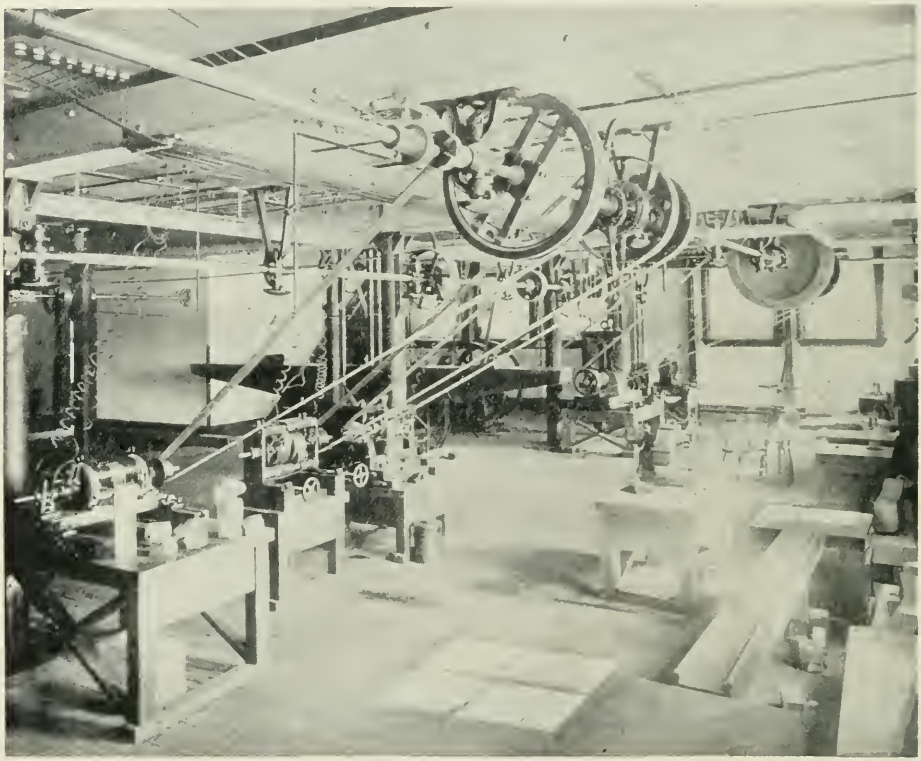
By J. W. Bain

THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

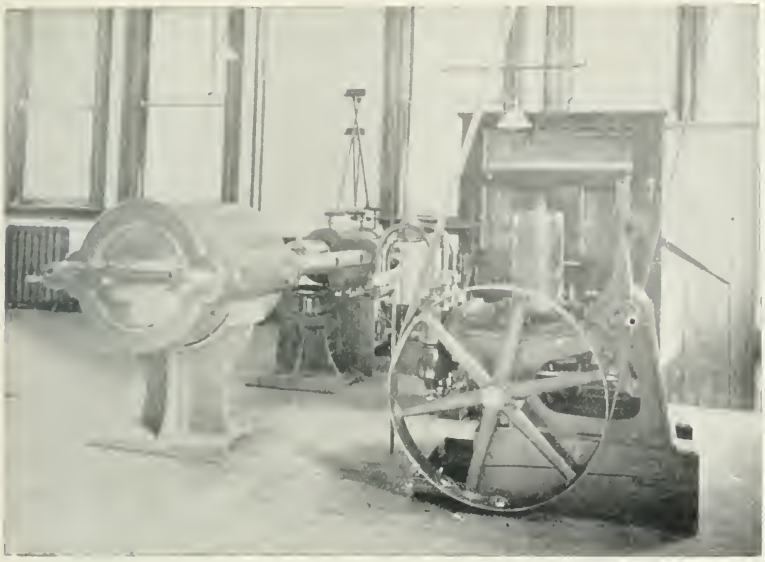
IT is related that in ancient times, a certain monarch of Egypt desired to erect for his future resting-place, a tomb of surpassing grandeur. Thousands of slaves were gathered from every direction and set to work, some to split out vast blocks of stone from the quarries of Syene, far up the Nile; others to rough-hew and trim the irregular masses; while still others floated the dressed stones down the river almost to the Delta. To-day upon the sands of the Libyan desert stand those artificial hills which we call the Pyramids, still one of the wonders of the world and one of the most magnificent evidences of the skill of man. How these massive blocks were placed in position is yet unknown, but the ability of the builders is shewn with overwhelming force; in our time the men who planned and directed the work would be called engineers. So the profession is ancient and the engineer, including under that designation the architect, has been an important person in all ages, but never more so than to-day. Perhaps we wish to bring into closer touch our cousins who live in some remote district. The engineer receives instructions to build a railway and starts forthwith to spy out the land. After long weary days in the woods, sometimes attacked by fever and tormented by insects or almost frozen to death, the survey is finished and construction work commences. In many instances nature seems to have thrown every possible obstacle in the path. Here a deep rock-cutting must be made, a few yards farther a yawning abyss demands a bridge, while a short distance and a vast swamp calls for a floating roadbed. The housing and feeding of men, the conveyance of stores from the outposts of civilization, and the adaptation of the materials which lie at hand are a few of the problems with which the engineer must deal, and the mere recital in this hurried manner of the demands upon his skill and experience are quite sufficient to convince anyone that engineering calls for a man's finest and most careful work. The construction of a railroad has often been made the subject of a magazine article and nearly everyone is to a certain extent familiar with the

difficulties and dangers which beset the builders, but the engineer has other tasks which call for just as much patience, skill and experience. Mighty bridges must be built to meet the demands of modern travel; waterfalls must be put to work to produce the electrical current so indispensable at the beginning of the twentieth century, and that current must often be led for miles to supply motive power for many a factory and light for many a house-hold; canals must be built for the cheap carriage of bulky merchandise and harbours provided for the accommodation of shipping; huge buildings must be erected upon high-priced plots of land in the centres of great cities; millions of tons of coal and iron must be mined far below the surface of the earth to supply the busy world with raw material; and there are still dozens of other duties which the engineer is called upon to assume. It is little wonder, therefore, that engineering, in addition to an extensive experience, calls for a liberal education, and the marvellous growth of colleges for the teaching of applied science is a striking evidence of this.

The need of such a college in Ontario was laid before the Government a little more than a quarter of a century ago, and the merits of the proposal were so marked, that under the regime of the Hon. Adam Crooks, at that time Minister of Education, the Ontario School of Practical Science was established and a building provided a short distance to the south of University College, Toronto. Since then the growth of the School has been steady and gratifying, and although in 1889 a new wing of almost double the size was attached to the old building, the accommodation is to-day entirely in-



THE DYNAMO ROOM

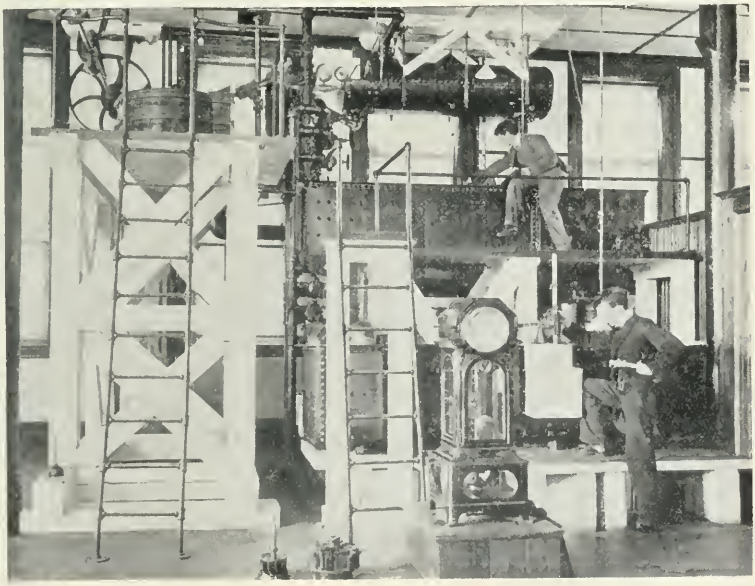


EMERY MACHINE FOR TESTING STRENGTH OF MATERIALS

solation that nearly everyone who reads these lines can see every day some tangible and enduring monument of engineering skill. Even indoors, it must not be forgotten that many of the ornamental and useful articles to be found in every home have come from what we call factories, which are after all only places where engineering has made a specialty of the production of certain particular classes of articles.

The curricula of modern colleges of applied science vary somewhat and it sufficient for the proper carrying on of the work. The departments of mining, mineralogy and geology and chemistry are particularly cramped for room in their present quarters, and it is to be hoped that these branches of engineering education which are at present of so much importance to the country at large, will not be allowed to stagger along under the heavy burden of insufficient work-room.

The importance of the engineer to the community at large has already been pointed out in the briefest manner, but to offset this brevity there is always the con-



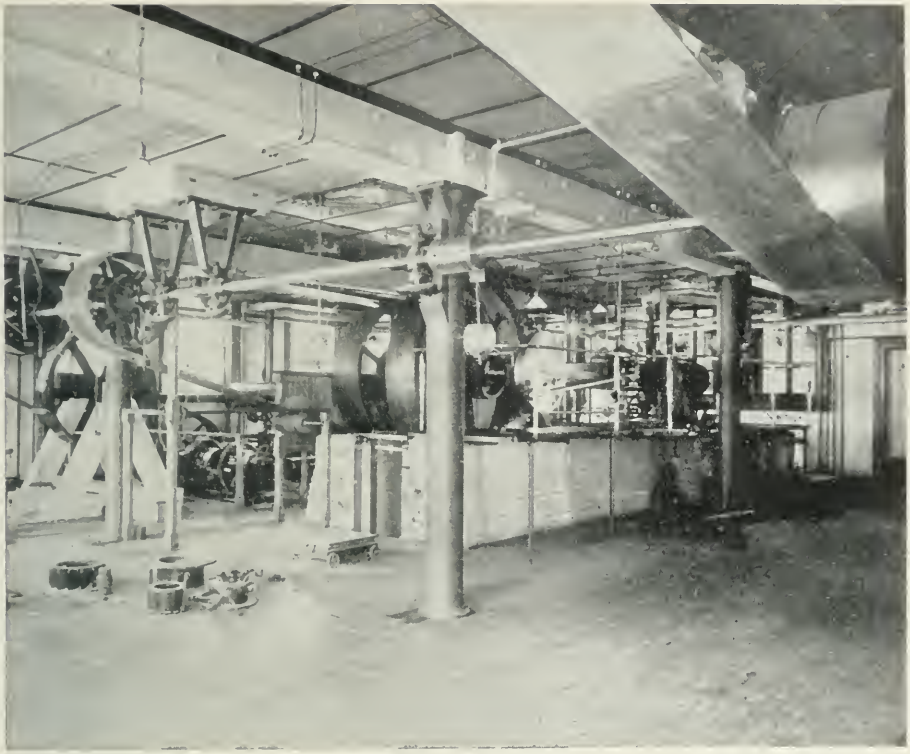
THE HYDRAULIC PLANT

would be out of place to attempt to indicate in this article the various courses which have been exploited ; the School of Practical Science, however, agrees in the main with best institutions of the day and a glance at the studies of the young engineer in Toronto will give a fairly general idea of modern education in this direction. Before an engineer can properly proceed to design a bridge, it is evident that he must have some knowledge of the strains which are to be carried by the various parts of the structure, and this information can only be obtained by the aid of mathematics. The architect, in his engineering capacity, must have some knowledge of the occurrence and endurance of the stone which he employs; mineralogy and geology are his guides in this direction. Such illustrations might be multiplied tenfold, but the two given above are sufficient to shew that the engineer has need of a certain theoretical training in addition to the every day experience of his profession. The course at the School lasts for three years, upon the completion of which the graduate receives a diploma ; and there is further a Fourth or Post-Graduate year, ending with the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science, conferred by the University of Toronto. The student may take his choice of five separate courses :

1. Civil Engineering.
2. Mining Engineering.
3. Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
4. Architecture.
5. Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

The courses may be roughly described as a gradual progression from lectures in the first year to laboratory work in the fourth. The student must first become familiar with the principles

THE GALVANOMETER LABORATORY



EXPERIMENTAL ENGINE

upon which his future work depends, and commences by studying mathematics, statics, dynamics, surveying, chemistry and electricity. As he passes from year to year the applications of these subjects are presented to him, for example in strength of materials, constructive design, machine design, practical astronomy, hydraulics, theory of the steam engine and technical chemistry. Having become sufficiently familiar with the elements of the various subjects, the student passes to experimental work in the laboratory, travelling first over well-known ground and finally attacking problems which demand for their solution his individual thought and experiment.

In the laboratories of the School are to be found many interesting machines and pieces of apparatus, but it would be quite impossible to describe within the limits of an article such as this, the equipment of even one of these rooms ; and we must content ourselves with a rapid journey through the building, stopping only here and there to notice something of particular interest, just as a humming-bird selects the sweetest blossoms in a garden of flowers.

In the basement, at the south end of the building, is the engineering laboratory, and we find here a fifty horse power Brown engine, which is used solely for experimental work ; it can be worked condensing or non-condensing, steam-jacketed or not, so that a valuable study may be made of the efficiency secured during operation under different conditions. Beside the engine stands a three-throw pump, with a capacity of 500,000 gallons per 24 hours, while the stream which this supplies may be utilized for driving a turbine or for filling various tanks which discharge constantly through orifices, the whole constituting a hydraulic system. An opportunity is thus

afforded for studying such important factors in hydraulic work as the influence of varying heads of water upon the discharge through circular or rectangular holes or through notches of various sizes and shapes, while the efficiency of turbines may be found under varying conditions, as the head and quantity of water are changed. The importance of hydraulics to the engineer in a country such as ours, where water-power is to be found in profusion, needs no further remark.

In the south end of the building may also be seen the laboratory for the testing of materials of construction such as iron, steel, wood, stone, brick and cement. There is installed in this department a fifty-ton emery tension and compression machine, which has a marvellous delicacy for so ponderous and powerful a structure. It is constructed upon the same principle as an hydraulic press, but oil is used in the cylinder instead of water, and an indicator of ingenious construction enables the operator to tell very accurately the force which is being exerted. The machine can put forth a total force of fifty tons in either tension or compression, and yet, when there is nothing between the clamps, a pull by hand is instantly recorded by the indicator. Not far away stands the Olsen torsion machine, which twists bar iron in the same fashion as a confectioner twists a stick of candy. Like some giant among the common throng, we see the upper part of another testing machine protruding through the floor beside the other two. The main portion is to be found below, and if we are curious enough to go down stairs we find that here are tested wooden, iron and steel beams and posts of all sizes and shapes. This machine can exert a force of one hundred tons, and all around are the trophies of its prowess, huge wooden beams, broken crosswise, small blocks of wood crushed and shattered, brick piers and wooden posts, which have all alike given way under the terrible strain. A careful record of all the experiments is of course preserved. To complete our view of the laboratories for the testing of materials of construction, we may visit the room where mortars and cements receive their judgment. Everywhere we see little briquettes, some in water, where they have lain perhaps for the past nine months, some air-dry and hard as stone, and others moist, with the appearance of having been freshly made. When the proper time arrives, each and all will be placed in the rubber-covered jaws of the testing machine and strained until they break—truly iron hands under gloves of velvet.

The electrical department finds house-room partly with the large testing machine in the basement, and a row of dynamos stretches across the floor, with much wire and many switches and fuse-boxes and other paraphernalia dear to the heart of the electrician. A large modern switch-board provides for the transference of currents from one set of wires to another and serves as a sort of nervous centre for the whole building. If we follow carefully one set of wires which pass out into the hall, we arrive at the electrical laboratories in the north end of the building, which serve the one as a galvanometer room and the other for high tension work. Both are well equipped, and provide excellent facilities for experimental work. Across the hall, within double doors, is the astronomical and geodetical laboratory, with an array of mathematical instruments, while a stately clock with solemn tick seems astonished at our haste.

When we have thus glanced through some of the laboratories in the basement we commence naturally to climb upstairs, and here we find ourselves in a region of lecture and drafting rooms. Of the latter there are four, filled with large wooden tables, one for each student, and upon all may be seen the drawings which are being made as everyday work proceeds. The course in drafting and practical design is thorough, and the student is taught carefully the importance of being able to correctly convey his ideas to the workman by means of his drawings. After

MINERALOGICAL COLLECTION

inspecting the drafting rooms, we turn to the museum, which is situated on the third story in the north end and is devoted to mineralogy and geology. A collection of minerals is to be seen which is used by the students for study and comparison, and a collection of ores, principally from Ontario, is placed near by. There is a fine set of Canadian and foreign rocks, and a palæontological collection occupies the remainder of the space.

On the second floor, beneath the museum, are the chemical laboratories, the qualitative at the east end, the quantitative at the west. Unfortunately, the accommodation is entirely inadequate, and the work suffers accordingly. Junior and senior men have to occupy the same room, and cannot avoid interference, with the result that much valuable time is wasted by both parties, and it is very difficult to carry on any work which calls for much room in which to set up apparatus. The blowpipe laboratory is situated upon the first floor, and, having been refitted recently, is equipped with all necessary apparatus and provides plenty of room. At the other end of the corridor is the chemical lecture room, a large theatre, which answers the purpose capitally. In the basement we find the assay laboratory, which is well fitted out, and is quite large enough for class work, but on passing into the mill-room we find once more that space is sadly lacking. Here may be seen the three-stamp gravity mill, with a Frue vanner for treating ores, and much valuable work has been done with this plant since its installation. A pair of rolls and a chlorination barrel are mounted temporarily upon wheels, and have to be rolled into position, because there is at present no position where they may be stationed permanently.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY—QUANTITATIVE ANALYSIS

From this brief description an idea may be gained of the work which is carried on by the students, and one might easily suppose that the young engineer leaves the school tolerably well equipped for the practice of his profession. Such, however, is not the case, and unless the graduate has gained some practical experience either previous to his entering the school, or during his vacations, he must spend considerable time in acquiring that somewhat vague, but valuable, adjunct, experience. To quote from a recent address by the principal of the school, "If the young graduate neglects to keep his eyes and ears open, and to make plentiful use of his notebook, if he does not absorb practical knowledge as a dry sponge absorbs water, he ought to go into some other profession; he will never become an engineer, even though he be a graduate of the School of Practical Science."

The question may possibly be asked, "Of what value then is a course in an engineering college, why not enter professional life at once?" True enough, a man may become an engineer without a college education, and occasionally men of uncommon force of character have raised themselves to high positions by their own unaided efforts; such cases are, however, rare, and the ordinary man can improve his chances tenfold by a little preliminary discipline and training.

The college graduate on first coming into contact with the practical man appears to have a considerable disadvantage, and his work is usually inferior. If, however, our young engineer is determined to succeed, it will not be long before his practical knowledge will be on a par with that of his rival, while his scientific training leads him to speculate and experiment in the most logical manner, upon the possibilities of devising new methods, new apparatus or new materials for his work.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER.

By Professor William Clark, D.C.L.

"Oh! day of days! shall hearts set free
No 'minstrel rapture' find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays:
Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year;
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter day in every week."

FEW will accuse the poet of the Christian year of exaggeration in employing such language in reference to the great Christian festival of Easter, for the Sunday does not merely shine more glorious by reason of Easter Day; it has its very existence from the fact that the event commemorated at the Easter Festival—the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead—took place on the first day of the week.

It is a strange fact that, whilst we may be said to know the date of the Resurrection with sufficient exactness, neither in ancient nor in modern times has the Church agreed as to the exact day of the Festival. In the early Church the Quartodecimans, pleading the example of St. John, kept the day of the month, whilst the Latin Church, and especially the Roman, kept the day of the week; and, although this controversy was laid to rest by the Council of Nicæa declaring for the Sunday, yet in our own day, by reason of the difference in the calendars, the Russian Church frequently keeps the festival later than the Western Churches.

In the Greek and Latin Churches the festival is known as the Pascha (Italian, *Pasqua*; French, *Pâques*), derived from the Hebrew name of the Passover, during the celebration of which Festival our Lord was put to death and rose again. Curiously enough, this name has survived in the north of England, and even in Scotland, where they still speak of the dyed eggs used at that period as Paste or Pace Eggs, when probably not one in a hundred who use the phrase has the slightest notion of its meaning and reference. The English and German names (Easter and Ostern) for the festival have a heathen origin. They are taken from the name of the fourth month of the year, corresponding very nearly with our April, and this month derived its name from Eostre, a goddess worshipped in Britain, whose festival was celebrated near the time of the vernal equinox.

From the earliest days this festival was held in the highest honour by all Christians. It is believed that there is a reference to it in St. Paul's words, 1 Corinth. v. 7: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." The feast of Easter was, at least, the Christian Passover, in which was slain the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and in which those who joined in the commemoration of the sacrifices feasted at the table of God. From the days of the Apostles down to our own times it has been held in high honour throughout the whole Church, and in these latter days, even among those denominations which have opposed the institution of sacred seasons as savouring of superstition, there has been manifested a disposition to keep with special solemnity the festival of the Resurrection.

Gregory of Nazianzus calls Easter the Queen of festivals, and says that it exceeds all others as far as the Sun excels the other heavenly bodies. In early times it was surrounded with every mark of reverence, not only in worship and in the obligatory reception of the Holy Communion, but by tokens of special regard in the emancipation

of the suffering and in the care for the sick. Thus we hear from several of the early writers of the Church that Easter was an occasion for the display of liberality to the poor, that slaves were frequently emancipated at this period, and that there was also a general release of prisoners, with the exception of those who had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. To this very day we have one standing evidence of the greatness of the festival. The Latin Church requires all its members to come to Holy Communion at least on Easter Day; and the Anglican Church orders, in the rubrics to the Communion service, "that every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one."

When we consider the meaning and significance of Easter, none of these ordinances can surprise us. Every Christian festival has its own special meaning and power. Who does not delight to think of that "happy morn in which the Saviour of mankind was born"? Who does not follow, in the services of the Church, with humble faith and thankfulness, "the traces of those holy feet which marked out for us the way of life." But surely that festival which "brought life and immortality to light," has a power and a glory all its own, and deserves every honour which the believing heart can offer it.

Let us consider for a moment what is its message, and what we should be without that message. It appears to some that these are questions which may be dismissed with little concern as to the conclusions at which we may arrive. Such an opinion can hardly find justification in the idea that it matters little to mankind whether on Easter Day we commemorate a fact or perpetuate the belief in a hallucination. It surely does matter a good deal, a great deal whether there is such a thing as a resurrection from the dead, whether man may or may not look forward to a future life. There are few convictions so deeply rooted, there are few beliefs so universal, as the belief in immortality. In some form it has prevailed among all races and in all ages. Tennyson was uttering not a mere individual opinion but a universal aspiration when he said, addressing the "Strong Son of God, immortal Love":

> "Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And Thou hast made him."

The language of the poet Young may be somewhat inflated, but it is substantially true to the experience of man:

> "A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
> Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
> That ghastly thought would drink up all your joys,
> And quite unparadise the realms of right."

Surely, then, man may reasonably give ear to any arguments which may support such a belief, to any evidences which may induce the conviction that we are not made to die; that there is a future for mankind beyond the life of earth. We must hold, therefore, that he is the reasonable man who approaches the consideration of such evidences in a sympathetic attitude, with the hope that they may prove adequate and conclusive, rather than he who assumes that no such evidences are to be expected and none can be convincing. Why should they not be expected? The belief in immortality is not an absurdity, or an individual opinion. Why should the life of man not persist in a different environment? Whence comes "this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality," but from the roots of that nature which is a reflection of the nature of God, a finite reproduction of the being of Him who "alone hath immortality?" He who listens to the testimony of the angel at the tomb—"He is risen; He is not here," is a more rational man than he who rejects the testimony as incredible.

There is no better attested fact in the past history of the world than the resurrection of Jesus Christ. There is probably no rational human being on the face of the earth who believes that the

apostles were impostors or deceivers. That men should sacrifice everything that the world counts desirable in order to propagate a belief which they knew to rest upon a falsehood is a theory too absurd to deserve discussion. On the other hand, it is almost as difficult to believe that they were under a mistake as to the resurrection of their Master. This theory of hallucination seems the last hope of the opponents of Christianity. For it comes to this : the denial of the resurrection is the denial of the supernatural character of the Christian religion. And there is nothing left for those who refuse to believe in the resurrection but the theory of vision or hallucination. And even this theory is now beginning to be abandoned; and some of its former advocates are falling back on the assumption that there was conscious deception on the part of the apostles. No wonder! Each sceptical theory is, in turn, discovered to be so baseless, that it must immediately give place to the theory which it had recently supplanted.

The theory of hallucination on the part of the apostles is almost as ridiculous as the theory of deception. It is quite certain that they did not expect the return of their Master. His death produced such a shock as to disorder all their hopes and expectations in regard to His Messianic character. They never doubted His greatness and goodness : "He was a prophet mighty in word and deed;" but they doubted the correctness of their own previous judgments : "We trusted that this was He that should deliver Israel." And from this state of despondency and apprehension they were aroused not by the ecstasy of an excitable woman, not by the springing up of a new hope within themselves, but by the visible appearance of Him who had died, who proved Himself the conqueror of death, the Lord of life, bringing the hope of everlasting life to the children of men. If they were mistaken, if Christ had not risen, there was one proof by which their adversaries could have shut their lips and convicted them of false testimony—the production of the sacred body of the crucified. If the apostles had possession of His body and declared that He had risen, they were impostors—an idea not capable of being maintained. If their adversaries had possession of it, they would have produced it.

Well, therefore, may the Christian Church, on the great Festival of Easter, take up the language of St. Paul, and declare: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." The dead are not lost, not separated from us for ever. They "sleep in Jesus," and of them we are assured that as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" and when the shadows of death are stealing over us, we see a light shining in the darkness, and hear the voice of love and power which declares : "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Such is our faith, and it brings a joy which no one taketh away from us. THEREFORE LET US KEEP THE FEAST.

MISS DEBORAH'S EASTER HOUSE-PARTY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "Beech Dale," "The Hidden Path," "Handicapped," "Moss Side," "An Angel Unawares," etc.

THE list of guests lay on the table before her. While she talked she tapped it with a gold pencil-case, keeping time in a sort of happy rhythm with the music of her thoughts. The gold pencil-case had a diamond in the top that shot out tiny sparkles, also in rhythmic order. Upon the third finger of the hand that beat the happy tattoo was a larger diamond in an old-fashioned setting. The gems were heirlooms. So was the furniture of the room in which the two friends sat—a long, low apartment, the ceiling crossed by oaken beams. The house itself was colonial, having been built in 1710 by Gerardus Glen, and had come down in the direct line to Colonel Ten Eyck Glen, the father of Miss Deborah Glen, the present owner. She was the only survivor of eight children born under the venerable roof.

Her forty-fifth birthday would fall upon Easter Sunday, now but five days off. They proposed to celebrate it by a gathering of no mean sort. Miss Deborah was not ashamed to tell her age. She was wont to say that she valued every year she had lived, and would not show disrespect to one of the forty odd.

The Rev. Cecil Dane—the straight, trim, well-groomed gentleman to whom she was telling her plans for the aforesaid celebration—was fifty years of age. His eyes were clear; his clean-shaven face had the fresh colour of a healthy boy; his semi-clerical attire was invariably correct; his hands and feet were small and shapely.

Mrs. Graham, Miss Deborah's neighbour and the wife of the rector, used to say that she never saw Mr. Dane and Miss Glen together without being reminded of a pair of Dresden china figures—shepherd and shepherdess—and longing to set one on each end of her mantel.

Twenty-five years ago Cecil Dane was engaged to marry Katey Glen, Miss Deborah's twin-sister. After her death, which occurred just a month before what was to be their wedding-day, the young clergyman went as a home-missionary to the Far West, and remained upon the frontier, coming home but three times in the interim, for fifteen years. He was driven back to the East by ill-health threatening his life. When Western malaria—that curse in the blood that baffles time and drugs—was eliminated from the system, there remained a reminiscence of overwork under unpropitious circumstances in a chronic bronchial weakness which forbade him to take a regular cure of souls. He had a modest patrimony that had supported him in the missionary field without aid from ecclesiastical societies, and it sufficed for his bachelor wants when he took up his residence in the sleepy town of Rhynsart-on-the-Hudson, directly across the river from Glenwold, the ancestral abode of the sister of his dead betrothed.

Gossips had grown tired speculating as to "what might come" of his regular visits to Miss Deborah. Even rural gossip wearies of monotony of diet, and the relations of the two old friends had gone on with the regularity of clockwork and calendar for ten years, with neither variation nor shadow of turning to the right or to the left.

Three times a week the shabby little steamer that plied every other hour between drowsy Rhynsart-on-the-Hudson and the dead-and-alive hamlet, sucked, as driftwood by an eddy, towards the

Durham station at the foot of the hill crowned by the Glenwold House—carried the dapper little gentleman to and from his friend's home. If Miss Deborah were absent for a day or a week the ferry hands found it out by his failure to take passage with them. As methodical was the order of proceedings within doors after his arrival. On Tuesday evenings the two played chess, in the library in winter, because it was smaller than the drawing-room and more cosy ; on summer nights, in the great parlour where the windows looked upon the river and the breeze had more room to wander. On Fridays an hour was given to backgammon, another hour to reading aloud. Miss Deborah was the reader always, Mr. Dane's throat being weak and his breath uncertain. She had her own chair, he his, unless there were others present. Both chairs had high, straight backs, and neither occupant ever availed himself or herself of the prim support they offered. All summer long, and often when the weather was cold, Miss Deborah wore white gowns, muslin, trimmed with delicate, hand-wrought embroidery, or fine, soft, real lace that had descended to her along with the house, furniture and family jewellery. She had a pure, bell-like voice, somewhat slender, but never sharp, and she read as well-instructed young ladies were taught to read fifty years ago, in a genteel, unaffected way, with just as much and no more emphasis than they would use in everyday conversation with their social equals. To be elocutionary was to be theatrical and in poor taste. When the reading was done they talked it over, exchanging views and suggesting theories.

There was also reading on Sunday evenings, of a more serious cast, of course, and longer, more discursive dialogue ; dialogue that was always brotherly, sisterly and frankly friendly. Gossip would have died a natural death in listening to it. The grave they never forgot held more than the dust so precious to both. Youthful dreams and hopes were there decently interred, without the sure and certain hope of resurrection that gilded the memory of the beloved twin-sister.

At the Christmas before the Easter which is the date of my story, Miss Deborah had paid a long visit (for her) to the widow of her favourite brother in New York. Her pretty young nieces, Helen and Margarita Glen, had fallen in love with the dainty spinster whom they had scarcely known until then, and were moved by her sprightly chat of their common forebears and their home, to entreat that they might come to her before long and see the enchanting old place for themselves.

"I dare you to let us make up a house-party for you next Easter!" bantered Helen.

"With all my heart," exclaimed the aunt, flushing so rosily that she dropped ten years from her real age. By the way, she never looked it, honestly, at her palest and gravest. "I shall be forty-five years old Easter Sunday, April 7th. It would be a celebration worth talking about if you would come. But neither you nor your friends would venture into the country at that season. I know the ways of city butterflies!"

A clamour of protest drowned her voice. Nothing would be more fascinating. Easter in town would be as dull as ditchwater by comparison. The more the scheme was pulled over and shaken about and held up to the light, the more alluring it was to the *blasé* fashionists. By the time Miss Deborah left the hospitable abode one and another had prayed to be included in the scheme, and all were positively pledged to alight at the Durham Station on the evening of Saturday, April 6th, and to remain at Glenwold until Tuesday morning.

On her way home Miss Deborah stopped over night in Albany to renew her intimacy with some cousins once removed. Emma Van Wyck, the fun-loving daughter of the house, caught eagerly at the novel idea of a gathering of the younger members of the Glen clan in the manorial homestead, and begged leave to bring with her the young man she was to marry in May.

Thus stood the list as rehearsed by

Miss Deborah to the rhythmical tapping of the jewelled pencil-case.

"There will be just a dozen of us, all told. Helen, Margarita and Alexander Glen, with Helen's 'bright, particular' friend, Mr. Corwin (such a nice fellow!) Then there are Belle and John Saunders and Mary Willis and her most devoted admirer, Mr. Elmendorf. That makes up the New York contingent. From Albany there are Emma Van Wyck and Charley Depue, another engaged couple. Cupid will have his hands full while they are all here. You and I are to chaperone the gay crew, play propriety and be make-weights generally," smiling with cordial sisterliness into the kind blue eyes bent upon her.

A pink mist rolled gently over Mr. Dane's face until it lost itself in the fair hair that was growing thin on the top of his head. It might well happen that a well-preserved man of fifty would be more sensitive as to his age than an independent spinster who had voluntarily entered the old-maid ranks at thirty-five.

Miss Deborah ran on, her joyous excitement blinding her to the possibility of jarring her friend's sensibilities.

"I pride myself upon the ingenuity that has devised comfortable quarters for one and all in this dear old rookery. You will come over on Saturday afternoon, prepared to stay until Tuesday?"

"Would that be best?" demurred the other. "I had thought, instead, of offering to take a couple of men home with me Saturday night, engaging to return them at breakfast-time Sunday. To relieve the pressure upon the rookery and your ingenuity, you know. One of my brotherly prerogatives is to be of service to you whenever I can. It is a privilege I seldom enjoy."

"You are mistaken there." She brought the jewelled top of the pencil-case down upon the table with a ringing rap. "You are my Prime Minister, my Secretary of State—my everything that is kind and helpful. To nobody else would I confess what an event in my quiet life this house-party—and on my birthday!—will be. It is like renewing my youth to find that really young people, with the ball of society at their feet, want to come to see me; are willing to take me into their charmed circle and make me one of themselves. It is a beautiful thing to be young. A beautiful thing," she repeated, musingly, a tender smile upon lips that to-day had taken on their youthful curves.

"Maturity, mellow and sweet—an early autumn, such as yours—is fairer, and more enduring," said Mr. Dane, in gentle sincerity.

"Don't try to reconcile me to the inevitable, Cecil. I am well content with my age, my world and my life. And the thought of those blessed children leaving the gaieties of Easter in the city to enliven the existence of a sober, settled body like myself—coming, as Helen puts it, 'a seven hours' journey into the wilderness' to see me—is enough to make me in love with human nature. Now"—putting out her hand to a bell-rope—"I mean to have all the rooms lighted and take you from the bottom of the house to the top to see—and admire—my arrangements and to suggest alterations."

His one suggestion was not offered until the tour of inspection was concluded, and they were back in the library, the until-now-neglected chessboard between them.

"It does not accord with my ideas of right and fitness that you should tuck yourself away in a mere closet under the eaves when everybody else is so luxuriously lodged."

Tone and visage were expressive of such discontent that she laughed outright in setting out the white chessmen at her end of the board.

"How odd it seems to see you cross. I shall be as snug and happy as a house-wren. They used to call me 'Jenny Wren' when I was a girl. But"—flushing while she laughed in a shamefaced way that was very bewitching—"I shall not be content, like priggish Jenny, to 'wear my russet gown and never look too fine.' To take you into another secret I had a

new white frock made 'all on a-purpose' in New York. A marvellous 'confection' of *crepon* and *chiffon*, and half-a-dozen other French *ons* that would be all Greek to you. I shall walk in silk attire and look my very best. I cannot do the occasion too much honour."

On Friday afternoon Mr. Dane pleased himself by sending to Glenwold a great box of roses he had ordered from Albany, and another that had been filled in Boston with trailing arbutus.

"You forget nothing that could bring happiness to your friends," said the note he received in acknowledgment of the gift. "Do you recollect that Katey and I always wore arbutus on Easter Sunday, when there was a sprig to be had?"

"The weather bureau predicts foul weather for Easter. I refuse to believe it. Yet what will that matter when my house-party is once safely within my doors? The sunshine within will defy the windy storm and tempest."

Saturday morning dawned under a veil of drifting rain that stiffened into slanting sleet by nine o'clock. At four in the afternoon the shabby ferry-boat tossed like a chip upon waves that chopped and pitched and foamed as in mid-ocean. There were but three passengers besides the trim little gentleman who wore a mackintosh and carried a dress-suit case as he stepped ashore. Not a conveyance was in sight. Nobody in his dry and sober senses would be calling for a hack at the lonely landing overswept by the swirling waters and as slippery as glass.

He was encased in an icy shell when he paused for a long breath in the deep porch of the colonial homestead. Every window was aglow, every shutter was wide open. Scarlet spears of light hurtled against the angry lines of sleet and broke into prismatic halos upon the blackness of the outer night. The wind was shrill, threatening, insistent.

"A brutal night!" muttered the visitor, taking off and shaking his mackintosh.

"Oh, is it you?" Miss Deborah exclaimed, as she came forward to meet him. "Come in! Come in! I hardly dared hope you would risk crossing in this storm. Yet I might have known I could depend upon *you!* I hope you have not taken cold."

They were standing under the hall chandelier. She wore the white "confection," and it became her rarely. Her hair, dark and abundant, with never a trace of silver in it, was piled high upon the small head and fastened with a jewelled comb. A feverish glow was in her cheeks; her eyes gleamed and flashed; she talked fast and animatedly. Her gala attire and air of suppressed excitement had a strange contrast in the profound stillness of a house Mr. Dane had expected to find reverberant with merry voices.

"I thought you were the carriages," she said, looking around. "I sent both of them to the station to meet the 5.10 train from New York. A part of the New York contingent is coming in that. Before they arrive you must come into the dining-room and see how lovely your flowers have made the table."

An oblong bed of roses in the centre of the table imbedded the arbutus. A cluster of the same was at each plate. A knot of the pale, sweet firstlings of the spring nestled in the laces of Miss Deborah's corsage. Roses, in harmonious shades of pink, were the setting of the oval central ornament. The Glen silver, cut-glass and china glittered in rich profusion on buffet and table.

While thanking Mr. Dane for his praises of the fair array, Miss Deborah seemed hardly to have heard them.

"The table was laid for twelve an hour ago," she went on, giving here a touch, there a pull, to the rose-setting, with unsteady fingers. "The afternoon mail brought two letters, both 'special deliveries.' Mary Willis's mother was taken ill yesterday, and her daughter cannot leave her. Of course Mr. Elmendorf would not come without her. Bella Sanders's sister writes that both Belle and John are down with the *grippe*. It is a scourge in New York just now. You'll think

me weak and silly, but it nearly brought the tears to be obliged to take two leaves out of the table and alter the disposition of the rooms. Belle and Mary were to have my room. It gives me no pleasure to move down into it from my cubby under the eaves."

"I can quite understand it," said Mr. Dane, with real feeling. "Everything is beautiful still. I am wicked enough to wish that the absentees may know what they are missing. But it would not be safe for one with so much as a touch of *grippe* to be abroad to-night," he added, tactfully.

She glanced up gratefully. She had drawn comfort from accent and look, more than from what he said.

"Thank you," she said, in her gentlest tone. "Now, wouldn't you like to go upstairs? Your valise has gone to your room."

The storm was too loud for him to hear the returning carriages. By straining his ears he fancied that he caught, while dressing, the sound of voices on the stairs and in the corridors. Knowing more of the exceeding deceitfulness of human nature than the sweet-hearted spinster could ever learn, he was sceptical as to the validity of the "regrets" she had accepted in all good faith. He was glad to think that Jenny Wren would have her "party" in spite of the defection of the disingenuous quartette.

A heavy *portière* was drawn across the door of the drawing-room. Mr. Dane pulled it aside. Miss Deborah sat in a low chair at one corner of the hearth, her face buried in her hands. The slight rattle of a ring upon the pole supporting the *portière* brought her to her feet. She turned aside abruptly, but not until he had seen that she was crying. He made a hurried step towards her.

"Deborah! What is it?"

For a second she kept her back towards him; her handkerchief brushed hastily at her eyes. Then she wheeled about and laughed—a forced, broken feint of merriment that cut at his heart-strings.

"Nothing worth talking about; that is, nothing I might not have expected. Read those."

She flirted a couple of telegrams to his feet. He picked them up, gravely courteous, and opened one.

"Afraid to set out lest we should be storm-bound *en route*. Awfully sorry. —MARGARITA SANDERS."

The other was: "Bad sore throat. Impossible to travel in storm. Mr. Depue sends regrets with mine.—EMMA VAN WYCK."

Mr. Dane stooped down and thrust the telegrams into the burning cinders. The indignant gesture, the moved look with which he turned to her and held out both hands, overcame the poor pretence of stoicism which Miss Deborah had kept between him and her wounded spirit. She dropped her face upon their joined hands.

"And I believed they meant what they said," she sobbed. "O Cecil, is *nobody* true?"

Two more leaves had been taken from the table when the house-party sat down to an eight-o'clock dinner. The mossy bank, even when shorn of the rose-border, almost encroached upon the plates of the four revellers. The trained servants moved with noiseless alacrity about the board, a solemn gladness in their mien; they were too well-bred to express otherwise.

At half-past six the Glenwold carriage had driven to the Rectory, less than half-a-mile from the Manor House, and Mr. Dane leaped lightly out. At seven the carriage set down at Miss Deborah's door the Rev. Mr. Graham, his wife, and Cecil Dane.

The servants and Mrs. Graham were the witnesses of the ceremony in the rose-scented drawing-room. The rector and his wife remained to the belated dinner. Not a lisp of telegrams and special delivery letters shadowed the gentle hilarity of the feast.

"Mrs. Dane had expected several young relatives to be with her this Easter," the bridegroom observed lightly during the meal. "They were detained at home by *grippe* and other casualties. We will drink to their better health."

THE WOMAN IN THE SNOW.

By Arthur Stringer.

WAIL, msieu, you hax me w'ere I got dat leetle gold coompass wit' de diamon' an' de pearl on heem! It was de long tam ago, msieu, de long tam ago, an' I never tol' 'bout dat storee to no peep'. She alway' hang by the buckskin cord roun' my neck, lak de scapular, an' I only tol' 'bout heem wan tam, I t'ink. By gare, dat was w'en I was de cavalier wit' Josephine Bonsecours, down on Sainte Dorothée, before she mak' mariée wit' dat Cyprien Dorval on T'ree Reever.

Wan night Josephine she hax see dat leetle coompass, an' she say she know ver' wail it was de *souvenir d'amour* wit' som' odder femme, an' she cry on de eye an' say she will not spik wit' me *encore* till I tail her all 'bout dat. Wail, I tail her, an' she wipe de eye an' say I try to mak' foolish wit' her. Den I say bigosh dat's de trut', an' den she say ver' col', *certainement*, dat all is de ver' strenge storee, an' den, by cripe, she go out de parloir wit' de head up, an' not even say 'excoos' to me!

You hev' been in loave many tam mebbe, msieu? Wail, I don' want never to be in loave, I t'ink. If I smash my canoe, Teet Michel, on de rapide or if de bull moose fight wit' me on de snow an', bigosh, break my arm wit' hees front leg, or if I geev de *hypothèque* an' lose dose leetle two honder arpent my fadder geev me w'en he die on Sainte Dorothée, dat's all de purty bad t'ing, I t'ink. But I lak dose all 'appen on me better den fall in loave any tam.

Wail, dat coompass 'appen 'bout a man w'at fall in loave, an' mebbe dat mak' de strenge storee, but I tail you de bes' I can. It 'appen de long tam ago, on de year I lef' de raf-gang on de Ottawa, an' ole Desjardins tol' me how he read on de Mo'real *Herald* how de man from New Yor' mak' de announcement dat he want de *Canadien* guide to go on de boosh, an' he say mebbe dat was de good t'ing for me. Wail, I feex up an go on de 'otel, an' de man, by gare, he say ver' wail de firs' t'ing. He was a ver' strenge man, an' hees name was 'Enry Barton Chandler, but all de peep' call heem jus' Moose Chandler. Dey call heem dat name Moose b'cause wan tam he mak' de grande peechure of de bull moose w'en he kill de man on de snow an' de odder man come up too late. My brodder say dat was de bes' peechure he never see, an' de peechure-man mak' de moose so good dat after dat dey all call heem Moose Chandler. I t'ink he mak' two t'ree honder nice leetle peechure lak dat wit' de fonny leetle brushes an' de paint. Some tam he put ole 'Poleon in dem, an' by gare he mak' de leetle man on de peechure look lak me sure 'nough, for he show me dose peechures in de book w'at tail all 'bout how de caribou an' de wapiti an' de moose an' de otter an' de black bear leev on de boosh.

But I find dat all out after. W'en we firs' go up on de woods I near go outside myself wit' de joy w'en I t'ink of all de red deer, an' de fine moose hunt we hev, an' de pleasurement we mak' wit' shooting de caribou. An' by gare we go up to Leetle Maurice, two t'ree honder arpent from de Canadian Pacifique Railway an' seex mile pas Mattawa, an' dere we build de fine leetle *cabane*. But de Moose Man he never shoot nodding all de tam, an' I t'ink on de inside dat is ver' fonny. He jus' tak' hees pencil in hees hand an' put on hees snow-shoe an' w'en he see de caribou he ronne an' ronne lak de crazy man, an' chase de caribou two t'ree hour on de snow till de caribou he near bust wit' de fatigue an' seet down at las', an' let hees tongue hang out. Den de Moose Man he ronne up too

an' seet down too an' mak' de leetle peechure wit' de pencil, an' come on de 'ouse at night singing de *chanson*, he was dat happy, an' put hees leetle peechure in de beeg book wit' "Caribou" on de back, an' say it was de grande day for heem. Some tam, too, he mak' me lie down all day in de snow an' wait for de cow moose, an' bimeby de cow moose com' an' den he tak' hees pencil an' mak' som' more peechure an' put heem in de beeg book wit' "Moose" on de back, an' say 'bout heem she was wort' de whole year to wait on de snow for dat.

Wail, I t'ink all de tam dat he was crazy on de head, for he never let me shoot de caribou or de moose wan tam, onless shee be for de grub, but, by gare, he walk twenty, t'irty mile t'rough de snow for de leetle peechure. An' dat don' mak' no pleasurement, I t'ink. But, by gare, dat Moose Man was de grande feller all de sam. He work lak de beaver all de winter, an' he laugh wit' de mout' all de tam, no matter w'at 'appen, an' never spik de *sacredam*. An' den, after all, I t'ink he was not crazy on de head.

Den bimeby he go to New Yor' an' come back de nex' winter an' bring two t'ree sleigh load of de fonnies' t'ings you never see—de photygraf an' de books an' de beeg bat' tubbe an' de sof' fedder pillow wit' de fonny cover an' a lot of t'ings w'at I never see b'fore. Den we keek out de ole box-stove an' put heem in de keetchen an' de Moose Man tail me how to mak' de beeg stone fire-plac' on wan side of de *cabane*. Den we feex heem up inside wit' de robes an' de skins an' de peechures, an' she look lak de *manoir* for sure.

Wail, de Moose Man he seem ver' happy, an' som' tam he mak' de peechure all day long an' som' tam he go on de boosh an' watch de animal all day long. An' he wheesle wit' heemself lak de rossignol in de morning w'en he use dat fonny bat' tubbe, for, by gare, he tak' de bat' ev'ry day, no matter how col' she mak'. An' I hax heem if he feel lonesome no tam, an' he say mebbe, but dat's de on'y way, he tail me, to be de great man some tam.

Den wan day de fonnies t'ing 'appen. It was after de beeg snowstorm dat year, an' it was de mos' fines' day I never see, wit' ev'ryt'ing all w'ite wit' de snow, w'en no wind blow, an' de sonne shine bright on de eye an' all de sky was de sof' blue lak de robin's egg. But she was ver' col', by gare, for all dat. We was come back on de *cabane* roun' by the Horse-Shoe Reedge, w'en de Moose Man sodden catch my arm an' cry out: "My God, dat woman she will be keel for sure!"

Den I look up on de Reedge an' I see w'at he mean. De snow she curl over de rock on de top of de Reedge lak de pie-crus' curl over the pan som' tam. An' I t'ink for sure dat woman was crazy on de head, for she stan' dere out on de edge of de Reedge an', by gare, she keek de snow-crus' down on de rock wit' her foot, two t'ree feet onderneat'.

De Moose Man he ronne up an' down an' wave hees han' an' holler "Go back, go back!" Den de woman on de Reedge she see heem an' wave her han' at heem, an' den I see w'at 'appen an' tol' de Moose Man. "You see dat leetle reedge behin' de woman, msieu? Wail, I t'ink she mus' hev slide down de snow-crus' on dat, an' I t'ink, by gare, she don' know how to climb back *encore*, for de snow-crus' she is mebbe too slippery!"

An' de Moose Man look, an' he say he t'ink dat was right sure 'nough. Den we bot' start out to climb de Reedge, but it was de long way round an' we hev to mak' de beeg detour an' de snow she was ver' deep.

On de way I tak' w'at you call de sash off de Moose Man, an' tie heem togedder on my sash an' mak' de lariat wit' heem an' say dat's de t'ing to t'row down on de woman w'en we mak' de try to pull her up. An' de Moose Man say "Good!"

W'en bimeby we com' 'round to de top of de Reedge de sweat she ronne down my back lak wan reever, I t'ink. But de Moose Man he jus' chew hees teet' togedder an' mak' de hurry to de edge above w'ere de woman stan' an' spik wit' her. I can' spik de sam'

words w'at he say, but I tail you de bes' I can.

"You ver' foolish woman," he say, "how dare you go out on dat Reedge?"

De woman she turn' roun' ver' slow an' look up on heem ver' col'. By gare, I t'ink she hev de face lak de sainte. I never see no face lak dat, but she say to de Moose Man ver' proud:

"Who are you? An' how dare you spik wit' me lak dat?"

De Moose Man he don' know w'at to mak' wit' dat. "Don' you know you be keel for sure?" he holler down at her. "How did you get on dat reedge?" Den he say to me ver' low, "Queeck, 'Poleon, queeck, for God's sake."

De woman she look up on heem an' don' say nodding. Den de Moose Man get scare an' holler: "Don' move! Don' move!" But she jus' look up on heem an' don' say nodding, but try to geev heem de scare wit' de eye, I t'ink. But de Moose Man he frown wit' hees face an' geev her de scare back all de more. Den she look down on de snow wit' de eye an' laugh de leetle tam an' geev wan shoulder de shrug an' den look up on de Moose Man *encore*. Dat tam she look up lak de leetle chil' w'at know he do somet'ing bad, and say ver' qui't: "I ronne away!"

"W'ere you ronne from?" hax de Moose Man. De woman she smile lak she say on de head, "W'y, here is a man w'at don' know me," an' den she say: "I say wit' myself, I t'ink I lak to clim' de beeg w'ite hills an' see all dat strenge country jus wan' tam. So I climb all de way up here an' slide down on dat leetle fonny ice-crust w'ere you was stan' now, an' den I fin' I can' clim' up heem once more. An dat's all, on'y I t'ink my feet is ver' near freeze."

I can' tail you de words w'at she spik, but dat's mos' all she say, I t'ink.

Den de Moose Man say *encore:* "I want to know w'ere you ronne from." An' de woman she look on heem an' hang de head down so he can' see her face, an' say she ronne away from de Canadien Pacifique Railway down de hill, w'ere de train was stock on de snow all night, an' she say dey still t'ink she was asleep on de car.

De Moose Man he don' know w'at to mak' wit' dat, but he look roun' w'ere de railway ronne t'rough de valley an' he say: "W'y, de train is gone." Den de woman she mak' ver' w'ite on de face an' put de han' on her heart an' say: "No! No!" lak she cry wit' de tears in her voice. An' de Moose Man he say, "Queeck, 'Poleon, queeck!"

Wail, all dat tam I was chop de foot-hole in de snow-crus', an' w'en I get close 'nough I drop de sash over her head an' pull heem tight 'round de waist purty queeck.

"How dare you do a t'ing lak dat," she cry out, an' stamp her foot on de snow. But we hol' our breat' an' pull up on de sash for all we can. An' w'en she stamp de foot lak dat, de snow-reedge she don' say nodding, but she jus' spleet down de meedle an', *mon Dieu*, de whole reedge w'ere de woman was stan' fall two t'ree honder feet down on de rock in de valley.

"T'ank God," de Moose Man say w'ile we pull de woman up on de top w'ere we stan', "T'ank God!"

Den de woman she look w'ere de snow reedge was jus' de leetle tam b'fore, an' den she look way down, w'ere de snow dat fall mak' de beeg w'ite cloud on de rock, an' den she look in de Moose Man's eyes, an' don' say nodding. But de firs' t'ing we know she was faint right off an' fall out on de snow lak she was dead for sure.

Den de Moose Man he kneel down on de snow, an' tak' de fur off de woman's neck, an' rub de snow on her forehead wit' hees han'. Den he tak' off her glove an' rub her han' ver' fas', an' dat don' do no good, den he rub som' more snow on her forehead an' push up her hair ver' sof', an' shak' hees head two t'ree tam. Den I start to rub her han' an' de Moose Man say ver queeck: "Never min', t'ank you, 'Poleon; I'll ten' to dis!" An' so I don' say nodding on dat, but stan' dere an' watch. An', by gare, I look down on dat woman w'ere she lay out on de w'ite

snow an' I don' t'ink I see wan tam any woman dat look lak dat. She was all dress, bigosh, in de fines' fur I never saw b'fore, an' she hev de fonnies' leetle w'ite han', an' de fonnies' leetle foot I never see. An' she hev de ver' w'ite colour on de face, but it hev de sof' look lak de sainte, an' de hair dat shine almos' as mooch lak de gold on ole Desjardin's watch as de fur of de golden marten, I t'ink, an' I never see so mooch hair. An' w'en I stand dere an' say on de head dat I t'ink for sure she look lak de angel, bimeby after de leetle w'ile she open up de eye ver' slow an' say: "W'ere am I, Natalie?" An den I see she hev de sof' eye, lak de sky w'en de robin sing on de boosh dat spring was com'.

Den de Moose Man he rub her forehead ver' gentle wit' de col' snow an' say dat's all right. Den he lif' her up in hees arms lak de leetle *enfant* an', by gare, he carry her all de way on de *cabane*. On de way I see dat he was purty tire an' I hax heem if I tak her for de leetle tam w'ile he mak' de res', and he say, "No, t'ank you, 'Poleon; I t'ink I manage all right."

Wail, w'en we get on de 'ouse I mak' up de fine beeg fire an' de Moose Man feex de beeg ch'ir wit' de pillow an' all de softes' fur, an' de woman she sit dere on de front of de fire wit' her head lean back on de beeg red pillow. An' she laugh leetle bit an' say we all try to mak' de foolish wit' her, lak she was sick. Den de Moose Man geev her de leetle glass of cognac to dreenk, w'ile I mak' de bes' supper w'at I know how, de venison an' moose-tongue an' w'ite biscuit an' tea an' hot pan-cake wit maple-syrup.

Wail, w'ile I do all dat de Moose Man he go to put wan more cushion onder de woman's foot w'en he say: "W'y, dose foot was wet t'rough an' you hev not tol' me!"

Den de woman she turn pink on de face an say, "I know dat, msieu, but I t'ink it don' mak' no diff'rence," an' try to hide her foot.

Den de Moose Man go right off an' get wan beeg pair of hees woolen stocking wit' de red stripe, w'at he wear wit' de snow-shoe on de boosh, an' de bes' pair of mocassin w'at he hev, an' say to de woman lak she was hees leetle girl, "I t'ink you had bes' put dose on b'fore you tak' de col'!"

I don' t'ink de woman lak de way he tol' her dose, for she bite de lip an' say ver' proud she don' care to do t'ing lak dat, t'anks. But de Moose Man he say she mus'. Den de woman she stamp her foot an' say she will not. Den de Moose Man say "Ver' wail, we see 'bout dat," an' tol' her she mus' hev dose t'ings on w'en he come back.

Den de woman she try to mak' heem scare wit' de eye, but he don' say nodding, an' den she cry a leetle bit an' den she laugh an' say she t'ink he was a ver' beeg cross man. An' w'en he com' back sure 'nough she hev de nice warm stocking on, an' de Moose Man kneel down an' feex de moccasin on for her, an' say he feel ver' sorry 'bout w'at he say. Den de woman say she almos' lak mebbe to hev som' wan spik lak dat to her. An' w'ile he kneel dere he look up on de woman w'ere de fire shine on de red pillow an' de woman's face an' mak' all de gold hair lak wan beeg crown on her head, an', by gare, I never see de Moose Man look on any wan lak dat b'fore. An' I t'ink it tak' heem ver' long tam to feex dose moccasin. An' de woman I t'ink she see de way de Moose Man look, for she go pink on de cheek an' den she go w'ite on all de face, w'ile she look down on heem wit' de sof' eye, an' ver' sad I t'ink. Den she look up an' try to mak' de laugh, but she don' go, an' den she don' know w'at to do, so she move her toe up an' down in de moccasin an' say she never feel nodding so nice an' warm lak dat on her foot. Den she look roun' an' say she never see such a nice leetle warm *cabane* lak dat b'fore. Den she look on all de book an' de peechures an' de skins, an' den she com' back an' look on de Moose Man an' say it mus' be de bes' t'ing in all de worl' to leev lak dat. An de Moose Man say it is. Den she walk up an' down on de room an' hol' out her han's —so—and say it was de grande t'ing to be free.

Den she say she mus' help me mak' de supper, an' she laugh som' more an' hax me to turn up de sleeve for her, an', by gare, I show her how to mak' over de pan-cake on de odder side, an' she t'ink dat ver' fonny. An' de Moose Man com' an' help, too, an' we all mak' de talk ver' fas', an' all laugh 'bout ev'ryt'ing, an' I tail her de bes' story w'at I know 'bout de boosh, an' she mak' de beeg eyes at dose, an' den we hev supper, I t'ink, an' she eat ev'ryt'ing de Moose Man geev her an' say she was ver' hongry, an' den she sit down on de beeg ch'ir *encore*, an' look on de fire an' mak' de leetle sigh an' say dat was de happies' supper she was ever eat. An' de Moose Man he look on de fire too an' say dat was de happies' supper he ever eat. Den she look at all de Moose Man's leetle peechures w'at he mak' in de book, an' say he was a ver' great man. Den dey mak' de talk for de long tam 'bout de plac' dey call Lon'on an' mak' more talk 'bout Paree, I t'ink, an' som' tam dey spik in Anglaish an' som' tam in de Frainch. An' dey sit on de fire ver' happy togedder, I t'ink, an' spik 'bout de t'ings w'at I don' know 'bout, w'en de leetle clock on de fire-plac' strike ten tam, an' I t'ink som' t'ing com' back on de head of dat woman, for she jomp lak she jus' wa'k up an' say "*Mon Dieu*, I mus' be crazy, I mus' be crazy! Queeck, queeck, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, I mus' go back. Please tak' me back, msieu!"

"Yes, but w'ere?" de Moose Man he hax.

"W'y, to de railway train," she say. "To my own peep'."

"I'm 'fraid we can' do dat," he say. "Here we are on de boosh, alone, an' dere is no train. De neares' plac' is Leetle Maurice, an' dat is seex mile off, an' de on'y wan dere is Beel Polson, de ha'f-breed. But 'Poleon here will go to heem to-night, an' tak' any message you mak' an' hev heem start *immediatement* for Mattawa, an' den dey can sen' on de portage sleigh t'morrow. Dat's de on'y way."

"T'morrow!" she cry, "but I *mus'* go now! Oh, you don' onderstan', you don' onderstan'!" An' she wa'k up an' down lak de lynx in de cage. "I tail you I *mus'* go," she say *encore*.

De Moose Man say ver' qui't he is sorry, but she will be keel wit' de col' for sure. Den de woman say ver' wail, she go jus' de sam', an' den she mak' ready to start.

De Moose Man walk to de door of de *cabane* an' stan' dere.

"You will *not* go," he say ver' qui't, an' de woman draw herself up ver' high w'en she hear heem spik lak dat.

"Do you know who you spik lak dat wit?" she stan' up an' hax.

"Yes, I do," de Moose Man he say, ver' qui't.

"Wail?" she hax, an' raise de eyebrow.

"De woman I loave," say de Moose Man. "An' for dat reason I will never let you be keel wit' de col' jus' to mak' de foolish on de night lak dis tam!"

De woman she step back on herself t'ree four steps ver' slow, an' hol' up her han'. Den she cry out "Stop! Stop! You don' onderstan'." Den she pull on her glove ver' queeck an' say, "You hev been ver' kin' an' good to me, an' you hev also save my life. An' onless I tail you now it will seem lak I was try to mak' de lie." Den she stop an' she look on de groun' lak dat tam she say she ronne away. An' den she t'row up her cheen, lak she say on de head she don' care, den she almos' cry on de eye an' say: "I—I am Frederica Eesabelle Veectoria, Preencess of—of—" an' she tol' heem de place, an' my brodder he say w'en I tol' heem 'bout it dat he know dat country wit' de fonny name ver' wail.

By gare, dat woman look ashame she was de Preencess, I t'ink, for she hang de head an' go back on de ch'ir an' watch de Moose Man ver' qui't. Den de Moose Man, I t'ink, hees heart get col' on heem lak ice, but he draw heemself up an' look on her de long tam an' den he say ver' qui't: "You are all dat, mebbe, but you are de woman w'at I loave." By gare, he was de mos' courageous man I ever see, dat Moose Man. W'en I try to tail Josephine dat down on Sainte

Dorothée I was alway' get hot lak de box-stove an' den col' lak de piece of ice inside, an' not be able to say heem.

W'en he say dat de Preencess she look on de fire lak she preten' she don' hear w'at he spik an' say ver' fas': "Dat is not all, I mus' tail you de res'. I am Preencess Frederica Eesabelle, but b'sides dat I mus' tail you dat I mak' mariée wit' my cousin Gustave Waldemar of Saxony, in t'ree mont's." Den he try to stop her, but she say ver' queeck: "No, don' stop me now, I mus' tail you ev'ryt'ing." An' den she tol' heem how she leev on England w'en she was de leetle girl till she grow up beeg, den dey tak' her 'ome an' dey all tail her she mus' mak' mariée wit' Preence Gustave, for dat is de bes' t'ing for de country. An' she say ver' wail, on'y she say she mus' go all roun' de whole worl' wan tam b'fore she hev to be shut up in w'at she call de court. An' she say dat is w'y she mak' de voyage wit' *sa tante* an' dat dey mak' de visit on Rideau Hall for de winter *fetes* dere, for *sa tante* know ver' wail de man w'at was de Gouverneur Generale of de whole Canadaw. An' she hax heem how far Ottawa was from dere. An' den she tol' heem many more t'ings w'at I can say, for dey all get meex up on my head, I t'ink.

Wail, de Moose Man he leesten to all dat an' den he com' over an' tak' de Preencess han' an' walk wit' her on de winder, an' look out on de snow. Den he say, ver' *difficile*: "You see all dat w'ite worl' an' dat sof' light on de sky. Wail, dose light are de Northern Light, an' dat is de Nort', an' de Nort' is always true!"

"Yes," de Preencess say after heem, "de Nort' is always true!"

"An' here," de Moose Man say, "all de res' of de whole worl' don' mak' no dif'rence. Here dere is jus' de stars, an' de snow, an' de Light, an' de heart w'ere loave can buil' de nes'."

De Preencess she look up on de stars ver' long tam, an' don' say nodding on dat. Den she put de han', I t'ink, on hees han', an' smile ver' sof', an' w'en she do dat he shut her up tight in both hees arms an' say two, t'ree, four tam dat he loave her an' hax w'y dey both can' shut de door on de whole worl'. An' de Preencess lay dere de leetle tam an' not say nodding, on'y mak' de breat' com' ver' queeck. An' den all at once she look roun' wit' de scare on her face, an' say, "No! No!" Den she look on hees eyes once more, an' tail heem ver' gentle dat he mus' not hax her dose t'ings dat night, for she can' t'ink wit' de head w'en she see heem dere an' he stan' so close to her.

Wail, jus' on dat tam I start out to tail Beel Polson 'bout go on Mattawa for de portage-sleigh, an' geev heem de message w'at to sen' on Ottawa by de tellygraf. An w'en I com' back ver' late, by gare, I fin' de Moose Man walk up an' down outside on de snow, an' he tail me be ver' qui't for de Preencess was asleep. An' w'en I wake up in de meedle of de night I see heem sit by de fire on de keetchen, w'ere de light shine on hees face, an' I don' know w'at he t'ink 'bout so hard, but I say wit' myself it's de fonny t'ing to fall in loave, by gare.

An' de Preencess I don' t'ink she sleep ver' mooch, too, for w'en I mak' de fines' breakfas' you never see, all she eat was de leetle cup of tea an' two t'ree bite of de bannock. But she talk all de tam, an' say she never sleep b'fore on de fonny place lak dat, an' laugh ver' mooch, but I see ver' wail de eyes don' laugh wit' de mout. An' ever' leetle w'ile she look, I t'ink, ver' sof' on de Moose Man. An' de Moose Man he don' eat nodding on dat meal. Den he say mebbe it mak' two t'ree o'clock by de tam de peep' an' de portage-sleigh com' up from Mattawa, an' he hax de Preencess if she lak to res' on de 'ouse or mebbe mak' de leetle picnic on de pine hills de las' day she was in de Nort'. An' de Preencess say, by gare, she lak to see de pine hills, an' look ver' happy on dat. An', bigosh, I mak' her de nice leetle pair of bear-paw snow-shoe w'ile she wait, an' de Moose Man geev me de moose-skin w'at cover hees gun, to cut up for de string to lace heem wit'. An' w'ile I feel up de leetle tea-pail wit' de grub

de Moose Man feex de Preencess all up nice an' warm, an' off we go on de boosh.

Ah, msieu, dat was de mos' fines' day I never see. All de sky was lak wan beeg blue bowl turn upside down, an' de sonne shine on all de w'ite snow, w'at cr-r-runch lak charcoal on de foot, an' de wind I t'ink she fall asleep for sure, an' de on'y soun' was de leetle snow-bird, w'at sing all de sam' as de robin in de spring, an' de Preencess say it was lak de shower of musique w'at was turn into de icicle. An' sure 'nough, dat's jus' how de snow-bird soun'. An' all de leetle firs on de hill-sid' hev de w'ite hood of snow on dem, jus' lak de Ursaline nun, I say, an' de Preencess laugh at dat an' geev dem de leetle shak' wit' de han' an', pluff! all de snow fall off. An' I go on ahead an' break de trail t'rough de deep snow, an' de Preencess an' de Moose Man walk behin', an' w'en I hear her spik on dose qui't beeg w'ite hills, I t'ink for sure I never hear musique lak dat on de voice b'fore. An' w'en we climb on de top of Otter Mountain de Moose Man show de Preencess de grande view, w'ere de hills sit onder de blue sky an' laugh in de sonne lak de lot of leetle chil'ren. An' de Preencess say all de straight black pine-tree up an' down de hills look lak de army of marching sojers, an' den she smell dat sweet air wit' de nose an' sigh two t'ree tam. "It's all so qui't, so qui't!" she say; "an' ev'ryt'ing is so sof' an' w'ite an' still," she say; "I could leev here happy for wan honder year, an' grow ole wit' de stars, an' sing in de winter-tam lak de snow-bird, an' loave de sommer all de more w'en she com'. An' den, w'en de longue voyag' be mak', I t'ink I could say good-bye ole worl', an' sleep onder de blue sky w'ile God put all de worl' to bed."

Den she lean on de Moose Man's arm, an' he say to her ver' qui't: "Den w'y can' we mak' dat longue voyag' togedder?"

Den she look on heem, an' her eye shine lak de stars on de sky at night.

"We could," she tol' heem, ver' simple. "We could. Yes; we could, if loave was de on'y king." An' den two leetle tear ronne down her cheek an' she say nodding.

An' w'en de Moose Man see dose two leetle tear, I t'ink he's de ver' fonny man if he don' see dat de Preencess loave hem for sure 'nough. He hol' out bot' hees arm to her, but she shak' de head ver' slow an' say "If loave was de on'y king." Den de Moose Man act ver' strenge an' say two tree honder t'ings, I t'ink, all on de sam' tam'. I can' tail you all w'at he say, but he tol' her loave was de on'y king, an' hax her w'y she mus' go back to dat odder worl'.

But she shak' de head ver' slow *encore* an' say dat odder worl' was her worl', an' dat in her worl' she mus' do de t'ing w'at de odder peep' say, no matter w'at dat cos' her. An', by gare, she tail heem right out how mooch she loave heem, an' dat she can never loave no man lak dat once more. An' she cry on de eye a leetle tam, an tail heem dat w'at dey call honour was com' b'fore de loave. An' de Moose Man, I t'ink, he see dat de right t'ing sure 'nough, for he drew heemself up an' look w'ere de red sonne go down over de black pine, an' don' say nodding for de long tam.

An' de Preencess she stan' dere, too, for de long tam, an' den she shut bot' her eye an' sway on wan side an' den on de odder, lak de tree in de win', an' den she say: "Won', won' you kees me, jus' for de wan tam?"

An' de Moose Man shut her up in hees arms an' kees her dat wan tam, lak she hax heem. An' de sonne go down behin' de hills, an' de rabbits com' out to ronne all 'roun', an' de snow-bird he don' sing no more, an' de day she mak' ver' col' an' gray. An' we all go back on de *cabane* ver' slow, an' no wan say nodding all de way.

W'en we are almos' dere we hear de sleigh-bell, an' up com' de portage-sleigh an' two t'ree dozain sojer wit' de black capot an' de silver button on de coat. Den wan of the sojer, de wan wit' de gold button on hees coat, w'at Beel Polson tol' me was de *aide-de-camp* to de Gouverneur Generale,

he step up an' mak' de salut' an' say, "T'ank God, your Highness! Dey all t'ought you was los' on de woods!"

Den de Preencess hax heem ver' col' w'ere w'at she call de Duchesse was; an' by gare, she spik de odder way dan she spik wit' de Moose Man, I t'ink. An' de man wit' de gold button on de coat say de Duchesse was on de speecial train w'at was sen' back on Mattawa, an' dat t'ree four compaignie of de sojer mak' de hunt all t'rough de country for her.

Den de Preencess say ver' wail, she com' *immediatement*, an' den she turn an' say good-bye to de Moose Man. An' de Moose Man he go all w'ite on de face, but he smile ver' qui't, an' mak' de col' bow. But w'en de Preencess hol' out her han' he say ver' low: "I will loave you for all my life!" An' de Preencess close bot' her eye an' she say, "An' I, forever." An' de man wit' de gold button mak' de salute *encore*, an' de sojer line up on de snow, an' de sleigh-bell ring, an' de Preencess was gone, an' I stan' dere on de trail, an' peench myself to se if I on'y mak' de dream.

An' w'en we go on de *cabane* she seem ver' dark an' qui't, an' I don' know w'at mak' all dat seem so fonny an' *solitaire*, an' w'en I mak' de supper for de Moose Man he on'y sit by de fire an' not mak' de mov' an' not say nodding. At las' I say: "Msieu, de supper she wait wan hour!" an' I t'ink he don't hear dat, an' I say heem once more. Den he look up an' say, "T'ank you, 'Poleon;" an' I t'ink I never see heem look so tire' out lak de ole man. An' dat night, by gare, I see heem kees de beeg ch'ir w'ere de Preencess was sit w'en she was on de *cabane*. Den he look roun' on de peechure, an' say wit' heemself: "By gare, I hev de beeg work to do dis nex' two t'ree year!" An' I go on de keetchen to bed an' leev heem dere.

Dat's all de storee, msieu, for de nex' day de Moose Man say to me: "'Poleon, I don't t'ink I care to leev on de *cabane* no more. I t'ink mebbe I mus' go back on my own country. But you are de bes' feller dat I know, 'Poleon," he say, "an' I want to geev you dis leetle coompass as de souvenir of de happy tam we used to hev on de ole *cabane*."

Oh, yes, msieu, I see de Moose Man in de sommer one tam after dat, two t'ree year ago, up on the Gatineau. He look ver' ole an' hev de leetle w'ite hair on de side of de head, an' my brodder tol' me dey say he was de mos' wonderful man down on de States, w'ere he mak' de peechure call De Lonely Life, w'ere de Preencess sit all alone on de beeg t'rone, wit' de qui't mout' an' de sad eye, w'ile all de peep' roun' de t'rone laugh an' make de pleasurement. But I t'ink de bes' peechure he mak' was de wan wit' all de blood on de snow, w'ere de moose keel de man an' de odder man com' up too late.

TO MY LASSIE.

THE stormy sea's atwixt us twa,
Oh, my ain, my dearie, lass;
An' when my bonny's far awa',
The days are lang an' dreary, lass.

Altho' I'm idlin' by the burn,
Or wand'rin' o'er the heather, lass;
My thochts to thee will ever turn,
Our hearts are aye together, lass.

But when at e'en the shadows fa',
An' come 'twixt thee and me, lass;
I feel that sad thou'rt far awa',
The dew gets in my e'e, lass.

An' ilka day it's a' the same,
My heart is sad an' sair, lass;
An' gin I get me safe at hame,
I'll never leave thee mair, lass.

E. D. A.

THE MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

By James W. Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada.

OPPORTUNITIES for great growth are opening up to Canadians in all directions. There are now more people in the Dominion than there were in the United States at the beginning of the last century. What and how shall it be with Canada a hundred years hence? The direction and rate of progress will depend largely upon the quality of education given in the public schools. Ability to see the coming needs and possibilities, and earnest labour in sympathy with these, are the talents which good men have put at the service of their fellows in the past. They have not always been understood and welcomed in their day, but they cannot be dispensed with except at the cost of stagnation and decay in the nation's life.

In its real nature a system of education is something greater and deeper and broader and higher than books and schools and equipments. These are only some of its belongings. If one takes the old Scottish parish schools as an instance: their merit and their power lay not so much in books and regulations as in the personality of the teachers and the prodigious enthusiasm of the people in their appreciation of education. It is on such an intangible social spirit in the community that every system of education must rely for its vitality, vigour and efficiency.

EDUCATION MORE THAN INFORMATION.

Schools, as we all know, are among the means which mankind have used for conserving and passing on the intellectual wealth of the past. They have the two-fold use of imparting information and training the powers of the pupils. Knowledge is certainly necessary; but the acquiring of it can hardly be counted the main purpose of education unless that be also the chief end of life. Far be it from me, so conscious of deficiency, to speak lightly, much less disrespectfully, of knowledge, or of the happiness which the pursuit of it brings. But at its best it can be only a means to an end greater than itself. The learning of any good thing really well, and endeavouring to apply it carefully to thought and conduct, have a fine effect upon character. They refine and strengthen it. The point is that the learning and the applying should go hand in hand.

Much has been said about the danger of over-educating the rural population and thereby leading them to leave the farms. I do not think it is possible to over-educate anybody. On the other hand, it is easily possible and has been quite common to overload boys and girls as well as grown people with information.

It has been said, also, that the schools where book studies are the only or chief ones turn the children from contentment with occupations in which bodily labour plays an important part, and incline them to leave rural homes for cities and clerical and professional pursuits. Doubtless, one of the many causes which have helped to bring about a distaste for manual and bodily labour has been the too exclusively book and language studies of the common schools.

TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

Education begins with the child's life; and although the school years may be short it does not end with them. It seems unnecessary and wholly undesirable that the school period should be different from the years which go before and follow it, in its influence on the development of some of the most important faculties. Before the child

goes to school it is receiving most of its education by its senses bringing it into conscious relationship with the material world around it, and by doing things with its hands. After boys and girls leave school most of them are required to do things with their hands, and to recognize and control their relationships to the things about them.

Surely it is not too much to expect that schooling, while imparting information and developing the general intelligence, should also cultivate their senses to be keen and alert, training them to report accurately and fully on what lies all around them. None the less should their hands and eyes be disciplined to obey readily and skilfully the decisions of the mind. The systematic training of the senses, of the hands and eyes, and obviously of the mind through them, are some of the objects of practical and manual instruction. Manual Training is a means of developing mental, more than muscular, power; and is not a short cut or a long step towards learning a trade.

PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

A child is one and indivisible, although in seeking clearness of explanation we speak of the body, the emotions, the intellect and the will. Sound education implies progress in intelligence, in practical ability, and in desire and capacity to work with others for the good of all. It involves the training of the body and its senses, the training of the intellect, and the training of the moral nature also. Manual Training fittingly finds its place in such an education. It is a means in the development of moral as well as mental power. Books are only agencies; and there are others no less suitable. Indeed some of us think that materials tools and exercises with them, plants instruments and exercises with them, are much more useful than books alone can be, particularly during the public school age of children.

To cultivate the emotions into an intelligent outgoing towards noble ends, to develop the intellect in its spiritual outreach and grasp of verities, to have these operating in a sound body trained to obey the decisions of the will, itself quickened to sustained effort by love of the truth and by faith in the Unseen Power which maketh for righteousness; to bring about these—nothing lower, nothing less—is the purpose of worthy education.

TEACHERS AND THEIR OFFICE.

The teacher is the prime power outside the pupils that makes for growth by leading out their activities in right directions. He uses methods, processes and devices; but these are only means whereby he makes available ideas and ideals to stimulate, direct and nourish their minds. Ideas and ideals for children are gotten from things and from life more than from symbols, words and books. Efficiency in the all-round development of the child-life is what we all want, and not the taking up of a burdensome multitude of subjects to qualify for passing examinations. Consequently the school courses and methods should be adapted for use in training the whole child harmoniously. It is claimed by those who have had much experience that what is known as Manual Training can supplement book studies and other influences in that direction. On the other hand, there is a danger nowadays that too much may be made of it and expected from it. Any part of education, which has been neglected, by and by gets its innings with a likelihood of too much attention for a time. That may account for the enfeebling bookishness so manifest in recent years.

Love of the task put before the pupil sets the pace for his progress. An awakening of interest is the first step. Should not, therefore, the exercises and subjects for schools be selected and arranged from those which children naturally love, or which in themselves arouse interest and awaken love? Surely school lessons and studies are incomplete or ill-fitting when a child may be punished for misdemeanour by being 'kept in' to continue any one of them. Are things any more whole-

A CORNER OF MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CENTRE—WESTMOUNT, QUE.

some when they are distasteful? In the Manual Training classes, punishment is felt when a lad is prevented from going on with his work. Is it not time to abandon the notion that discipline—intellectual, moral and physical—is to be gained only through doing what is disliked or by refraining from doing what is agreeable? Expenditures of love by the teachers on the pupils, by the pupils on their work, by the parents on the results of the joint efforts of both, are the most precious as they are the most potent of all factors and forces for advancement. That is the more excellent way in education to which the hand of Manual Training points.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Kindergarten takes its name from two German words signifying a children's garden. It has come to indicate the method of teaching and training and also the place where these are carried on. A gardener does not furnish plants with leaves and fruit to be attached to them. He does everything necessary that they may grow. Since the order of mental growth is Desire, Action, Sensation, Thought, the desire of the child must be quickened towards an action or series of actions, having an educational value. Thus mental growth begins and power is gained.

NOT TRADE SCHOOLS.

Manual and practical instruction (under the name of schools of industry) was advocated a century ago mainly as a means to fit the children of artisans to earn their own living successfully. These schools were more generally promoted in Germany than elsewhere and were not educationally a success. Manual and practical instruction is now recommended as an educational means for developing intellectual and moral qualities of high value in all children, without particular regard to the occupations they are to follow afterwards. It is not technical education, although it gives, during the period of general education, the necessary preparation whereby anyone may derive the full measure of benefit from technical instruction at a later age.

DIFFERENT FROM APPRENTICE WORK.

The Manual Training room is not a workshop where operations are carried on with a view to the commercial value of the articles turned out. A workshop is a money-making institution, whereas a room for Manual Training as part of a school is for the training and developing of the children, without regard to the intrinsic value of the work turned out, or the length of time required to make any particular object. The course is really a series of exercises so arranged as to have educational results.

THE BEGINNING IN LONDON.

Manual Training in the primary schools was begun in London, England, about 1886. As woodwork was not then recognized by the English Education Department as a subject to be taught in elementary schools, the School Board was unable to use public moneys to maintain it. Next year a grant of one thousand pounds was obtained from the Drapers' Company through the City and Guilds' Institute. A joint committee was formed whereby the funds were administered. The Manual Training was found so thoroughly useful and acceptable that it was speedily extended. In 1890 woodwork was recognized by the English Education Department as a school subject. The School Board was thus enabled to expend its own funds upon this branch of school work; and in the same year money was provided by Parliament for grants for it from the Imperial Exchequer.

WHAT I SAW IN ENGLAND.

In both of the two past years, I have visited some of the primary schools in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds and other places. So far as I could learn, the Manual Training centres established in England in 1890, did not provide for the boys from more than 50 schools. It is estimated that in 1900 the Manual Training cen-

A CORNER OF MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CENTRE—BROCKVILLE, ONT.

tres in England provided for the boys from about 5,000 schools.

At a typical school which I visited, the room was fitted with some twenty benches, each provided with about a dozen woodworking tools. There was also a supply of general tools for the room in addition to the particular tools on each bench. One instructor took charge of the twenty boys. Each boy attended half a day per week. Consequently, the Manual Training room in that instance provided facilities for 200 boys, there being ten half days for school in every week.

BENCHES AND MODELS.

The benches are of convenient height and size, and each one is fitted with a rack for the holding of tools, and also with tools. Some of them are also fitted with a simple device for the holding of the drawings, so that the work with the tools may proceed with the drawing in full view all the time. General class instruction with the aid of a blackboard is given by some teachers in a fifteen minutes' talk, before the bench work of the half-day begins; and instruction is given also to each of the pupils individually as the work at the benches proceeds.

A series of articles technically called "models" are made by the boys. The things are articles of use, and are known to be such by the pupils. Each one is wholly made by the pupil. When the teacher needs to give practical demonstration, he gives it on another piece of wood, and not on the piece on which the boy is working. "It is not much learning, but much interfering, which makes anybody mad."

NATURE OF THE MODELS.

The pupils make drawings of the models from measurements, and make the objects from the drawings. In some schools the first object to be made is a wedge or flower stick or plant label. These involve (1) cutting to an exact length (2) reducing to the proper thickness and width, and (3) making the same angles as those of the model. In other schools a small pointer is the first model, and in others some object equally easily made. The first article is easily made; the second introduces some slightly different use of a tool or the use of some different tool; and so they follow, arousing, training and gratifying the child as he makes all of each one himself.

HAND-AND-EYE TRAINING.

The Manual Training includes practically as much drawing with a pencil on paper as it does woodwork by the use of tools. It is really hand-and-eye training. It is not in the nature of a new subject or study to be added to an already over-burdened school course. It does not offer an unprofitable knowledge of facts, but it does furnish nourishing ideas. It is in the highest sense a recreation for the mental powers of the boys. Its purpose is to train the child with system and care to observe, to interpret, to construct and thus to express his thoughts.

THE BOYS LIKE IT.

The course of instruction lasts for three years, and each boy gives half a day per week to it.

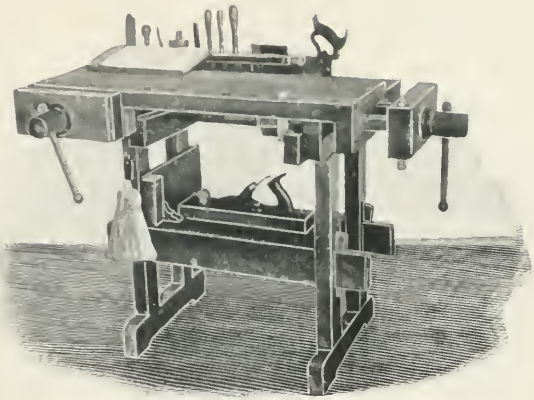
In some cases the Manual Training rooms are in the ordinary school building; in other instances, the Manual Training is carried on in a separate building, which serves as "a centre" for the boys from two, three, or more schools in the locality.

I learned that the attendance of the boys at the Manual Training was more regular than at any of the other classes during the week, and that discipline was not hard to maintain.

I observed that the children were deeply interested in what they were doing. A casual glance of observation was all they gave to visitors. A spirit of earnestness, self-reliance, carefulness in little things and perseverance seemed to pervade the schools. The teachers told me that in accuracy of observation and clearness and exactness of expression there was a noticeable improvement in the children after they had gone through the Manual Training course.

THE REFORM IS FAR-REACHING.

This Manual Training movement is only part of the educational reform which is making headway in Great Britain and other European countries. In 1897, a Royal Commission was appointed to determine how far and in what form manual and practical instruction should be included in the educational system of the primary schools under the Board of National Education in Ireland. The report of that Commission is a most instructive document, in which they point out certain changes in other parts of the system of national education which they think will become necessary with a view to the development of manual and practical instruction. The order in which they consider these changes, is as follows: Kindergarten, Educational Handwork, Drawing, Elementary Science, Agriculture, and some others.

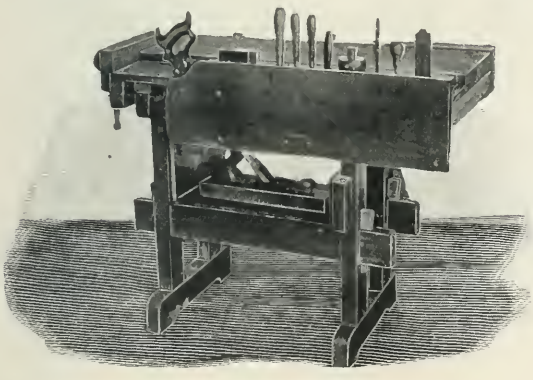


MANUAL TRAINING BENCH—FRONT VIEW

IT WILL AFFECT AGRICULTURE.

The Kindergarten system has already been quite generally adopted in many of the Canadian schools, and Manual Training is intended to include Educational Handwork and Drawing. Elementary Science is finding a place in many of the Canadian schools under the name of "nature studies." Regarding Agriculture, the report of the Commission says:

"We do not think that agriculture as an art, that is to say practical farming, is a subject that properly belongs to elementary education. At present the study of what is called the theory of agriculture is compulsory for boys in all rural schools, and is highly encouraged by fees. But our enquiry has shown that this study consists, for the most part, in committing a text-book to memory; and we have come to the conclusion that it has little educational or practical value. We recommend instead that the course of Elementary Science to be taught in rural schools should be so framed as to illustrate the more simple scientific principles that underlie the art and industry of agriculture. We also recommend the maintenance and extension of school gardens, as a means by which these scientific principles may be illustrated and made interesting to the pupils."



MANUAL TRAINING BENCH—BACK VIEW

The gift of $10,000 by Sir William C. Macdonald to provide prizes for boys and girls in the seed-grain competition is in accord with the recommendations of these Illustration School Gardens.

The Progressive Agriculture Branch of the Macdonald Manual Training Fund has great possibilities of usefulness. Over 1,500 boys and girls have entered the competition; and there is no saying whereunto its educational influence may grow.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE SUBJECT.

The following are extracts from the fourth and final re-

port of the Royal Commission already referred to. It was submitted on 25th June, 1898:

"In carrying out the task imposed upon us by your Excellency's Commission of January 25th, 1897, we have had ninety-three meetings, of which fifty-seven were sittings for the receiving of evidence. We have taken the evidence of 186 persons whom we considered qualified to give information on the matters submitted to us, and we have visited 119 schools, in most of which we have had an opportunity of seeing Manual and Practical Instruction actually given."

. . . . . .

"With a view to ascertain the existing facts with regard to Manual and Practical Instruction in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Holland, we employed as our assistants to visit these countries, Messrs. Purser, Rolleston, Bonaparte Wyse, and Hughes-Dowling. The reports of these gentlemen will be found in Appendix B. We have had the advantage, too, of the assistance of Mr. M. E. Sadler, Director of Special Inquiries and Reports to the Committee of Council on Education, who was kind enough to furnish us with a memorandum on Manual Training for boys in Primary Schools in foreign countries. For our information regarding schools in the United States, we are indebted to the very complete and exhaustive reports issued by the United States Bureau of Education. We have also had the benefit of the experience of one of our colleagues, Professor Fitzgerald, who took the occasion of a visit to America, in the autumn of last year, to see some of the primary schools in that country."

. . . . . .

RESULT OF INQUIRY.

"After careful consideration of the evidence laid before us, and of the facts which we have seen for ourselves, we now proceed to report, in accordance with your Excellency's Commission, how far, and in what form, Manual and Practical Instruction should be included in the system of primary education carried out by the National Education Board in Ireland. We may at once express our strong conviction that Manual and Practical Instruction ought to be introduced, as far as possible, into all schools where it does not at present exist, and that, in those schools where it does exist, it ought to be largely developed and extended. We are satisfied that such a change will not involve any detriment to the literary education of the pupils, while it will contribute largely to develop their faculties, to quicken their intelligence, and to fit them better for their work in life."

. . . . . .

NOTE.—The Commissioners visited schools in Ireland, England, Scotland, Sweden and Denmark.

REASONS.

"The considerations by which we have been led to the general conclusions above set out, will be fully discussed in the second part of this report, under the several heads of Manual and Practical Instruction. But we think it will be for your Excellency's convenience, that the general summary of our conclusions should be here followed by a general summary of the grounds on which they are based."

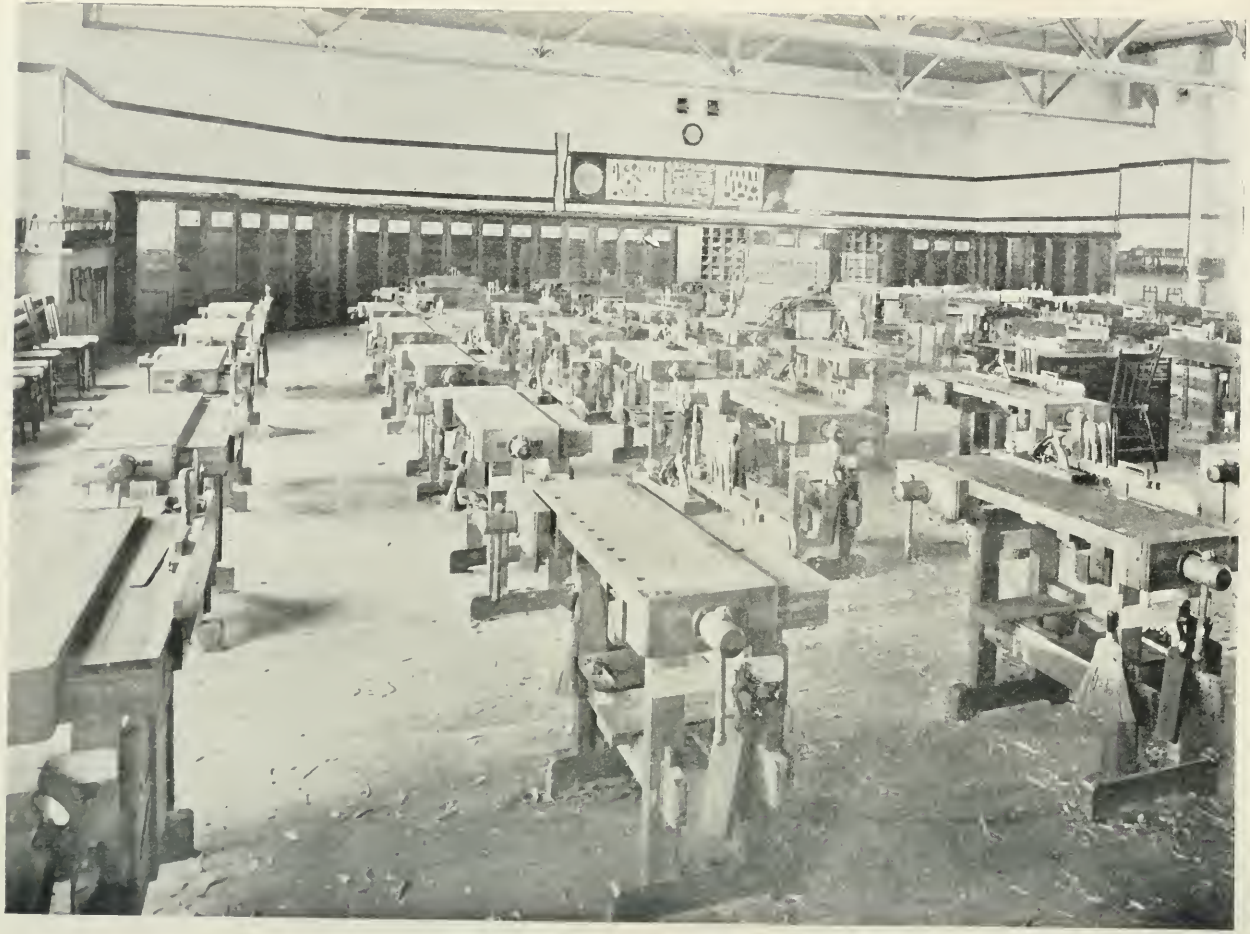
REASONS MAINLY EDUCATIONAL.

1. "First, then, there are reasons founded on educational principles. The present system, which consists largely in the study of books, is one-sided in its character; and it leaves some of the most useful faculties of the mind absolutely untrained. We think it important that children should be taught not merely to take in knowledge from books, but to observe with intelligence the material world around them; that they should be trained in habits of correct reasoning on the facts observed; and that they should even at school acquire some skill in the use of hand and eye to execute the conceptions of the brain. Such a training we regard as valuable to all, but especially valuable to those whose lives are to be mainly devoted to industrial arts and occupations. The great bulk of the pupils attending primary schools under the National Board will have to earn their bread by the work of their hands; it is therefore important that they should be trained, from the beginning, to use their hands with dexterity and intelligence."

REASONS FROM EXPERIENCE.

2. "Next, we have the practical experience of those schools in England, Scotland, and on the continent of Europe, in which such a system as we recommend has been already introduced and tested. The evidence we have received on this point, is absolutely unanimous and, as we think, entirely conclusive. We have been told, over and over again, that the introduction of manual and practical training has contributed greatly to stimulate the intelligence of the pupils, to increase their interest in school work, and to make school life generally brighter and more pleasant. As a consequence the school attendance is improved; the children remain at school to a more advanced age; and much time is gained for the purpose of education.

"We inquired particularly whether the literary side of school studies—reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography—had suffered any loss by the change; and the answer was uniform, that no such loss had been observed. In some cases we were assured that the literary studies had been positively improved by the introduction of manual training. This result was accounted for, partly by the increased intelligence of the children, partly by the constant change and variety of



ONE OF THE MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CENTRES—OTTAWA

Cupboards with pigeon-holes for every boy's drawings, models and apron are shewn at the far end

their occupations,—many of the most useful exercises being only a kind of organized play, and partly by their increased interest in their work.

"We regard it also as a very significant testimony to the value of manual training, that wherever it has been once introduced, it has, with hardly an exception, been continued and extended. There has been practically no disposition to go back to the old system, which made primary education almost exclusively literary in its character; and after an experience extending over some years, there is a general consensus of managers of schools, inspectors, and parents, that the value of primary education has been greatly enhanced by the change."

A BASIS NEEDED FOR TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

3. "Lastly, there is a consideration of a practical character, which seems to us deserving of no little weight. A strong desire exisis throughout this country, and it is growing stronger every day, for the introduction of a general system of Technical Education. It is thought that a good system of Technical Education would contribute largely towards the development of arts and industries in Ireland; and in this opinion we entirely concur. But the present system of primary education is so one-sided in its character that it leaves the pupils quite unprepared for Technical Education. The clever boys trained in the National Schools, if they are disposed to seek for a higher education, may pass with advantage into Intermediate Schools of the kind now general in Ireland; but they are not fit to enter a Technical School, even if they had such a school at their doors. Now it seems to us the changes we recommend would go far to remedy this defect. The system of National Education, modified as we propose, would give an all-round training to the faculties of the children, and would thus lay a solid foundation for any system of higher education—literary, scientific or technical—which might afterwards be found suitable to their talents and their circumstances."

. . . .

THE CHANGE TO BE GRADUAL.

"We think that the changes recommended ought to be introduced, not all at once, but gradually and tentatively. They should be tried first in the large centres, and afterwards extended to more remote districts. It would be necessary, at the outset, to engage the services of experts, from outside the present staff of the National Educational Board, whose duty it would be to organize the classes, and to aid the teachers with their counsel and instruction. But we have no doubt that this work, after a little time, could be taken up by the ordinary staff of the Board. Again, it is obviously important that all teachers should be trained in the new subjects; and the programme of the training colleges must be framed to this end, with as little delay as possible."

. . . . . .

CONCLUSION.

"In presenting this report to your Excellency, we venture to express our conviction that, if our recommendations be adopted, the system of education carried out in the primary schools of Ireland can be made, within a few years, very thorough and complete. At present, no doubt, it is excellent in some respects; but in other respects it seems to us seriously deficient. Insisting too much, as it does, on the study of books, it leaves the faculty of observation and other important faculties comparatively uncultivated; and it neglects almost entirely that training of the hand and eye which would be so useful to the children in their after life, and which is now regarded both in England and on the Continent of Europe as an element of great importance in primary education.

"The development of Manual and Practical Instruction, on the lines we have pointed out, will remedy these defects, and will not, we are satisfied, inflict any injury on the literary education which is now given. It will quicken the intelligence of the children, brighten the tone of school life, and make school-work generally more interesting and attractive. With the system of National Education modified as we propose, the children will be taught not by means of books only, but also by the more simple and effective agency of things; and they will be better prepared for their work in life, which, for the great bulk of them, must consist mainly of manual occupations.

"It is hardly necessary to say that the changes we have recommended cannot be carried out without a considerable expenditure of money. But we feel confident that the State, which so largely maintains and controls the system of National Education in Ireland, will not hesitate to provide the necessary funds for improving that system within reasonable limits. The progress of the people in wealth and material prosperity must largely depend on the education given in the primary schools; and to make that education thoroughly efficient and fit for its purpose is a task, we submit, which may well be undertaken, in the highest interests of the State, whatever the necessary cost may be."

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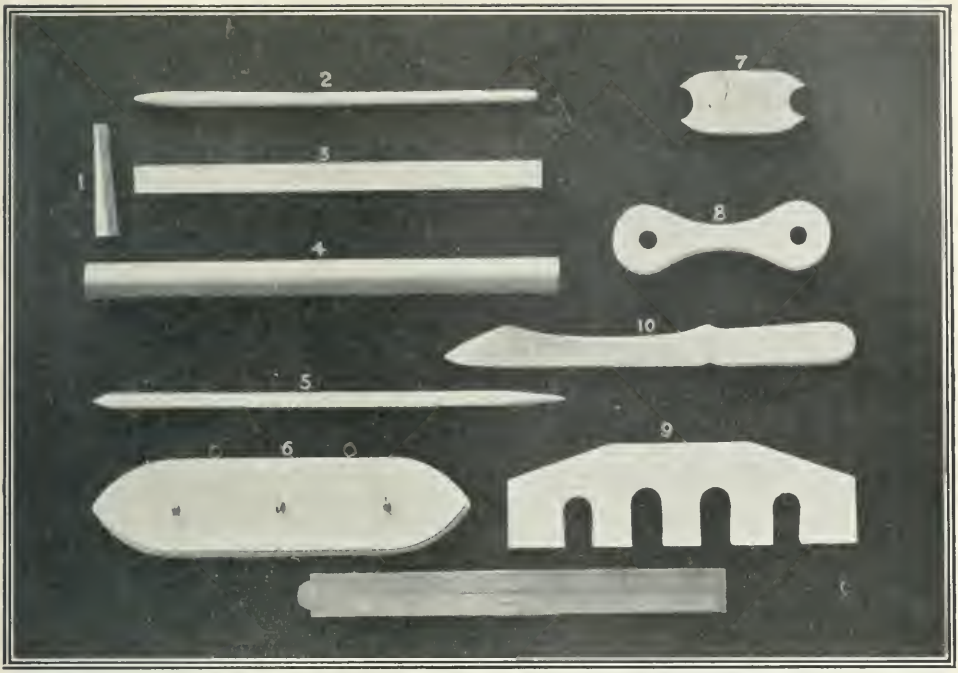
I have quoted freely from that Report. I am greatly indebted to it. I consider it peerless even among Parliamentary Blue Books for the thoroughness of its information. Its statements are clear as sunshine, strong with words of wisdom, and convincing as truth itself.



MODELS OF THE FIRST YEAR'S COURSE

1. Window Wedge—Basswood.
2. Round Flower Stick—Pine.
3. Square Ruler—Pine.
4. Round Ruler—Pine or Mahogany.
5. Square Flower Stick—Pine.
6. Key Rack—Basswood.
7. Fish Line Winder—Birch.
8. Rope Stretcher—Birch or Maple.
9. Marble Board—Basswood.
10. Paper Knife—Birch.

THE PLAN FOR CANADA.

The plan which the generosity of Sir William C. Macdonald of Montreal made it possible for me to adopt for introducing Manual Training into the public schools of Canada, was based very largely on the information and recommendations of that Report. The purpose was to furnish an object lesson of Manual Training in the public schools of at least one town or city in every province in Canada for a period of three years. Sir William provided a fund fully adequate for that scheme, including the equipments of benches and tools, the necessary improvement of the rooms, the salaries of the instructors and the expenses of maintenance for three years. The fund is also sufficient to permit the teachers in training at one Normal School in every province to receive instruction by thoroughly qualified instructors.

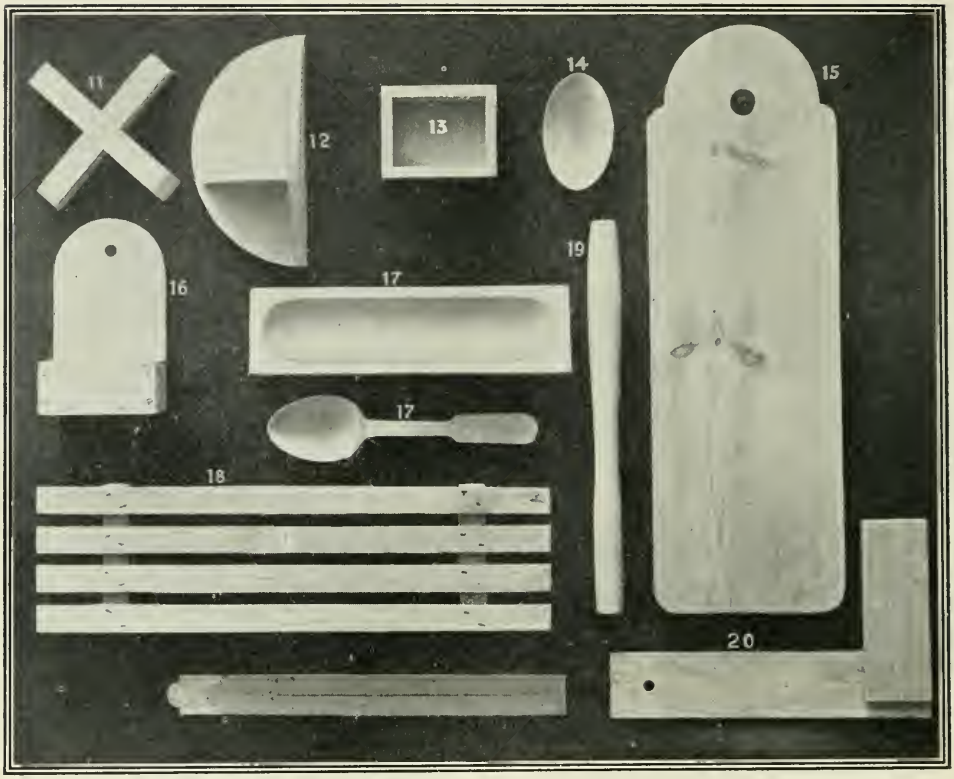
THE PLACES IN CANADA.

In choosing the places to receive the offer of these Manual Training schools consideration has been given to the advantages of selecting centres from which the movement could spread most readily throughout each Province, and most quickly and effectively benefit its school system and its children.

Altogether, provision has been made for about 6,000 boys in the public schools and the teachers attending the Normal Schools to receive Manual Training during three years.

Under the Macdonald Manual Training Fund, I was able to arrange for the opening of a Manual Training school at Fredericton, N.B., in April of 1900.

The school authorities provided a room. All the other expenses were borne by the Macdonald Manual Training Fund. A Saturday forenoon class



MODELS OF THE SECOND YEAR'S COURSE

11. Flower Pot Cross—Pine.
12. Bracket—Basswood.
13. Small Box--Pine.
14. Pin Bowl—Birch.
15. Knife or Bread Board—Pine.
16. Soap Box—Pine.
17. Pen Tray, or Spoon—Birch.
18. Flower Pot Stand—Pine.
19. Hammer Shaft—Birch or Maple.
20. Try Square--Beech.

for teachers was also provided. It was taken advantage of and highly appreciated by them.

A Manual Training school was also opened in April, 1900, in Brockville, Ont. The School Board arranged for a commodious room, and, as in Fredericton, the expenses were met from the Macdonald Manual Training Fund.

A summer course for teachers was provided during the summer holidays at Brockville, Ont., and Fredericton, N.B.

On Saturday forenoons, or at some other convenient time every week, classes are arranged for the teachers from whose schools the boys go to the Manual Training centres. In Ottawa these classes are attended by over 90, and in Montreal by over 100 teachers.

Agreements have been made with the school authorities at the following places; and in them Manual Training has been made part of the public school course :—

In Ontario,—Ottawa, Brockville and Toronto ;*

In Quebec,—Westmount, The Model School, Montreal ; Waterloo, Knowlton, and Bedford ;

In New Brunswick,—Fredericton ;

In Nova Scotia,—Truro ;

In Prince Edward Island,—Charlottetown and Summerside ;

In Manitoba,—Winnipeg ;

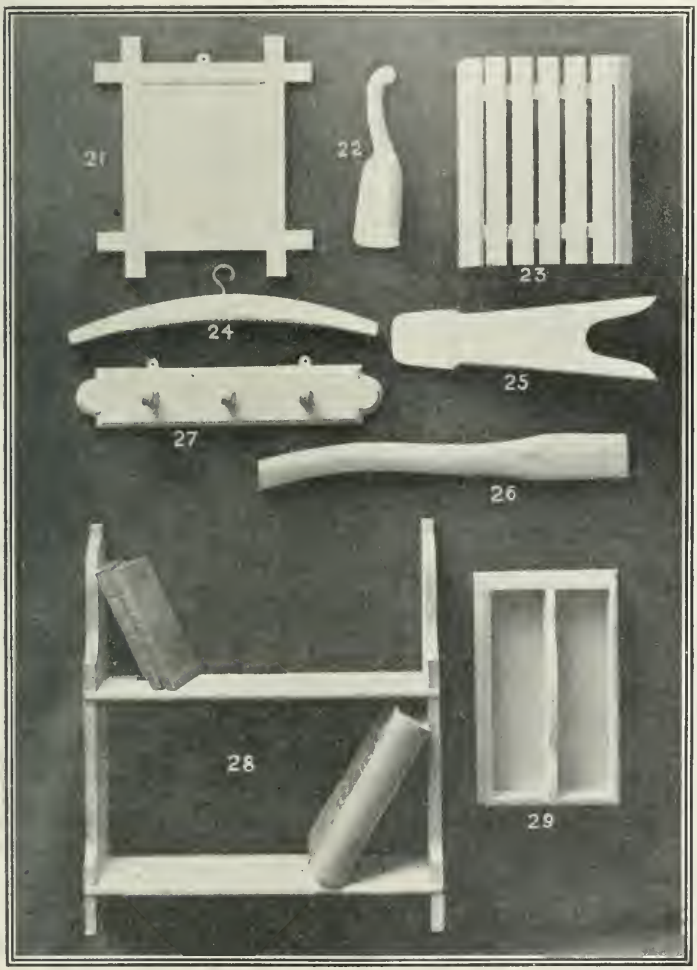
In N. W. Territories,—Regina and Calgary ;

In British Columbia,—Victoria and Vancouver.

*In Toronto, 4 centres only.

TEACHERS FROM ABROAD.

To introduce this improvement into the school system of the various Provinces of Canada, with a chance for the best possible results, it has been necessary to engage teachers who have been trained specially and who have had experience elsewhere. At this date twenty-four teachers have been brought from Great Britain. Two instructors have been engaged from the United States, and one from Sweden. A few more will complete the number of teachers of experience required to begin the work in the various Macdonald Manual Training Schools. Several assistant teachers have been engaged in Canada, who will have an opportunity to become proficient as full instructors. Special courses are also provided at Ottawa, Ont., and Truro, N.S., to train Canadian teachers to carry on the system efficiently and thoroughly in all the Provinces, in



MODELS OF THE THIRD YEAR'S COURSE

21. Oxford Frame—Basswood.
22. Flour Scoop—Birch.
23. Stool—Pine.
24. Coat Suspender—Birch.
25. Boot Jack—Birch or Maple.
26. Axe Handle—Oak or Ash.
27. Clothes Rack—Pine.
28. Book Shelves—Pine.
29. Knife Box—Pine.
30. (Not shown).—Book Stand—Pine.

the several towns and cities where it will be taken up.

The instructors appointed as Directors of Macdonald Manual Training Schools in the different Provinces, have proven themselves to be the right men in the right places; and their assistants also, by their character, their enthusiasm, their qualifications and their skill, have won more than a continuation of the first warm welcome which was extended to them alike by the pupils, the school teachers, the inspectors and the parents. My gratitude and appreciation go out to all concerned in this most delightful object lesson of intellectual and social hospitality, mutually offered and accepted.

POWER TO OVERCOME OBSTACLES.

Manual Training develops in children habits of industry, and leads them thoughtfully to adjust their acts to desired ends. It begets a sense of responsibility, in response to which the child rises to the exercise of its powers in sustained efforts suited to its strength and intelligence. It brings about the mental habit of appreciating good work for its own sake, and is quite different from that sort of education which consists in informing the pupils about the facts within a definite area of knowledge in order that they may be able to pass examinations on the subjects included within it. The so-called dull boys, who are not quick at book-studies, have in many cases been found to show great aptness in the Manual Training part of education. It prevents them from being discouraged with school life, and from feeling any sense of inferiority to the quick children. It gives them habits of carefulness and makes them self-reliant, hopeful and courageous. All of these are manifestly most desirable educational results. It is also a soothing and strengthening corrective to the quick and excitable children who become over-anxious about examinations on book-subjects.

The glow of satisfaction, from having done something well with one's own hands, has certain stimulating and strengthening effects. Is it not the same as that which is revealed by the sacred historian when he wrote: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good?" It is a good thing to let boys and girls become partakers of this divine joy in their own work. The happiness which springs from the consciousness of having begun and finished a piece of good, useful work by one's own labour, is more than a mental and physical tonic. In large measure it allies the worker with the Power that maketh for righteousness. It gives power to overcome obstacles; and the power to overcome obstacles in the path of material, mental, moral and spiritual progress is perhaps the most desirable quality which can be acquired through education, "*Train up* a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

The Equipment.

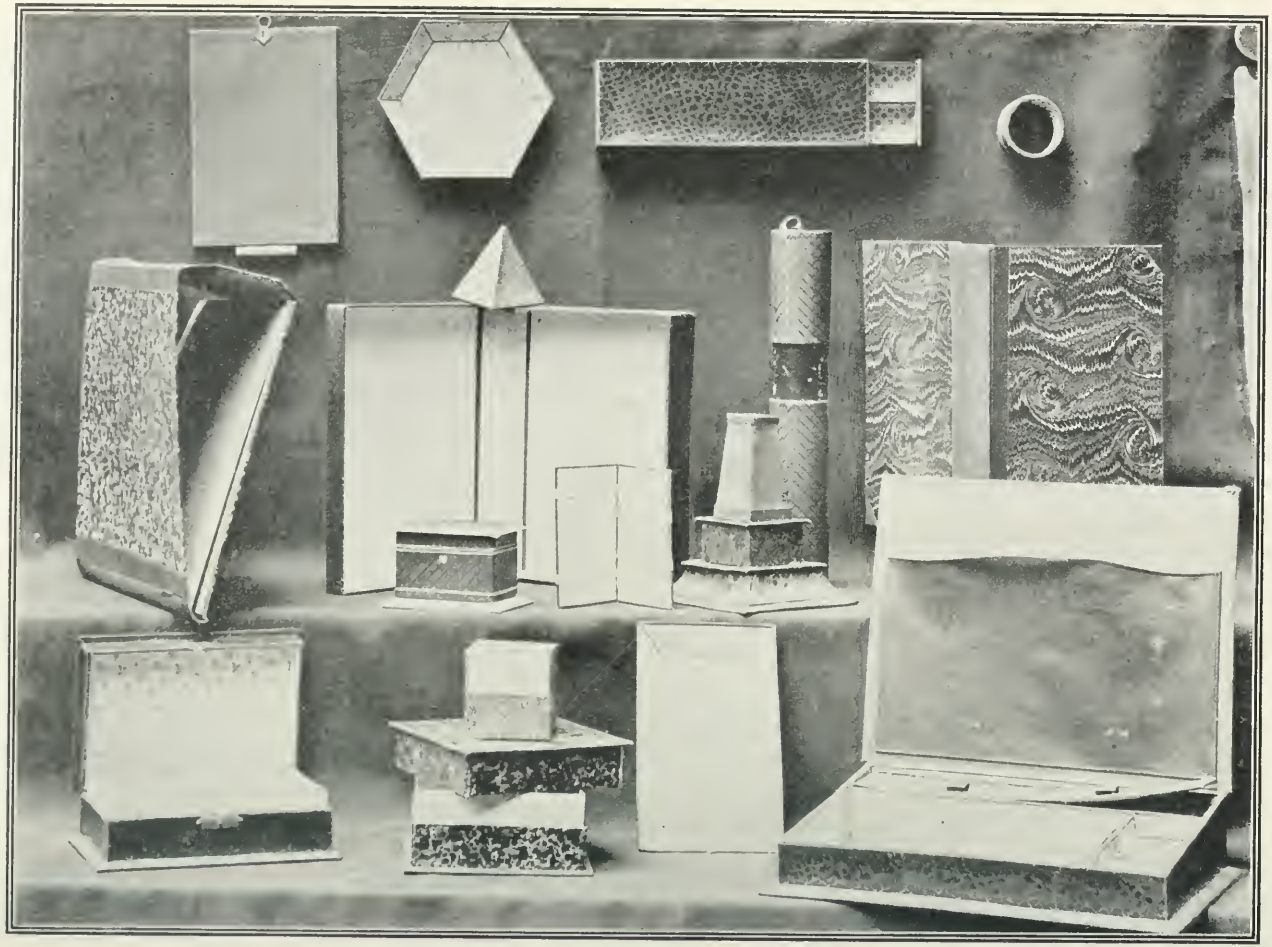
A room for a single centre to accommodate twenty boys at one time should be not smaller that 600 square feet of floor area; and 750 square feet is a better size. It should be specially well lighted. A cloak room and other conveniences should be adjacent. Single, adjustable wooden benches, with two vises each, have been provided in the Macdonald Schools. Tools for each bench, together with general tools for every twenty bench room, have been furnished as stated on the following lists. The rooms have also been fitted with cupboards, tool racks, and other conveniences necessary in such places.

Tools for Each Bench.

1 Rule.
1 Drawing Rule.
1 Sloyd Knife.
1 Gauge.
1 Try Square.
1 Jack Plane.
1 Firmer Chisel, each ¼, ½, 1.
1 Bench Hook.
1 Pencil Compass.
1 Back Saw.
1 Marking Awl.
1 Drawing Kit.
1 Brush and Hook.

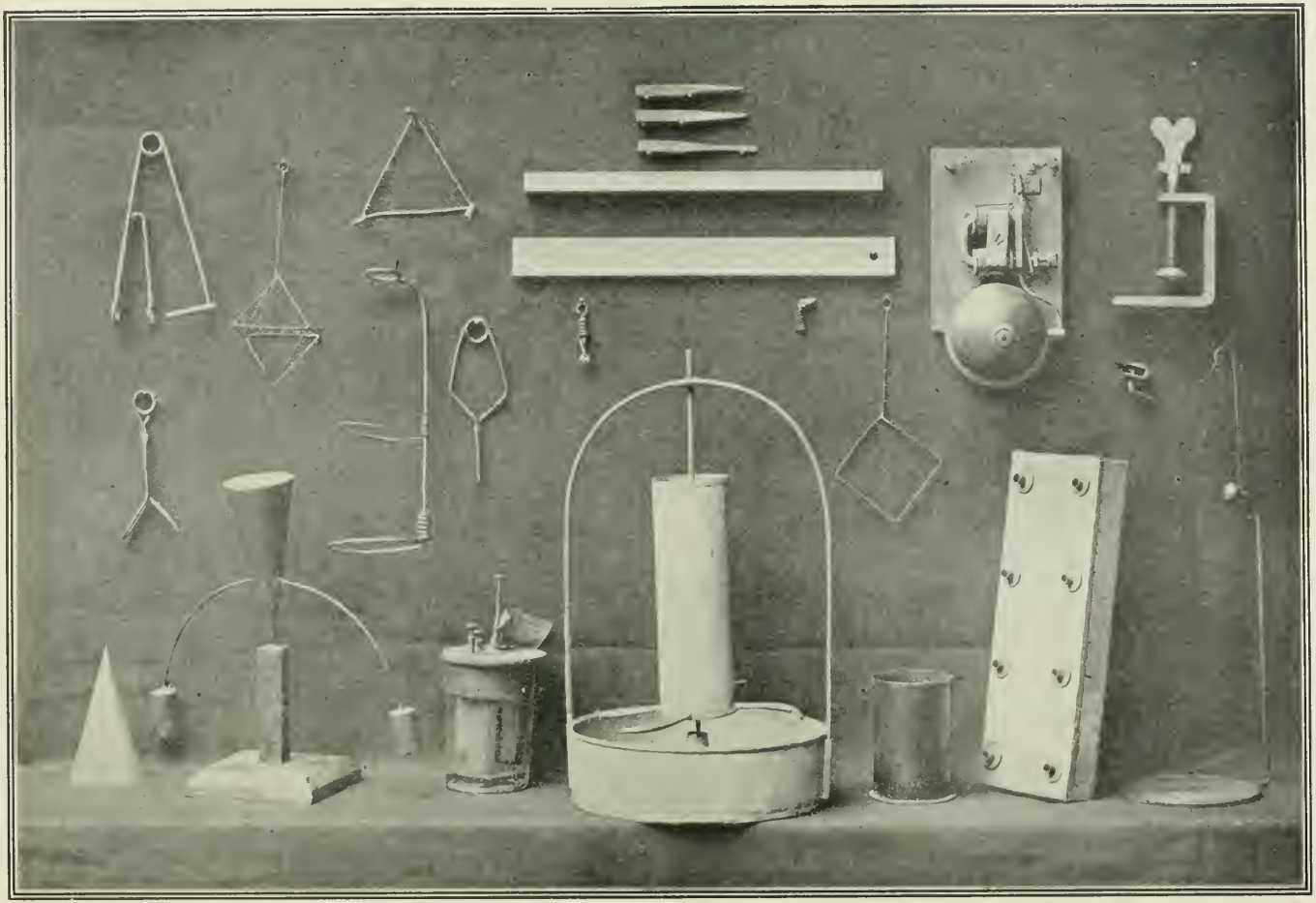
Tools for the Room.

5 Smooth Planes.
3 Fore Planes.
8 Mallets.



CARDBOARD MODELS

Memo Slate, Hexagonal Tray, Pencil Box, Serivette Ring, Musical Folio, Square Pyramid, Album Case, Money Box, Card Case, Match Box, Round Pencil Case, Case for Pamphlets, Jewel Casket, Handkerchief Box Cube, Oblong Tray, Writing Desk



METAL WORK MODELS

Each model in this course is intended to be used to illustrate and prove some scientific problem and is so used by boys in German Schools

1 Draw Knife.
1 Mitre Box.
2 Try Squares.
4 File Cards.
8 Screw Drivers, small.
2 Screw Drivers, large.
1 "T" square, each 4' and 5'.
8 Flat Files, 8".
8 Half Round Files, 8".
2 S. T. Files, 4" and one handle.
2 Flat Files and one handle.
4 Braces.
5 Bevels.
5 Nail Sets.
8 Wooden Spoke Shaves.
4 Hand Screws.
10 Bradawls, assorted, handled.
2 dozen Bradawls, not handled.
2 Slips for Gouges.
8 Scrapers.
4 Mortise Gauges.
4 Wing Dividers, 5".
4 Pincers.
1 Cutting Pliers, 5".
1 Flat Pliers, 5".
1 Round-nosed Pliers.
2 Oil Cans.
2 Centre Bits, each 1/4, 3/8, 1/2, 5/8, 3/4, 7/8, 1, 1 1/4.
1 Auger Bit, each 3/16, 1/4, 3/8, 1/2, 5/8 and 3/4.
4 Drill Bits.
2 Screw Driver Bits.
2 Wood Countersinks.
1 Iron Countersink.
5 Oil Stones.
1 Rabbet Plane.
10 Hammers.
2 Firmer Gouges, each 1/2, 3/4, bev. inside.
2 Firmer Gouges, each 1/2, 1, 1 1/4, bev. outside.
2 Chisels, 1/16.
4 Firmer Chisels, 1/8.
2 Mortise Chisels, each 1/4 and 3/8.
1 Hatchet.
1 Pad Saw.
1 Grind Stone.
4 Rip Saws and 4 Crosscut Saws.
6 S. P. Corks.
2 Spg. Dividers.
3 Cutting Gauges.
5 Gimlets.
1 Tool Grinder.
2 Bent Gouges, No. 15, each 3/4 and 1.
2 Blackboard Compasses.

Form of Agreement.

The following is the form of agreement which has been used, with slight modifications to meet local conditions:

THIS AGREEMENT made the.....day of .....nineteen hundred..... Between
The Board of.....
of the First Part
and
James W. Robertson, of the City of Ottawa, representing the Macdonald Manual Training Fund, of the Second Part.

WHEREAS the said party of the second part, acting on behalf of the Macdonald Manual Training Fund, has requested the said Board to establish a centre or centres of education with the object of giving to the pupils of ....an opportunity to receive a course of manual training under competent teachers.

AND WHEREAS the said Board has consented to establish a centre or centres for said purpose,

NOW THEREFORE this Agreement witnesseth that in consideration of the premises and of the mutual covenants hereinafter set forth, the said parties hereto agree as follows:

1. The said Board hereby agrees to provide a suitable room or rooms to be used as a manual training school for the term of three years, to be computed from.....

2. The said party of the second part shall at his own expense equip the said room or rooms with all necessary material and apparatus as to him shall seem right for the purpose of such manual training, and at the expiration or other determination of this agreement, such material and apparatus shall belong to and be at the disposal of the said party of the second part, or his successor as representing the said Macdonald Manual Training Fund.

3. The said party of the second part shall at his own expense pay all costs, charges and expenses in connection with teachers' salaries and expenses of equipment, maintenance of equipment, and materials for use of pupils.

4. In case there be not a room or rooms in the premises of the said Board suitable for manual training, when the said Board provides a room or rooms not in their premises, the said party of the second part shall pay the expenses of the janitor or other caretaker and of lighting and heating the said room or rooms; but when a room or rooms in the premises of the said Board are provided for manual training then the said Board shall pay the expenses of the janitor or other caretaker and of lighting and heating of the said room or rooms.

5. The pupils in each manual training centre are to be under the control of the School Board as to attendance, discipline, and all other matters, as in the ordinary school rooms.

6. The course of instruction shall be acceptable to the School Board.

7. In case of any unforeseen difficulty or difference arising between the directors or instructors in manual training and the School Authorities, it shall be referred to a Committee composed of the representative of the Macdonald Manual Training Fund and two members appointed by the Board.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said Board of .....have hereunto set their Corporate Seal under the hand of their Chairman and Secretary, and the said party of the second part has hereunto set his hand and seal.

MANUAL TRAINING IN OTTAWA.

By Albert H. Leake, Director of the Macdonald Manual Training Schools in Ontario.

MANUAL Training Schools were formally opened in Ottawa, Oct. 27th, 1900, by their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.

Manual Training centres are now fitted up in the city as follows :—

Three public schools — Archibald Street, Cambridge Street and George Street—have each a room for twenty boys. The Model School is provided with the same accommodation, and an outside centre is fitted for sixty boys in the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association rooms, as being easy of access for those parts of the city not otherwise provided for.

The boys are drafted from the public schools in classes and attend either one forenoon or one afternoon per week. The class attending the centre on Monday forenoon will attend the following week on the same day and at the same time, and so on through the ten half-day sessions of the week for every class attending. The boys in some cases proceed to the Manual Training room directly from their homes, or, what seems the better plan, march from the school under the charge of a teacher or the captain who is elected by the boys themselves. The captain leads the boys into the room, arranges them in bench order and marches them to their assigned bench in the room, which bench is kept throughout a boy's attendance at the class. This method of procedure induces a spirit which is beneficial to the boys and helpful to the work.

The morning session lasts from 9.30 to 11.30, and the afternoon session from 1.30 to 3.30. Accommodation is provided in the city for 1,400 boys to receive one lesson per week. Facilities are provided for every boy from Junior III. upwards to receive this training, and it is hoped that before many months have elapsed a preliminary course will be arranged for the younger boys. Already cases have arisen where a class when given the option of taking a half holiday or attending the Manual Training class, has almost unanimously chosen the Manual Training. The attendance has been gratifying, and the Principals of the schools have expressed the opinion that the attendance at the ordinary school work has been materially improved owing to the attractions offered by this training.

A record of the attendance and work of each boy is kept, so that any time the progress of any individual may be seen. Each boy is provided with an adjustable bench and a complete set of bench tools, placed in a rack at its back, while round the room are arranged the tools not so frequently required. In addition a separate pigeon hole or locker is given to each pupil in which to keep, from week to week, his apron, his drawings and his work, and for the neatness and tidiness, of which he alone is responsible. At the close of every lesson each boy sweeps down his bench and replaces in its proper position every tool he has used. The rooms are also provided with museum cupboards, in which are exhibited the boys' best efforts, the standard models, and any interesting objects relating to the trees and timber of the Province, that may be brought by the boys.

At present the bench work is almost entirely in wood, and consists of a series of models most carefully graduated, in order of difficulty, as to kind of wood, principles of construction and complexity of tool operations. Every model is made from a fully dimensioned drawing previously prepared by the

boy himself, first to full size, and later on to a scale. Accuracy of form and measurement is insisted on from the commencement, and it is surprising to find how soon a lad becomes dissatisfied with anything but the best he can produce. No work is accepted that a boy does not conscientiously believe at the time to be his best; and when a lad has made, say model 3, he often asks to be allowed to make model 2 over again, having discovered during the making of number 3, faults in number 2 of which he was not before aware.

The first lesson necessarily consists of an explanation of the rule and its divisions, whether metric or English, practice in drawing lines of given length, first without the rule and afterwards with, and the drawing also of simple elementary figures to given dimensions. After this the boys are taught by an examination of the model itself and the instructions of the teacher to prepare a simple working drawing. Line by line the model is drawn upon the blackboard, the boys pointing out as the work proceeds the actual line of the model represented by the line on the board, so that when the drawing is finished the boys have a clear mental picture of the object they are required first to draw and then to make. No mere copying of drawings is allowed, and to prevent this and also to test the efficiency of the instruction, the drawing is erased and the dimensions of the various parts given, and from these and an examination of the model itself the boys are expected to produce a drawing, fully dimensioned, from which the model can be made. At other times they are allowed to measure the model for themselves and make their drawings from their own measurements.

In addition to the models comprising the different courses, suitable object lessons are given on the growth, defects and character of the different timbers used and the construction of the tools employed, and in these lessons care is taken that the boy has an actual specimen of the wood, or the actual tool in his hand, so that upon it he may exercise his own observation and judgment.

The courses are arranged as follows:

First Year:

	MODEL.	TIMBER.	DRAWING.
1.	Wedge.	Bass or Birch.	Simple elevations.
2.	Round Flower Stick.	White Pine.	Working drawings of different stages.
3.	Square Ruler.	White Pine.	Isometric projection.
4.	Round Ruler.	Pine or Mahogany.	Different stages.
5.	Square Flower Stick.	Pine.	Plans and elevations.
6.	Key Rack.	Basswood.	Plans and elevations.
7.	Fishline Winder.	Birch.	Plans and elevations.
8.	Marble Board.	Pine.	Elevation, plan and end elevation.
9.	Rope Stretcher.	Birch.	Plan and elevation.
10.	Paper Knife.	Birch or Mahogany.	Geometrical construction.

The Second Year's Models are,—Flower Pot Cross, Wall Bracket, Small Box, Pin Bowl, Knife or Sleeve Board, Soap Box, Pen Tray or Spoon, Flower Pot Stand, Hammer Handle and Try Square.

The Third Year's Models are,—Oxford Frame, Flour Scoop, Stool, Coat Suspender, Boot Jack, Book Stand, Clothes Rack, Axe-handle, Book Shelves, and Knife Box.

Although it is too soon to speak of the permanent effects of the training, yet the absorbing interest displayed by the boys, who are taking to the work in a marvellously intelligent manner, and the unanimous approval of the Public School Principals, point to the fact that this course of training (new to Canada alone) is appealing to that side of a boy's development which has been too long neglected. The hope may be expressed that in the near future every boy in the Province will have an opportunity afforded to him of reaping the benefits which this practical education can give.

HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

THIRD PAPER.

By John Reade, F.R.S.Can.

IF we try to realize the difference between the Dominion of Canada to-day and the separated provinces and territories of British North America in 1851, we shall be imposing on ourselves the task of solving a complicated problem. We must, first of all, ask what the relation is between the population now unevenly distributed over our federal area and the isolated communities of fifty years ago. The question is not easily answered. For, apart from natural increase, we must account for constant influx and outflow, and an intermigration that had no parallel in our past. Many causes combined to produce this movement to and fro within our new limits, while strange racial elements were swelling the mass of inhabitants in our eastern cities and our western plains. The admission as immigrants of some of the new-comers can only be regarded as an act of faith; the exodus of sons and daughters of the soil is, in many cases, a certain loss. For repatriation never brings back the successful.

We know in a general way from what outside sources our population had been increased from 1815, when the first systematic emigration to these shores from the United Kingdom took place, until the close of the first half of the century. We know less of the sources of the immigration from the old world during the previous portion of the British period. We are, however, constantly adding to our knowledge of the subject, and we look hopefully forward to the day when what has been achieved in tracing up our French population to their original homes in the France of the 17th century will stimulate research touching every other element in our complex nationality, until we are able to indicate with some approach to certainty the ethnic constituents that were brought together a third of a century ago for the making of Canada.

The taking stock of our people, their origins, their ages, their conditions, beliefs and employments, which begins this year will serve as a starting point for retrospect and comparison during the whole of the coming century. It will also serve as a goal of development from any earlier starting point by which to compute the rate and character of our progress as a whole or in special directions. It requires peculiar training to know the meaning of statistics and to make comparisons between those of different countries or times that will be approximately rational and true. Would it be possible without a long acquaintance with such collected and classified knowledge to evolve from the census of Upper or Lower Canada for 1851 any approach to an accurate notion of one or other community at that time? We have to take thought of so many native-born, so many foreign-born, so many able to read or write, so many professing to hold certain religious creeds, in each county, city, town, parish, village; so much land cleared and occupied, with the crops, the cattle, etc., so many grist and saw mills, so many distilleries and breweries, so many criminals and their offences, so many insane, so many deaths in the year and from what cause. Certainly such statistics ought to aid one to imagine, to realize, the community to which they relate. But if we had no other data than those bare figures, under their several headings, we should find it difficult to reanimate the generation in question as men, women and children, living human lives from day

to day. But when we know something actual about the people thus classified according to age, origin, creed, occupation, etc., have seen quite a number of them in the flesh, heard them speak in their own tongues, know something of their antecedents, their struggles, aspirations, trials and triumphs, and can amplify our personal knowledge by the spoken or written communications of hundreds of others, these figures are no longer dead; they stand for a great multitude of living, thinking, striving men and women, and the children to whom they assigned the task of continuing and adding to their work.

OUR POPULATION BEFORE 1851.

But the inhabitants of Canada to-to-day, though most of them are the descendants of the people of Canada snapshotted statistically by the census man fifty years ago, are in a good many ways different from them. There has been a great deal of immigration of an unusual character, and since 1867, and especially since 1885, the interprovincial migration has been of an activity entirely without precedent. If one of us were asked suddenly how many languages are spoken in Canada, how many races or nationalities are represented or how many religions are professed, he would be wise to pause before replying. If we have regard to the aborigines alone, the excellent bibliographies of the late Mr. Pilling, the works of H. H. Bancroft, the reports on the tribes of British Columbia by Dr. Boas and the late Horatio Hale, and Dr. John McLean's "Canadian Savage Folk," show the many-sidedness of the subject. Although the aborigines have as yet contributed but little to the progress of our people as a whole, they have played a part in our history which makes it impossible to ignore them, and it is noteworthy that one of the earliest Premiers of Western Canada was of Indian blood. During the last fifty years they have undergone a change so sweeping as to give a new direction to their destiny. The collection and classification of the records that make up their strange, eventful history, and the study of their languages and folk-lore have been the chosen tasks to which great scholars in both hemispheres have, during the last half century, successfully devoted attention. The North-west has, moreover, presented a field for the missionary efforts of humane and fearless men.

To the ancient lords of the soil succeeded the French; and of the original homes, advent and settlement of those pioneers of civilization in British North America, we know a great deal more to-day than any one dreamed of knowing in 1851. It was not until 1870 that the first volume of that Golden Book of an entire people, Mgr. Cyprien Tanguay's "Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes," was given to the world. Before the last of the seven volumes saw the light, M. Benjamin Sulte had published his Histoire des Canadiens François. And it was only last year that the Hon. Mr. Justice Baby made an important addition to our knowledge of the stock from which one great section of our people is derived. And these works, however important, represent by no means the whole of our gains in the knowledge of what we are. Abbé Ferland, who was the first historian to indicate with accuracy the sources of the French pioneers, also made his contribution within the period specified.

As to our British origins, although we know much more than our predecessors in 1851, we are only beginning to ransack the registers to find out what they are. The work of Sabine touching the United Empire Loyalists has been continued by Dr. Canniff, Sir John Bourinot, and other able writers, and such work as the Ontario Historical Society is now accomplishing will ultimately give material for a most remarkable chapter or series of chapters in our history. The volume of the late Dr. Akin has done in part for the British beginnings of Nova Scotia what Senator Poirier, in correcting certain inferences of M. Rameau de Saint-Père, did towards the elucida-

tion of Acadian ethnology, while in Calnek-Savary's* "History of the County of Annapolis" we have a mine of precious data regarding the very first efforts of colonization in what is to-day the Dominion.

For trans-Superior Canada before the era of Confederation there is already a large library to consult, the works of the Rev. Dr. Bryce, the Hon. L. R. Masson, the Hon. D. Gunn, and others, having shed much light on the era of the Companies and the beginnings of settlement in the ante-Confederation period.

We certainly know enough of our origins not to be ashamed of any stock that has contributed to our national life-blood. The average Canadian need fear comparison neither with the average Briton nor the average Frenchman.†

To sum up, then, it may be said that, except in Manitoba and the North-west, the Indians have not mingled, to any appreciable degree, with the population of European descent. For the Maritime Provinces Senator Poirier and for Quebec M. Sulte may be said to have settled this question. The cases in which Chinese or Japanese have formed alliances with European descended persons are extremely exceptional. The general character of the first settlers in Nova Scotia we know from the lists in Dr. Akin's selected archives. Governor Murray's lists and the registers for Montreal, etc., published in the Dominion Archives Report for 1885, with jury lists, etc., enable us to judge of the origins and standing of the first British settlers in Quebec. Intermarriage between the newcomers and the French-Canadians prevailed to an extent that few realize. Of the U.E.L. contributions to our foundation stock in the Maritime Provinces and Ontario as well as in Quebec our knowledge is fairly full. But it should be borne in mind, as Mr. C. C. James has pointed out, that there was a considerable non-British element in the Loyalist contribution. The Loyalist immigration continued until the close of the century. Of the settlement of the Eastern Townships of Quebec, mainly by newcomers from across the border, we have a good deal of information. Apart from the points mentioned, and the records of military settlement, our knowledge of the influx from 1760 till 1815 has large gaps. Of what followed the adoption of a policy of systematic emigration in 1815 until the close of 1850, we know a good deal, though a good deal remains unknown save vaguely by the tradition of pioneers' families. It would certainly be interesting to have a fairly accurate statement of the constituents of the population in the area now comprised in the Dominion at the point of departure of our retrospect. We must be contented to know that, although the local differentiation which began to be remarked even in the 17th century continued till the middle of the 19th, the stocks from which our people originat-

*In a courteous letter Judge Savary, of Annapolis, joint author with the late Mr. W. A. Calnek of the "History of the County of Annapolis," suggests that, in the first of these papers, the name of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., should be substituted for that of the late Hon. Joseph Howe as one of three "cherished friends" of the late Archbishop Conolly there mentioned. I would have no objection to that change, but I gave the names as they occurred in a contemporary notice of the Archbishop's Vatican speech, so far as my memory served me. Judge Savary's reason for the suggestion is that Dr. (now Sir Charles) Tupper was Archbishop Conolly's friend, while Mr. Howe had been his political enemy at a time (1857) when religious strife grew high. An interesting account of the state of politics in Nova Scotia at that time may be read in the "History of Annapolis County," pp. 452-3-4, where Mr. Howe's attitude to the Roman Catholic Church at that stage of his career is clearly brought out. My reply is, that when the Vatican Council opened Mr. Howe had been for nearly a year a member of Sir John Macdonald's Administration, and therefore, *de conçruo*, on friendly terms with his former political foes. Twelve years had then elapsed since the bitter strife of 1857, and besides, men are sometimes friends in private, though opposed in the political arena. Nevertheless, if I could have received Judge Savary's letter before the publication of the article, I would have made the change he suggests.

†See "The Climate of Canada," by Sir W. H. Hingston, M.D.

ed were of the best in the old world, and that, in the small proportion of cases in which the pioneers had intermarried with the aborigines, the progeny thence resulting was of a hardy, fairly intelligent type of which we had no reason to be ashamed.

POPULATION IN 1851.

The population of Upper Canada in 1851 was 952,004; that of Lower Canada, 890,261; that of New Brunswick, 193,800; that of Nova Scotia, 276,854; that of Prince Edward Island, (probably) about 65,000. As to the rest of actual Canada, it may be stated that in 1849 Assiniboia had a population of 5,391; in 1856, of 6,691; Manitoba's population in 1870 (exclusive of Indians) was 12,228. In 1861 Vancouver's Island had a population of 3,024, of whom 2,350 belonged to the town of Victoria or its vicinity. In 1870 British Columbia had a white population of 10,586. In 1874 the population was estimated to be 15,000, thus distributed: whites, 11,500; Chinese, 3,000; blacks, 300; Kanakers (Hawaiians), 200. For years the population of British Columbia was like Sambo's chicken; it moved about so much that it could not be counted. The figures above given enable us, however, to estimate the population of all the provinces and territories in 1851, Indians included, as something less than 2,500,000. In 1871 the population was 3,635,024; in 1881, 4,324,810; in 1891, 4,833,239. By the coming census it will probably range from 6,125,000 to 6,250,000. It is not likely to exceed the latter figure.

After the census of 1881, I compiled for my own satisfaction a statement of local majorities according to origins and it showed an extraordinary persistence of the grouping of the first settlements in each. This grouping has been disturbed with increasing, though in some cases very gradual, results since confederation and the accompanying railway policy opened doors of ingress and egress and paths of connection. The group system is continued, necessarily doubtless, in new Canada. The influx of hitherto unknown or little represented elements to our population has not made appreciably less the rate of increase of the native born (4,185,877 out of 4,833,239 in 1891). Very instructive from an ethnological point of view are such lists of names as those of the contingents of last year (including Strathcona's Horse) or of the officers and men of the force engaged in putting down the North-west Rebellion of 1885. At the same time, if the names of our public men—federal, provincial, judicial, municipal, our men of science, our clergy, our educationists, etc.,—are examined, it will be seen that there is a fair representation of the non-French and non-British elements.

In the little hand-book of Canada, prepared for the Toronto meeting (1897) of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, there is an instructively comprehensive Note, by Professor James Mavor, in which attention is called to the heterogeneousness of the population of the North-west Territories. He instances the town of Lethbridge as comprising among its 2,000 inhabitants, besides "persons of British origin," "Belgians, Italians, Norwegians, Swedes, Icelanders, French, Austrians, Germans, Dutch, Danes, Hungarians, Russians, Negroes, Chinamen and Half-breed Indians." He refers to the colonies of Jews, Germans, Scandinavians, French, Austrians (Galicians), and Icelanders. In his survey of the Maritime Provinces, Professor Mavor says that there, as in Quebec, "people of origins other than French and British form a small fraction of the population." In the list that I made to show what origins predominated in the counties, I found that Germans have still the majority in Lunenberg; that they come second in Queens; and third in Shelburne, and were represented in other counties. They are, of course, practically British, but their ancestors were German. There is also a German element in Prince Edward Island (in all three counties) and in several counties of New Brunswick.

The statement which, of course, any one may see in the census report (1882), shows that the ethnic or nationality majorities vary from county to county, there being English majorities in Quebec, French and German in Ontario and Nova Scotia, French in New Brunswick and Manitoba, and in the Territories majorities of Russians, Icelanders, Hungarians, and Jews. Pictures may be seen in some publications in which the foreign family group, after a few years' residence, is contrasted with the same group as it appeared on its arrival. The native-born North-westers who have been encouraged to associate with their extra-canton neighbours or to seek employment in other parts of the Territories, tend to grow up British-Canadians. The danger is lest they feel inclined to seek fuller emancipation by crossing the boundary. The question of immigration and of retaining our own sons and daughters, whether of the old stocks or the new, is one of the most important as well as difficult problems with which the statesman has to deal.

COMMUNICATION IN 1851.

The young man or woman of to-day will not find it easy to realize the conditions that prevailed in 1851 and for years afterwards. Some writers, indeed, who are not at all young, are prone to speak of Canada as if it still consisted of four isolated regions separated from each other by the interdict of nature—the Maritime Provinces, the Canadas, the vast region between Lake Superior and the Rocky mountains, and the region between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean. There were patriotic men generations, we may say even centuries ago, to whom the lack of means of facile communication between New Brunswick and Quebec was a cause of discontent. For a long time the project contemplated was a military road. But when the railway era set in aspiration took another form and nothing but bands of steel would satisfy the more progressive minds.

When he was writing the first volume of his History of Lower Canada, Robert Christie called attention to some improvements in inter-communication during the years 1840-47. Since the establishment of the Cunard line of steamships, news from India via the Mediterranean and England reached Canada in two months, while from Europe they had news regularly in from sixteen to eighteen days, and from Boston and New York in three. But a new stage in the transmission of news had recently been attained; for, continued the historian, "at the hour of committing this to paper (half-past noon, 4th October, 1847,) we learn by the electric telegraph just finished and in operation between Quebec and Montreal that the steamer *Hibernia* from Liverpool with the English mail of the 19th ult., arrived yesterday, at 2 p.m. at Boston; the information reaching Montreal by the circuitous route of Buffalo and Toronto." A little reflection will disclose the great difference between conditions in which communications, so slow to our present contemplation, were hailed as triumphs of enterprise. On the other hand, when it is borne in mind that, at the date in question, a score of years had not yet passed since the inauguration of England's first railway and that in the interval oceanic steam navigation had advanced from trembling experiment to assured success, we may be able to understand Mr. Christie's feelings. Indeed, when we read the sentences that follow the passage that has been quoted, we may think, perhaps, that the forecast which he based on the premises just indicated, though it may seem wise and true to us, must have appeared rather extravagant to his average contemporary. "Truly," he comments, "in this respect, times are changed since the close of the last century, and for the better. Who can say that, before the close of the present, an overland trip hence to the Columbia or California, and a voyage thence to the blooming isles and Edens of the Pacific, including Hawaii and its magnificent volcano, the mighty Mauna Loa, to which Vesuvius, Ætna,

Hecla, are said to be mole-hills, en route for Europe, via China and India, to spend the winter in St. Petersburg or Paris, may not be fashionable, and of more frequent and easy accomplishment than is at the present time a voyage to Naples or Gibraltar, Madeira or Teneriffe—when the whole may be done in fewer weeks, peradventure, days, than it took Sir George Simpson months, to perform his famous overland expedition ; and a tour of the globe, from Quebec, by that route, looking at London and the lions on the way home in spring but an agreeable excursion during winter, of four months at most, including stoppages at Delhi, Tobolsk, Constantinople, Vienna and Berlin !"

This is a somewhat involved sentence. The magnitude of the thought that filled his mind was calculated to make its delivery hazardous — the author's joyous pride in his vision of the future and natural anxiety to share it with the world, adding doubtless to the risk. To many readers of that day it must have seemed little else than the wild fancy of a somewhat eccentric man. To us it rises from the dead past as one of the most remarkable forecasts of coming events to which the 19th century gave birth. For it will be seen that what Mr. Christie had in mind was not merely our own inter-oceanic line, but a like band of steel crossing the continental expanse of the Eastern hemisphere. The route is certainly vague. Such a sequence as "Delhi, Tobolsk, Constantinople," suggests aeronautic travel rather than movement along the solid earth. Nevertheless, Tobolsk is really one of the "stoppages" of a trans-Asiatic railway, and if Delhi and Constantinople have not yet been joined by an overland line, it is because the Euphrates valley scheme, long urged on British statesmen, was not taken up and pushed forward while England was powerful with the Porte. As it is, the completion of the links that will connect the old Mogul capital with the chosen home of the first Christian Emperor is only a matter of time.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

The first great event of the railroad era in Canada was nigh at hand when Mr. Christie wrote his prophecy. It took place in the first year of the period under review. Nowhere in the pages of our history can we turn with better assurance of satisfaction in our search for the outlook of the optimist of fifty years ago than to the record of the Boston Jubilee. Perhaps some of our younger readers may ask what there was in it that so much concerns us. In reply, we may say that the Boston Jubilee, which took place on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of September, 1851, was a "celebration commemorative of the opening of railroad communication between Boston and Canada." Among the "First things" (as Mr. George Johnson would say) of the New World, this Jubilee must ever hold a place of importance. In view of the mighty achievements that have since been added to the victories of science, enterprise and diplomacy, the enthusiasm of the Americans and Canadians who gathered around President Fillmore and Lord Elgin during those days of mutual congratulation may to us of to-day seem exaggerated. From an international point of view the good fellowship that inaugurated the junction of New England and New France may not have borne all the fruit that it promised. Lord Elgin did, indeed, fulfil his share of the compact. The year before had seen him insulted and assaulted in one of the cities of whose brotherly love he was so potent a voice. But his great heart returned good for evil, and before he left Montreal there was none to do him despite or to withhold the reverence that was his due. At the Jubilee Lord Elgin was at his best. Every word that he said was timely and well chosen. The royal Bruce head, the handsome features, the thoughtful brow, the firm yet kindly lips, the dignified presence, the ready speech and unfailing charm of manner took Boston captive, and it was not in mere compliment that the offer of one speaker to make him President, if he stayed with his hosts,

was so rapturously applauded. Lord Elgin, his staff, ministers and chosen delegates from the cities of Canada and the Maritime Provinces, the Mayor of Boston, Mr. John Prescott Bigelow, the Council, Committee of Arrangements, and other leading citizens, President Fillmore, with his secretaries and other prominent representatives of the United States of that time, formed altogether a personnel of unusual interest. Among the Canadians were Sir F. Hincks, the Hon. Joseph Howe, Sir Allan N. McNab, His Worship John Bowes, Mayor, and Mr. G. Duggan, Recorder, of Toronto; J. G. Ridout, Esq., the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, the Hon. E. P. Taché, the Hon. H. W. Killaly, R. W. Cameron, Esq., Col. Gugy, Mayor Weller, Cobourg, Hon. A. Stewart, Master of the Rolls, N.S.; the Hon. J. Bourret, Hon. Wm. Young, N.S.; Mr. W. Mattice, Mayor of Cornwall; the Rev. Digby Campbell, Montreal; the Hon. Wm. Morris, Hon. John Molson, of the same city; Solicitor-General (afterwards Right Hon. Sir) John A. Macdonald, and several others. The names of Winthrop, Everett, Brinley, Conrad, Edmunds, Bartlett, Sherman, Stuart, Josiah Quincy, and several others, along with those already mentioned, stood for the public life of the United States in the middle of the century. In addition to Lord Elgin, who was a host in himself, the Old Land was represented by his brother, Col. Bruce; Lord Mark Kerr; Capt. Nye, 20th Regiment; Lieut. Pilkington, R.E., and quite a number of other officers of the various services.

The ten years that followed the Jubilee were eventful years for Canada. The era of the railway had begun, but although, from the connection of Montreal with Boston there was no pause in our enterprise and progress, it was not till a quarter century had elapsed that Montreal was joined to Halifax. In nine years more Halifax was connected with Vancouver.

OPENING OF THE GRAND TRUNK.

Meanwhile, within the two groups of Provinces, railways were built for their special wants. In five years from the Jubilee Montreal had a memorable celebration on the occasion of the formal opening of the Grand Trunk Railway. I have before me a thin volume to which I had the honour of slightly contributing. The Executive Committee of the celebration appointed a sub-committee to prepare an outline of the city's history, with special reference to its manufactures and trade. During the preceding summer, soon after arriving in Canada, I had been introduced to the chairman of the sub-committee. He was overwhelmed with work, and so he asked me to help him in arranging some of the material. I was very glad to do so, and also very glad to be paid for doing so at celebration rates which were generous. This little book, which is scarce to-day, contains some valuable information, both general and local, some of which may not be found elsewhere. "In the fall of 1852," says one chapter, "the Grand Trunk Railway was fairly launched into existence and embraced, in its ramifications, the construction of a continuous line of railway from Trois Pistoles, about 150 miles below Quebec, on the southern side of the River St. Lawrence, the point at which a junction with the proposed Halifax Railway is looked forward to, and Port Sarnia on Lake Huron, a distance of 800 miles," with the Belleville-Peterborough branch and the lease of the Montreal-Portland line. An interesting account of a trip from Halifax to Montreal by Portland in the year 1857 is given by Captain Francis Duncan in his book, "Our Garrisons in the West." There was no lack of variety in the methods of travel employed. The line from Halifax to Windsor was as yet incomplete, being open for only ten miles. The rest of the distance was done in a coach, the amazing architecture of which is described. The body of it hung on two gigantic leather bands, long enough to permit of considerable oscillation and at sharp turns requiring some effort to resist the centrifugal tendency. In the roomy interior the passengers sat three deep.

The horses were wretched; the coachman was important; the coach "coated with the mud of ages, but allowing nevertheless sufficient antique gilding to peep through to awaken in one's mind the idea of a lord mayor's coach under a cloud." So great was the peril from recklessly-piled baggage that the nervous old ladies inside, who were the Captain's fellow-passengers, never took their eyes off the roof in apprehension of the threatened catastrophe. Nevertheless, such travel had its enjoyments, for the scenery showed no lack of wildly beautiful subjects for the artist. The little world of passengers is favourably contrasted with "the silent individuals in an English railway carriage, each with his *Times*." After passing Mount Uniacke and remarking on its resemblance to an English manor-house, the Captain sympathizes with the proprietor of the "Half-Way House," whose knell of doom, like that of many an old English inn, the railway had already sounded. Through "a beautiful, well-cultivated and fertile district," he reached Windsor, and embarked on the steamer *Creole* for St. John. Thence he went by sea to Portland to make his way thence back into Canada.

Captain Duncan made a second trip from Halifax to Montreal on an occasion that Canadians have not forgotten. Fifteen years before the opening of the Intercolonial Railway the international difficulty known as the "Trent affair" made it necessary to convey a considerable body of British troops from Halifax to Montreal in winter by the overland route. The march was accomplished, but, if war had been declared, instead of the surrender of Mason and Slidell taking place, before the start, there would have been striking evidence of the difficulties and dangers of the route. Captain Duncan has given a lively account of the journey, from both a personal and military point of view. The troops concerned consisted of several batteries of field and garrison artillery, with Armstrong guns but no horses; a battalion each of the Grenadier and Scots Fusilier Guards; the 62nd and 63rd Regiments, the 15th Regiment (Fredericton), a company of the 16th Regiment and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with Royal Engineers, military train, army hospital corps, commissariat staff corps and cavalry instructors for volunteers and militia. This force, in command of Colonel Ingall, disembarked at St. Andrew's on New Year's Day, 1862. The weather was stormy and intensely cold. The first stage was by rail (all but twenty-three miles) to Woodstock, which was reached at midnight of the 2nd. Every building available for love or money was occupied, and there the force remained until arrangements were completed for the advance to Rivière du Loup.

In actual warfare the plan adopted would, of course, have been liable to interruption, if not stoppage. "Every morning," writes Captain Duncan, "a column of one hundred and sixty men with their baggage left Woodstock in sleighs for Florenceville, about twenty-five miles. On their arrival at this place, it was the duty of the officer commanding to despatch two telegrams, one to the station immediately behind—in this case Woodstock—and the other to St. John, for the information of the General, reporting their arrival or otherwise, and the state of the roads. The same messages were despatched from every station by every column, so that there could be no confusion by the accumulation of troops at stations where there was not adequate accommodation. In the long stages between Little Falls and Rivière du Loup, there was a mid-day halting-place, where refreshments could be had for payment at a moderate rate. The accommodation for the men was much the same at every station after Woodstock. It was always a large building, containing a huge stove, and with the floor covered a foot deep with spruce boughs, forming a soft and fragrant bed for the troops." Half the officers took the lead on the road; the baggage sleighs with their guard followed; then came the body of the

troops and the remaining half of the officers brought up the rear. The chief trouble arose in that part of the route nearest to the frontier from the attempts of agents from over the line to decoy the soldiers, by offers of big bounties, from their allegiance. At Grand Falls the officers did sentry duty in the hope of capturing one of the agents, but Captain Duncan won ridicule by arresting one of the drivers. He pays a cordial tribute to the loyalty of the French-Canadian villages along the route. The journey had (save for some experience of immobility through stress of weather and consequent starvation at the outset) been so thoroughly enjoyed that it was with some regret the sleighs were exchanged for cars at Rivière du Loup. From Point Levis the crossing was made in canoes to Quebec where a right hearty welcome awaited the soldiers. The *matériel* of the Armstrong field batteries was transported on light Canadian sleds—the sleighs especially manufactured at Woolwich having been discarded as too heavy for the roads and therefore useless.

THE INTERCOLONIAL.

Little more than a year before that overland march the Prince of Wales had closed his New-World tour at Portland and had bidden adieu to his enthusiastic hosts amid hearty cheers and the strains of "God Save the Queen." Last month the MAGAZINE recalled that visit of the Heir Apparent to Canada, which has assumed fresh interest since His Majesty's accession to the throne. To Montreal, especially, it gave a memorable date, for the opening of the Victoria Bridge was the special function for which H.R.H. had crossed the Atlantic. Those who were old enough in 1860 to be able to take note of what went on will remember the enthusiastic outburst of loyalty that greeted the young Prince wherever he appeared. As a test of a sentiment which, amid much fluctuation of public opinion, has remained strong and unchanging, the visit was not untimely. From the United States point of view, it was just in time: a little later would have been too late. For the feeling of sectional antagonism, which was hushed during the Prince's visit to Washington, found such menacing expression after his departure that the issue was no longer doubtful. And wisely or unwisely Englishmen and Canadians took sides in the quarrel and, in many cases, offended the destined victors. It was no longer safe to depend on the Portland route. Things had greatly changed since the Boston Jubilee. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the delegates from Toronto, Montreal or Hamilton who enjoyed in 1851 the hospitality of Boston were as much strangers to their fellow-subjects of the Maritime Provinces as to those who flourished beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes. As early as 1832 the advisability of overcoming the long break of interprovincial continuity by a line of railway had occurred to men of foresight. Messrs. Smith and Hatheway, on the part of New Brunswick, and Major Yule, R.E., on the part of Quebec, had explored the region as long ago as 1836 with a view to the construction of a line of railway from Quebec to St. Andrews, on the Bay of Fundy. But the troublesome boundary question, which was not finally settled until 1842, interfered with the plans of the provincial authorities. Six years later Major Robinson, R.E., recommended a route from Halifax to Levis over the Cobequid mountains, by the Gulf shore, the Bay Chaleurs, up the Metapedia Valley to the St. Lawrence and along that river by Rivière du Loup to the terminus opposite Quebec. This line was to be 635 miles long and to cost about $25,000,000. The "Trent affair" towards the end of 1861, necessitating the rapid despatch of troops into the heart of Canada, made it obvious that to delay any longer the construction of a line of railway from Halifax to Quebec was to invite disaster. In 1863, at the united call of the Imperial, Canadian, Nova Scotian and New Brunswick authorities, Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming, C.E.,

took charge of the surveys of the Intercolonial and in 1865 a report was prepared setting forth the various projects hitherto proposed and classing and comparing them. There were in all some fifteen lines or combinations of lines which were grouped under the three heads of Frontier, Central and Bay Chaleurs. Preference was given to the last mentioned plan. The report opportunely synchronized with the passage of the Confederation Resolutions in the Canadian Legislature. On the 1st of July, 1867, the British North America Act, which we regard as the Constitution of the Dominion, went into force and, in accordance with its provisions, the chief engineer of the Intercolonial was instructed to proceed with the surveys for the final location of the line. In 1876 the line was completed from Halifax to Riviere du Loup, a length of 559½ miles.

BUILDING THE C.P.R.

Meanwhile, by successive stages, trans-Superior British America had been brought within the domain of the Confederation. Mr. Christie's forecast was about to be fulfilled. Ten years after he wrote the long sentence already quoted a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company. In ten years more the British North America Act had opened the door to all provinces and territories that preferred union to isolation and settled government to a state of wilderness. The story of the transfer of the North-west is associated with conflict. But the condition on which British Columbia became part of the Dominion put, when carried out, a term to unrest. Fourteen years after the admission of the Pacific Province, the Hon. Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal) drove the last spike of the great trans-continental line at Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass, 340 miles from the Pacific. On the 6th of November, 1885, Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General, communicated to Sir John Macdonald Her Majesty's congratulations to the people of Canada on the completion of the great undertaking. The message was forwarded to the Hon. Donald A. Smith, who replied that the last rail had been laid, and that the through train from Montreal was expected to reach Port Moody at ten o'clock on the following morning, Sunday, November 8. The consummation thus attained meant much more than the completion of a railway enterprise. It was the realization of an idea as well as the fulfilment of an ideal.

CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The building of those great lines that joined Central Canada to the Atlantic on the one hand and to the Pacific on the other, also linked Canada with India and Australia and brought the whole Imperial system nearer to its centre. It was the expression of a centripetal as opposed to a centrifugal tendency which had for a time found encouragement at headquarters. Economic policy at variance with colonial aspirations, a Downing-street tone now dictatorial, now indifferent, now insulting, had aroused wrath in loyal breasts. To-day we can hardly call up the reality of the estrangement that was once nearing a disastrous goal. Of all the means for contrasting the relations between the British North America of half a century ago and the British Government with the relations between the Imperial authorities and the Dominion of Canada to-day, I know of none more patriotic and loyal and at the same time so clear, so fearless, so rational as a lecture delivered by Judge Haliburton in Glasgow in the spring of 1857. It is the most characteristic of all the utterances of that remarkable man. "I come to warn you," said the veteran patriot, "in sorrow and not in anger, seriously but amicably, that if there be not a change in the colonial policy of this Empire, the distant extremities will fall off from the body politic, from their own unwieldy bulk and ponderosity." Then, after referring to Franklin's warnings in the years that preceded the Revolution, he said: "His advice was unheeded and

his prophecy was fulfilled. I do not pretend to compare myself with him; I have neither his talents nor his knowledge. But I know as much of the feelings of my countrymen as he did; and, without any disparagement to him, I am infinitely more attached to this country than ever he was. For all my predilections are monarchical and not republican. In like manner I now warn you that there are other subjects more important than the bombardment of Canton, the fall of Herat, or the establishment of the Danubian boundary; and first and foremost among them is the retention of British America." And what did Judge Haliburton understand by British America? "Canada," he explains, using the figure prolepsis or anticipation, "is a country so vast that it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of its size; so fertile that nothing short of official returns will exonerate a description of it from the charge of exaggeration; so prosperous as not merely to rival, but surpass all other countries on the face of the earth; so healthy in climate, so beautiful in scenery, so abundantly supplied with magnificent lakes and rivers; so full of commercial resources, and so rich in minerals that I am overpowered with the magnitude of the task I have imposed upon myself in attempting to convey even a faint idea of it. . . . Well, indeed, might Count Joubert exclaim, with bitter regret, whilst surveying the magnificent display of agricultural and mineral products of Canada, which obtained the Grand Medal of Honour at the Paris Exhibition, 'Now can we form an estimate of these few acres of snow ceded to England by the culpable neglect of the Government of Louis XV.'"

In describing the treatment to which the people of this magnificent territory had been subjected at the hands of certain statesmen and officials, Judge Haliburton uses language which at the present day may seem somewhat startling. "We say," protested our champion in one of his mildest sentences, "that we are consigned to the control of an office in Downing-street in which there is scarcely a man who ever saw a colony, and who has, however clever he may be, and however well disposed (and we make no personal remarks—they are all honourable men), yet who has no practical knowledge of us."

As an example of supercilious disregard of Canadian aspirations followed by unjust reflections on Canadian patriotism, Judge Haliburton mentions the fate of Canada's offer of military help on the outbreak of the Crimean War. He takes up the supposed reproaches of those Englishmen who, not knowing the true inwardness of the matter, have naturally wondered why Canadians should content themselves with bonfires for victories which they did nothing to win. "It is," he admits, "a reasonable and a rational question to ask and here is an answer to it. An offer was made to raise two regiments in Canada and conduct them to the Crimea, to be commanded by colonial officers, but to be, like others, under the command of the General-in-Chief, whoever he might be. The offer was returned from London unanswered; it had been addressed to the wrong office! I will not repeat the indignant comment made on this contemptuous and contemptible conduct. The offer was not repeated and its reception is not forgotten."

Judge Haliburton did not speak or write in vain. In the very next year (1858) the 100th Regiment was raised in Canada. Since then the drift of opinion has been, in the main, towards a better understanding between Great Britain and Canada. The story of our Confederation has been often told. It was the alternative to probable absorption by the United States. That is a solution of what a great writer calls the Canadian Question which has been more or less calmly contemplated by Canadians not essentially wicked. The best historical argument for it is that of Dr. Goldwin Smith, whose precedent is the union of England and Scotland. Dr. Smith has always been a keenly critical observer of the events of his time, and it would be strange if his book did not contain a good deal of

pertinent truth. But his central mistake was that he ignored or underrated the fact that there is a distinctly Canadian patriotism, especially among the descendants of U. E. Loyalists, who prize their birthright as much as the Englishman prizes his. His friendliness towards the "Canada First" movement and his tribute to the founder of it cannot be easily reconciled with a view of Canada's destiny so repugnant to the feelings of Foster and his colleagues. Dr. Smith's essay on "The Empire" is equally opposed to the prevalent aspirations of England to-day. It contains some glaringly unfulfilled prophecies, such as that regarding the revival of Spain's power. Some of his forebodings, on the other hand, seem to be on the way towards realization. So far as his books tend to temper the arrogance of a thoughtless and defiant Jingoism they are never untimely, and it ought not to be forgotten that our U.E.L.'s have no more effective champion than Dr. Smith in his "History of the United States." He may be regarded, in his capacity of American professor of history, as one of the founders of the new and fairer school of which Professor Coit Tyler is the central voice.

CANADA FIRST PARTY.

In the record of changing sentiment in Canada, Dr. Goldwin Smith stands foremost in the protest against the country's vast field of interests being made the mere arena of parties and placemen. This doubtless was the principal bond of sympathy between Dr. Smith and the late W. A. Foster, Q.C.

Although the movement with which the latter's name was and is honourably associated, did not start at the exact middle point of the period under review, it may serve very well as a line of bisection. Its object was to unite in spirit, aim and effort the several populations which had been brought into federal union by the British North America Act. The pamphlet or booklet which gave the movement its name was published in 1871. "Canada First, or, Our New Nationality" was an appeal to the sentiment of unity and an endeavour to minimise causes of difference. The history of the country was treated as a continuous whole, the brave struggle of the French in Canada and Acadie and the bold resistance of French and British to their assailants being regarded as successive stages in the life of the same people. Whatever was worthiest in the record of the Old Regime and of the New was recalled to inspire the heart of the living representatives of both with pride in their common destiny. The deportation of the Acadians was denounced as cruel and the abandonment of the colony by Louis XV. as base. Canada's roll of honour was composed of the names of those who had thought and toiled and fought for Canada. Confederation had done away with invidious barriers. Canadians had a great and splendid heritage and they must develop it and with it their own self-respect. They must have confidence in the future of the country that they loved. "Let each of us," the author concluded, "have faith in the rest and cultivate a broad feeling of regard for mutual welfare, as being those who are building up a fabric that is destined to endure. Thus stimulated and thus strengthened by a common belief in a glorious future and with a common watchword to give unity to thought and power to endeavour, we shall attain the fruition of our cherished hopes, and give our beloved country a proud position among the nations of the earth." It was not until 1874 that the Canadian National Association, which had "Canada First" for its motto, was formed. In the same year it issued an address to the people of Canada. This address, signed by Messrs. W. H. Howland (chairman *pro tem.*) and W. G. McWilliams (secretary *pro tem.*), set forth the objects of the Association. It stood for neither Gritism nor Toryism. Its aim was to awaken those ennobling sentiments which had their source in home and country; to infuse into all Canadians the spirit of unity, vigour, self-reliance and self-respect.

In 1875 (which bisects our retrospect) the Canada First movement, scorned and denounced by both parties, but most by those who should have dealt kindly with it, began to wane. But it had an influence for good. Its aims, if somewhat vague, had a note of chivalry and high purpose derived from Foster himself, which is still working its way in a larger field of action.

THE EMPIRE FIRST.

The history of Canadian sentiment between 1875 and 1890 does not always evince on the part of our public men Foster's high note, a note that may be said to be higher than the name of the movement. To-day we hear of a larger patriotism, and as, after knocking for more than thirty years at the door of the United States for admission on equitable terms for our wares and knocking in vain, we have finally decided to cast in our lot with the Empire, our only rational course was to adapt our feelings to our new duties. By that dread agent, the "irony of fate," it was allowed to the eloquent leader of the "continental" policy to make the right-about-face by his preferential tariff. The sinuous lane had found its turning at last, and "Empire First" was adopted by acclamation as the symbolon of Canada.*

That Imperialism is the prevailing note in the Mother Land and the great daughter lands oversea is an assertion that no one will contradict. From what germs and by what processes grew the Imperial Idea, as now understood in Britain and Canada it would take long to show in detail, but that Canada has had a considerable share in tending its early growth and giving it direction as it rose to view it is almost needless to insist. It may be added that Mr. Edward Jenkins, who wrote the memorable article on Imperial Federation which was published in *The Contemporary Review* in 1870, was the son of a Montreal Presbyterian clergyman, a High School boy and McGill man. "The New Empire," by Mr. O. A. Howland, Barrister-at-Law, and the writings of Dr. G. R. Parkin, C.M.G., are of special importance as marking stages in the development of Imperial sentiment.

ELEMENTS IN OUR PROGRESS.

What Jules Verne calls *la découverte de la terre*—the gradual discovery and mastery of our share of the great globe—has not ceased since the North-west was added to Canada.* The work of the Geological Survey, of the Department of the Interior, of the Post Office (which dates from 1851), with the services of the H. B. Company and special explorations, arctic and sub-arctic included, and the researches of independent traders and sportsmen, has penetrated to every corner of British North America. The improvement of our great waterways has gone on abreast with the opening up of new roads and the making of railway tracks. In ocean navigation, which had just taken its first great start when the celebration of 1856 took place, we have not kept greatly in the rear. In that year 9 days and 23 hours was the time of the quickest passage from Quebec to Liverpool. We have long got beyond that, but are not yet satisfied.

One of the most creditable chapters in our fifty years' record is that of education. Especially to be praised are the efforts made to prepare teachers of young children. Formerly one would be laughed at if he maintained that any special gift or training was needed for conducting an elementary school. Now we know that it is the budding mind and undeveloped body of the child which require the wisest, tenderest and most skilful care. We were half through the half century before the fact began to be recognized

*For the course of economic thought among the leaders of opinion in Canada during the last ten years, and for the corresponding development in the Old Land, see Prof. John Davidson's "Commercial Federation and Colonial Policy."

*See "Canada and Newfoundland," in Stanford's Series, by S. E. Dawson, Litt.D.

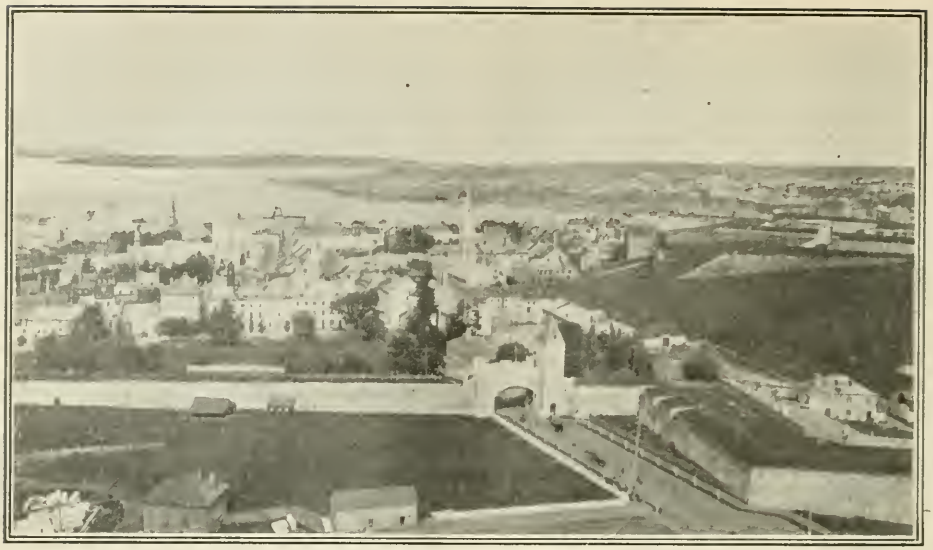
amongst us. Normal schools were organized during the first decade—to teach how to teach. Indeed the middle of the century was a sort of educational renaissance period for Canada, in spite of some angry words. And for years there was peace. Can we forget that Pope Pius the Ninth gave his apostolic blessing to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson? The latest realization of new lines of thought is the introduction of the Sloyd or true sleight-of-hand system under the generous auspices of Sir W. C. Macdonald. In higher education, literary, scientific, professional, we stand very far in advance of where our predecessors stood in 1851. In fact, Canada has shared in the general onward movement of civilization.

The improvement in means of communication has broadened the outlook of our people by bringing dwellers in the remoter districts into intercourse with those who have superior opportunities. Socialistic legislation has produced good results. Farm labourers are lectured to on all subjects connected with a farm, and they include about half the circle of the sciences. The city workman is environed with advantages. That the new generation of Canadians in country as in town shows the results of such care for the workingman's interests and happiness it would be folly to deny. Hygiene is no longer a mystery to be dispensed charily to the "masses." We have had some terrible lessons from epidemics, cholera, influenza, typhoid and smallpox during the half century. They have not been unfruitful; yet we have just found out that we left something sadly undone and are taking measures to guard against fresh sacrifice of life through the deadliest of plagues.

In literary production and journalism the period under review has shown a remarkable advance. The position of the young writer to-day is greatly better than was that of the literary aspirant fifty or even twenty-five years ago. Men like Haliburton, in literature, or Dawson in science, might become known, being men of exceptional gifts, mental and moral. But for the "colonial" there was *prima facie* a cold shoulder if he sought sympathy and *à fortiori* if he sought compensation for literary work. Mr. Robert Barr, who started on his literary career in the latter half of the period, had some complaints to make on this subject not very long ago in this Magazine. Even to-day there are very few who attempt to live by literature alone in Canada, notwithstanding the marked improvement in the quality of original writings—especially in fiction and poetry—and the great increase in the number of educated readers. The turning point has been reached, however, and a fair future lies before us.

The reading public in every part of the Dominion to-day is as far ahead of the reading public of 1851 as the commercial and industrial classes are superior to their predecessors. All the averages have improved. Old-fashioned people may find drawbacks. The time is gone when a lawyer could be rebuked in court for wearing a beard and when a moustache was an offence to society unless the wearer was a dragoon. Ladies are encouraged to earn their livings in ways that would have shocked their grandparents. But charity of the warmer type has not decreased and more time and energy as well as money are given in the cause of suffering humanity than ever before. This is, however, only repeating what has been said already, that Canada has not lagged appreciably behind the rest of the civilized world. In a few cases where it may seem backward, it may be more blessed than its successful rivals. A great Imperialist had a favorite motto which sums up a whole philosophy of practical life, serviceable both to nations and individuals. It was this: *Festina lente*. There we have the stimulus of duty, hope, innate energy; the check of prudence, vigilance and again duty.

THE END.



QUEBEC FROM THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, SHOWING THE OLD WALL AND ONE OF THE RECONSTRUCTED GATES IN THE FOREGROUND—THE CITADEL TO THE RIGHT—THE TOWN OF LEVIS ACROSS THE RIVER—AND THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS IN THE DISTANCE

THE ATTRACTIONS OF QUEBEC.

By Byron Nicholson.

SPEAKING of England, the accomplished author of that admirable book for boys, *Tom Brown's School Days*, says, "I only know two neighbourhoods thoroughly; and in each, within reach of five miles, there is enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life." The latter of these two propositions is emphatically true of Quebec; and this for either of two reasons, namely, its historical associations and the magnificence of its surrounding scenery. Hence in a sketch like this it will be impossible to do more than glance at a few of the more prominent features which strike the tourist with admiration and inspire him with emotions of pleasure.

The first thing to do on reaching the ancient capital of this ancient Province is to secure one of the numerous one-horse cabs, or better yet, a carriole. The Quebec cabby or "carter," as he is styled there, is in many ways a very good specimen of his race, being respectful, polite and attentive. He will take his fare to all those noted places which are, he knows, of interest to visitors in general, but in doing so he will pass in silence by many a quiet spot which, for one reason or another, is well worthy of notice. Thus, he will drive you to the Falls of Montmorenci, but will never think of shewing you what are called the Natural Steps, those terraces formed during the course of ages by the resistless stream as it cut its way through the rocks, as if determined in its mad career to hurl itself over the awful precipice in order to be united with the St. Lawrence, so that both together might find a home in the ocean. And yet for even the ordinary visitor the place possesses a singular charm, and is of absorbing interest to the amateur geologist. Again he will drive you along St. Louis street, but, unless you happen to enquire about it, he will probably omit to point out to you the site of the house where Montgomery was carried,

after he had fallen when attempting to take the city, or the place where stood that other house, of greater interest still, which witnessed the death of the brave Montcalm. Cabby is almost certain to show you the fine post office building, but may forget to direct your attention to the *Chien d'or*, which adorns its eastern façade, and perhaps will be unable to explain to you why it is virtually a memorial to him who may be called the Hampden of Quebec. Should he take you to be a Protestant —and he generally makes a pretty shrewd guess on such matters—he is sure to point out to you St. Matthews' Church ; but, poor fellow, how could he be expected to know that in the church-yard, perhaps within a few feet of where you are standing, there is a memorial of the brother of the author of *Waverley*. Quite likely he will also drive you out along Champlain street to shew you the change made in the appearance of the precipice by the fatal land-slide in 1889 ; but if you are at all interested in the abortive attack made on the city by the Americans in 1775, make him take you down under the cliff so that you may see the only memorial Quebec possesses of the death of that ill-starred Irish soldier and American Revolutionist, General Montgomery.

However, as this article is not meant particularly for the benefit of those to whom Quebec is more or less known, but for the sake of others, it is desirable to attempt such an account of the city or its neighbourhood as may be interesting to people in general, and show them that though they might spend a summer holiday where the goddess of fashion is more wantonly worshipped by her votaries—and where also their expenses would be much greater—they will hardly find a locality on the continent where such a holiday may be spent with greater advantage to both mind and body. Of course, one may spend his vacation almost anywhere in reckless dissipation ; but the man who spends it rationally in Quebec or its neighbourhood will return to his work with all his powers wonderfully refreshed and recuperated.

PHOTO BY LIVERNOIS QUEBEC—GRAND ALLEE AND THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING

The first thing that strikes the visitor to the ancient capitol, especially if he comes there by way of the St. Law-

rence from the sea, is its commanding situation ; the next, the strength of its fortifications. As he passes from bastion to bastion, and looks down upon the river, so far below, where the British ships lay at anchor in the summer of 1759, he cannot but be amazed at the military genius of the man who

QUEBEC—LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET IN WINTER DRESS

succeeded in taking such a seemingly impregnable fortress ; and that, too, in spite of an army as brave as his own and commanded by a general no less gallant than himself. Perchance he gives a sigh to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm ; and when he sees the monument, one monument, which commemorates both of the great men, he thinks nothing could be more appropriate than the inscription there engraved : "*Virtus mortem communem ; famam Historia ; posteritas monumentum dedit.*"

To the present generation Quebec remains a monument, a somewhat pathetic monument, of the days of the old *regime*. No one endowed with any sensibility to the tragedy of human life, who realizes that suffering must attend every step upward to a higher level than before, who knows that sacrifice is an essential condition of progress, but must feel a sort of sadness as he gazes upon the few remaining memorials of the past life of the old city. Here and there he finds himself in streets, narrow and irregular, that must have been laid out before Scottish Kelt and Anglo-Saxon had exhibited prowess on the Plains of Abraham. On this side or that he sees houses of such strange construction, and high roofs, and queer-looking windows, as altogether of an appearance so quaint, that he involuntarily exclaims, "Ah! these indeed must have been built not long after Champlain began to found the city." As he looks down from the Terrace, or The Battery, or other point of vantage, upon the broad expanse of the majestic stream below, his thoughts go back to the days of the intrepid Cartier. Still, however, notwithstanding British rule, Quebec affords striking evidences, touching evidences, that Cartier's countrymen were its first settlers and its original rulers.

Since those old days many a change has taken place ; and, as a rule, each change has been an improvement upon what had been before. Thus, the modern English architecture, and even the modern French architecture, as seen in numerous fine private residences, present, both in external ap-

pearance and internal arrangements, a remarkable contrast to the old dwellings that are still to be seen; whilst many of the civic buildings of past days have been replaced by structures which would do a credit to a city of ten times the population. The Court House, the City Hall, and the Legislative Buildings—the latter two fine examples of modern French—would be ornaments to more than one European capital. As to churches, every one knows that Quebec possesses some of the finest on the continent, and indeed the same thing may be said of almost every French-Canadian town of any importance. Perhaps the most spacious and beautiful of the Catholic churches in the city are the majestic Basilica and the beautiful St. John's; whilst the most imposing and commodious of the Protestant churches are the stately Anglican Cathedral and the ornate St. Matthew's. If one wants to hear an eloquent English sermon in a Catholic place of worship, he should go to St. Patrick's.

No finer promenade can be found in the whole of Canada than one to the west of the delightful Governor's Gardens, Dufferin Terrace, and the still higher terrace facing the highest level of the Citadel, looking seaward, from which the scene that presents itself to view possesses characteristics—here a beauty, there a sublimity—which are, perhaps, unrivalled, as they are certainly unsurpassed, by any other landscape on the continent. Across the river lies the odd-looking, old-fashioned town of Point Levis, with its precipitous streets and fine fortifications, but having many a charming view in the background. A little to the east, and in the embrace of the arms of the parted river, is the beautifully green Island of Orleans, a favourite resort for those who during the summer days seek a calm and pleasant retreat from the city's heat, and glare, and dust, and hurry, and weariness. With its shady groves and purling brooks, its gentle undulations, the songs of birds in the trees, and the musical murmur of waters, as they gently lave its beautiful shores—indented with many a sweet little cove—Orleans is a delightful spot. Nearer still we see the River St. Charles flowing calmly on its sinuous course through a vale of wondrous fertility and beauty; here and there we catch a glimpse of a quiet village and see the tin-covered spire of its modest church shining in the light of the summer sun; or perchance we see the pretty little dwellings of the Canadian farmer peeping out from beneath the wide-spreading branches of

QUEBEC—THE FAMOUS MONTMORENCY FALLS

the leafy maple. Surely this is nothing less than a fairy land of beauty ; and here an artist might form his paradise. In the distance the Laurentian Mountains tower towards the sky, clear and distinct as the noon-day sun ; though when they hide themselves in mist and gloom they impress the beholder with those feelings of mystery or solemnity which are produced by the sublime.

Within easy distance of the city there are many places of note which the tourist should not fail to see—that is, if he has the time to spare ; but if not it will be better for him to content himself with leisurely visiting two or three of them rather than rushing over a greater number. He ought, however, to take a trip to the Saguenay River if possible ; for it is said that when one has seen the Saguenay, he has virtually seen a Norwegian fjord. Going by water he finds along the route such picturesque and otherwise interesting localities as Riviere du Loup on the one side, with Les Eboulement, Bay St. Paul, Murray Bay, Cap l'Aigle and Tadoussac on the other. The river route is a delightful one, and the continuous trip up the Saguenay to Chicoutimi is in every sense unsurpassed for scenic beauty anywhere in America.

But the tourist may also reach his destination by the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R., which will take him through some of the grandest and most impressive scenery of the Laurentian range at great altitude, until he reaches romantic Roberval, on Lake St. John, a splendid sheet of water about forty miles in extent. Here the deep and rapid river has its source, and emerging thence, here it gently flows between verdant banks, there it rushes between precipitous rocks, some two thousand feet in perpendicular height —tossing and foaming, until at last it mingles its dark waters with those of the more placid and pellucid St. Lawrence. The river does not actually take its rise in Lake St. John, but passes through it, its source being about three hundred miles further back in Lake Misconaskame, and from thence to Lake St. John it is known as the Ashuapmouchouan, or, to use the shorter form, Choumochan. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery along its course from Ha-ha Bay, a distance of some seventy miles.

But if this magnificent trip be out of the question, a choice may be made from several other places—quieter, indeed, but none the less attractive, and reached more readily. For example, there is Jeune Lorette, a little village having a beautiful cascade nearby, whilst not far off is a capital reservoir which supplies the city with water. The village is inhabited by, not indeed "the last of the Mohicans," but by almost the last of the Hurons. By the way, before the visitor leaves, he may as well have a look at a small herd of buffaloes, to be seen in the immediate neighborhood. They belong to Messrs. Holt, Renfrew & Co., the furriers. Like the North American Indian, the North American buffalo seems also to be fast disappearing.

Of course, no one would think of granting even so short a time as a couple of days at Quebec without visiting the world-renowned shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, a shrine which has such a reputation as being the scene of wonderful works of healing, that it has drawn, and continues to draw, millions of devout pilgrims and others from all parts of the continent. Is there any truth in the accounts given of these miracles? Well, when one sees the collections of crutches left here by cripples who, when they came to the shrine, were unable to walk without their aid, and when one listens to the statements of those whose testimony seems to be of the most unimpeachable character, what can one say? To be sure, the sceptic will turn away with scorn, and say that such works are absolutely impossible, that they are contrary to the laws of nature, and that no miracle has ever been performed at the shrine of Ste. Anne or anywhere else. But may there not be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of even in the philosophy" of the sceptic?

En route to Ste. Anne de Beaupre

QUEBEC—MONUMENT TO WOLFE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—GENERAL HOSPITAL

we get the finest view to be obtained of the graceful Falls of Montmorenci. The milk-white colour of the waters glistens in the sunlight, and we are not surprised to hear that the Indians, after their usual manner, called the place "The Cow," not a poetic name, perhaps, but certainly expressive. Though some two hundred and fifty feet in height, or about one hundred feet higher than Niagara, the Falls of Montmorenci, owing to the comparative smallness of the stream, cannot be said to be sublime. The stupendous volume of water which is ever rolling over Niagara's heights, and tossing, foaming and seething in the river below, fills the mind with awe, almost with dread; the sunny stream which falls over the heights of Montmorenci, affords us pleasure and delight.

AT EASTERTIDE.

THE EARTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

YE cannot take from out my heart the growing,
The green sweet growing, and the vivid thrill;
"O earth, ye should be old," ye cry, "not glowing
With youthful vigour, and with beauty still!"

Old! and the new life stirring in my bosom,
Old! and my children drawing strength from me;
Old! in my womb the tender bud and blossom,
Old! steeped in richness and fertility.

Hark how the growing things call to each other,
In whispers I alone can understand,
"How she doth nourish us, this wondrous mother,
Who is so beautiful, and strong, and grand!"

Mark how the wild things of the forest hide them
In gray still coverts which no eye can trace,
Think ye they love me not when I provide them
Shelter, and soothing, and a resting place?

And then my other children—could ye listen
To secrets told me in the stillness deep
Of noon-day, or when night dews fall and glisten—
Ah could ye hear my mortals laugh and weep!

Some whisper low to me of love and passion,
Of gladness all too strong to be pent in—
The sweet old tale which doth not change its fashion
And, brokenly, some tell of wrong and sin.

Others so full of sorrow they must share it,
Hide stricken faces on my soft brown breast,
Sobbing, "Dear mother Earth, we cannot bear it,
The loneliness, the anguish, the unrest!"

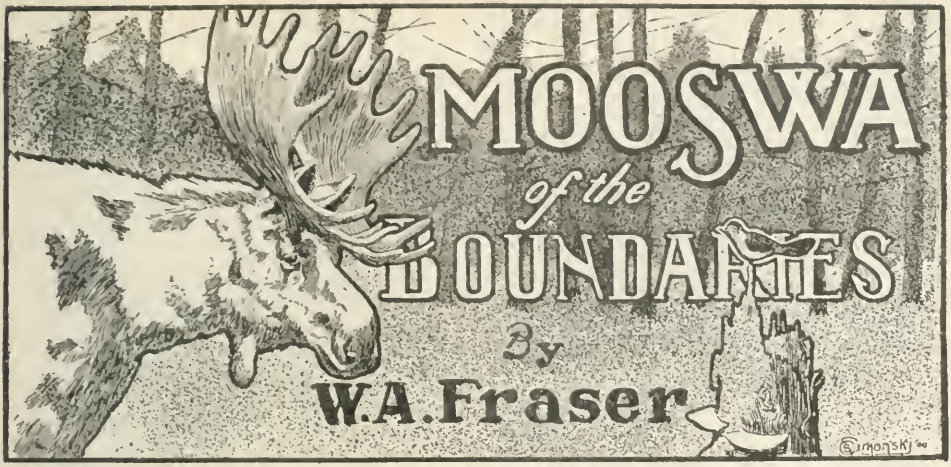
The old, old cry of bitterness and sorrow—
It rings to-day, as it rang yesterday;
Ay, and will ring in every new to-morrow
That ye may hold for us, O Century!

To passion-torn, to penitent, and lover,
I answer make with bud and quick'ning sap,
"Peace, peace," I say, "when life's brief day is over,
Ye shall sleep soundly in your mother's lap."

Past centuries have not trodden out my greenness
With all their marches, and I have no fears
That ye will bring me barrenness or leanness.
March on! what to me are thy hundred years!

March on, O Century, I am safe holden
In God's right hand—the garner-house of truth—
The hand that holds the treasure rich and golden,
Of life, and sweetness, and eternal youth.

Jean Blewett.



CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRAILING OF MOOSWA.

RESUME.—The furred dwellers of the northern forests are introduced choosing anew the Black Fox as their King. They then renew the oath of The Boundaries, that each will help the other, and that the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all. François, a trapper, and Rod, the son of a former Hudson's Bay Company factor, have built a shack in The Boundaries and set traps in the neighbourhood. The animals conspire against them and spring their traps. Mooswa, the Moose, when a calf was a pet at the Factory and knew and loved the boy Rod; consequently, he makes all the animals promise to do him no harm. Carcajou, the Wolverine, and Black Fox, the King, are trapped but succeed in getting away with the assistance of the other animals, although Black Fox loses a foot. Carcajou, in revenge, enters the shack one day while the men were out, unlatches the door, and lets in the other animals. Everything eatable in the shack is taken away or destroyed by these wise and mischievous beasts. As a consequence François decides to leave Rod alone for a week and go to The Landing for more flour, bacon, and traps. After François' departure the animals take council and decide to look after the Boy who has only a dozen whitefish and a little flour on which to live during François' absence. Pisew (the Cat) treacherously steals the whitefish during the Boy's temporary visit to the river to draw water. For this act Pisew is tried and condemned to death by the other animals. During a blizzard, the boy cut his foot with an axe and was rendered helpless. The animals dropped wood and fishes down the chimney, while Mooswa started off to attract to the hut two hunters, who lived down stream. It was a dangerous game, but Mooswa loved the boy.

MILE after mile Mooswa cut from the head-trail, with his easy-swinging rack, the strong crust of frozen snow giving his great limbs free play. The open bed of the river held just such a run as he liked; no tree branches to catch his huge horns, no fallen tree giving cover to a stalking Panther or strange Wolf pack; and, as if to make his trip perfect, he was running up a north wind. He was like a telegraph operator sitting at his clicking instrument with the wires telling him everything.

"A brother Moose crossed here, just a hundred yards ahead," the wind whispered one time. "Wh-f-f-f! it was a Bull, too," the scent-wind told his delicate nostrils. "Ugh-wh-e-e-e-f-f! Sikak has crossed the trail here, and killed the strongest scent left by any other—disgusting little brute!" This message Mooswa took from the wind and repeated to himself. For a mile his nostrils were simply stricken dumb by the foul odour; his nose told him nothing of other affairs.

Then for a matter of ten miles there was nothing but the sweet breath of spruce as the wind filtered through a long point covered with it. "Line clear," the frosty air signalled, as Mooswa, taking a straight course for the merging of dark green and river white, raced eagerly.

At the Second Rapid, where the float-ice had grounded on rock-boulders in the autumn closing-time, the

river bosom humped like a corduroy road. "I must remember this spot on my coming back," Mooswa muttered, as he picked his way more slowly over the troubled ice-road. "Here I can make a big run if enemies are close," he added, as a stretch of many miles reached away, level as a mill pond.

"Wolves! the gray hunters! the murder brothers who go in packs!" he said, as his quick-feeling nose picked their presence from the north wind. "Not Rof's pack," he continued, sampling the scent a little finer—"strangers!" and he watched warily, cocking his ears forward for a warning whimper.

"Huh! they're busy!" for as he flashed over their cross-trail there arose the fainter odour of Caribou. "Safe journey, cousin," he muttered, "and confusion to the throat-cutters. It's the meat-eating, the blood-drinking," he philosophized, "that breeds enmity in the Boundaries. There are grasses and leaves and flowers enough for all, and no encroachment, if we'd only stick to it; but eating one's comrades is what makes the trouble."

Just before daylight Mooswa stopped, climbed up a sloping bank warily and ate a light breakfast; then he slipped back to the river-bed, huddled up in the lee of a clay-cut, and after resting for two hours pushed on again. Another ten miles, and he stopped like a flash, holding his head straight up wind, the coarse, strong-growing hairs over his withers vibrating with intensity.

"Sniff! Sniff! Dogs! Man! Rof said nothing of Dogs. This makes it more complicated. It is the scent of White Men, and the Dog-smell is not that of Huskies. These Whites sometimes bring the long-legged creatures that follow us like Wolves."

He worked cautiously down the river till his eyes caught sight of a blue smoke-feather floating lazily upward. Five or six short steps at a time, three or four yards he moved—then stopped and watched with eyes, ears, nose, and all his full sensibility. He knew the Man-trick of a flank movement—he must get them out on the river behind him; besides, there was now the stronger, more certain odour of Dogs. He was perhaps a matter of half a mile from the little shack, above which twisted a spiral curl of smoke, when a fierce, strong-throated, "Yap! yap! Whe-e-e, yap!" cut the frosty air.

"I thought so," Mooswa muttered. "I know that breed—the fierce-fanged ones the Scotch Factor had at Fort Resolution—from his own boundaries across the sea they came. They are like the Men themselves—on, on, rush and hold! Deep-chested like Caribou; with long legs that carry them over the snow like those of my own family; gray-haired and strong-jawed like Blue Wolf; but weak in the feet—small-footed with hair between their toes which balls up in the snow and makes them go lame." Then Mooswa considered the task he had undertaken.

"If the Man slips the Dogs and the snow keeps hard and dry there will be more fighting than running," he said to himself, "for these brutes will come faster than I care to go. But there is a strong crust, strong enough to bear me, and if the sun warms the snow so that it will ball in the haired toes, then I'll have a chance in the run. The Man moves," he continued, whiffing at the air. "Two of them!" he muttered as their forms outlined against the morning sky. "Rof brought tidings of but one. Now for it! I'm coming, Boy!"

He turned and walked slowly back on his track, breaking into a shuffling trot farther on. In a few minutes the two men, snow-shoe clad, rifle in hand and cartridge-belted, reappeared circling through the woods on the bank. With one of them were four Scotch Stag-hounds in leash. Mooswa's eyes took in the situation as he trotted, carrying his head a little to one side. "The flank movement," he muttered, "and a stolen shot at the next bend—they'll not slip the Dogs while they have hope of a shot."

When the first river bank point hid him from their sight he raced. "They're running now," he thought, for he was

down wind from them and the telegraph was working. When the two hunters reached the belly of the next bend they saw a big Bull Moose quietly browsing at the point beyond. He was walking slowly, snipping at the tree branches as he moved.

"Keep the Dogs back," one hunter said; "we are sure to get a quiet shot at him, for he's on the feed."

Point after point, bend succeeding bend, Mooswa played this game; mile after mile they toiled, the tantalizing expectation of a stolen shot leading them an amazing distance on the Moose trail.

"It's the Stag-hounds that keep him moving," remarked the man who had spoken before; "he's down wind, and gets them in his big fat nose—if I could rustle a shot into his carcase, I'd slip them quick enough then; but if we let them go now it will be a play of twenty to thirty miles before we get another sight of him. I'm not struck on following a Bull Moose under full trot with a pack of Dogs behind him."

"We'll get a shot on the quiet soon," remarked his comrade. "He is a bit on edge just now, but will settle down after he has seen us a few times." They had given up travelling in the bush, and were following straight on the hoof-marks in the river bed.

"Hello!" sang out one, pointing to a depression in the snow, "he's been lying down resting here—he's getting fagged. Somebody else must have been running him before we struck his trail—he's nearly beat."

As they crossed the Wolf trail Mooswa had found on his way down, the Trapper in the lead said, significantly: "It's the gray hunters have done the Bull up; they've been after him, and he's dead beat."

The big Stag-hounds sniffed the Wolf-trail, dropped their long, bony tails a few degrees of angle, raised their heads and bayed a howling note of defiance. "Shut up, Bruce!" exclaimed one of the men, pulling at the rawhide leash; "you'll be better up against a Moose than tackling that gang."

Now the mark in the snow had been made by Mooswa just to draw the hunters on; he wasn't tired, for the hard crust held him up and he could have kept that gait for two days. They had travelled probably thirty miles when the leader said: "Better slip the Dogs, Mac; this Moose is putting up a game on us; he's as cunning as an old Fox, and we'll lose him to-night, I'm afraid."

When the straps were unbuckled the Scotch hounds broke into a chorus of delight: "Yi, yi, yi, yi! yap, yap! yi, yi! Bah-h-h! Bah-h-h!" Then they stretched their long limbs and raced on the Bull Moose's trail. That showed a strain of Collie blood in their veins, for if they had been pure bred they would have run silently and by sight only.

"Pleasant greeting, that," muttered Mooswa, as his flanks lengthened out in a terrific pacing gait.

"We're coming—we're coming! yi, yi!" sang the Stag-hounds, their heads low to the snow, their lean flanks stretching out until they seemed like something shot from a catapult. But swift as they were, Mooswa was swifter. They were running at high pressure, straining every nerve, using every ounce of speed that was in their wire-haired bodies; the Bull was running with a little in hand—something in reserve. "They will upset everything," he thought. "Those blood-thirsters will chase me on past the shack, and the Men may never see it."

At the Second Rapid, with its tortuous ice-humps, the Bull lost a little ground—he had to go more slowly. The Dogs, quicker of foot, and able to turn more sharply, gained on him. Each time they caught sight of their intended prey they gave savage yelps of eager exultation and ran with their heads high—ran by the eye.

"Sing, gaunt brothers!" said Mooswa. "On the level you'll have to run with your bellies closer to the trail to keep your advantage."

Well clear of the rapid-ice, the Bull again swung his awkward-looking body forward with increasing pace.

Suddenly a hoof crashed through the crust, almost bringing him on his nose; before he had gone a hundred yards this happened again. Fringed by giant spruce, tall banks on either side had stood as barriers between the fierce-biting frost wind and the snow crust—also the day's hot sun was beginning to rot its brittle shell. Oftener and oftener it broke under the racing Moose; the lighter dogs ran freely over its treacherous surface. The Bull looked over his shoulders at the pursuers. They were gaining—he could see that. "Six points more to the shack," he muttered, as he rounded a low-reaching headland that turned the river wide in its snake-like course. Animals count river distances as do the Indians—so many land points from one place to another; and Mooswa's six points were a good ten miles. Each time he floundered in the deep snow his swift-running enemies gained a dozen yards.

"I wish Blue Wolf were here," thought Mooswa; "I'll never make the shack. I'll try a Boundary call." He stretched his throat and called, "Wha-a-a—e-i-n-n-g," which is not unlike the cry of a Rook. The Hounds answered with an ironical yell; but another sound struck the runner's ear, very faint, and very far ahead. It was the Help-call of the Boundaries—Blue Wolf's voice.

"Good old Rof!" cried the Moose, as he shot forward with revived strength.

The Hounds were now running by sight, head up all the time. Every few minutes Mooswa repeated his signal; each time it was answered ahead, stronger and closer; and behind him the eager yap of his pursuers was drawing nearer. "There'll be more fighting than running presently," he thought; "it's just as well—if Rof has the pack it won't take long to settle these hungry hunters."

Rounding the next bend a clear stretch of two miles lay straight away, and at the farther end of it his trained eye discovered three moving specks. Behind him, not thirty yards away, raced the Dogs.

"It will be a battle," he muttered; "four against four—four of the Boundaries in the Starvation Year against four fish-fed dwellers in Man's camp." Another mile and the foremost Dog was snapping at the Bull's hocks, just falling short each jump; but Blue Wolf and his comrades were only a stone's-throw off.

As Mooswa and his pursuers neared the great, gaunt, blue-coated Wolf, the latter crouched—chest and neck and jaw flat on the snow; behind, well spread in rigid leverage, were the strong, gnarled legs. A length back, two younger Wolves waited ready for battle, flat-lying as their leader. Mooswa understood. As he slashed by Blue Wolf, almost touching him, the close-following Stag-hound sprang for his quarters, all but dragging him to earth; but the fangs, tearing a gash down Moose's thigh, failed to hold, and as the Dog fell sideways a pair of jaws, strong as a Bear-trap, closed on his lean throat.

"Hold fast, brother!" wheezed Mooswa, swinging around in his own length, and making a vicious sword-cut at the Hound's back with his iron hoof. The second Dog sprang at the Bull's throat, only to strike the big antlers quickly lowered to guard it. Rof's two sons had closed with the other Hounds, and a battle to the death raged. There was not much noise, only a snarling snapping from where Blue Wolf's fangs were fastened in the throat of the Hound he had pinned down.

Once Mooswa got a clean slash with his fore foot at his fighting Dog that laid the brute's shoulder open; once the Dog fastened in Mooswa's throat as the treacherous crust gave way and threw him off his guard. It seemed anybody's battle. Blue Wolf knew better than to let go the first hold he had taken. It was said in the Boundaries that long ago, two or three generations back, a Bulldog had mated with one of his ancestors, and the strong strain had more than held its own; the way of the Bulldog, which is to catch and hold, against the way of

the Wolf, which is to cut and jump, cut and jump. Certain it is that Rof fought as no other Wolf, except his two sons, ever did; holding hard and fast, and working his jaws sawlike, as an Otter-hound does, more and more into the grip. But the Stag-hound had a well-fed strength which stood him in good stead. Over and over the two rolled, the Hound's jaws fastened on one of Blue Wolf's forelegs, close to the paw. The bone had been broken long ago—chewed into splinters—and the pain was terrific; but if Blue Wolf had the tenacity of the Bulldog strain, he also had the wild wisdom of the Wolf brain, and he knew that to let go meant death.

Once something swept the Hound sideways with terrific force from over the top of Rof, almost breaking the Dog's back; that was a little side help from the shovel-horns of Bull Moose. Up to that time it had been all hoarse growls from the strong-fighting animals, for the advantage had lain not much on either side. Suddenly a "Wh-u-f-f! ki-yi-yi-yi—wh-e-e-e, yi-i-i," dying into a piercing treble, went up. Mooswa was grinding his Dog into the snow crust with his hundred-pound antlers. A lucky pass with a fore-foot had brought the Hound down, and before he could recover Mooswa had thrown the weight of his fighting charge upon him, and was cutting his steel-gray body into fragments.

There was still hot work to be done, for one of the young Wolves had been overcome, stretched out with a broken neck, and the released Dog was helping his comrade to down the other one. They were both at him when Mooswa charged. Once, twice, three times, as a trip-hammer hits hot iron, the heart-shaped hoofs, knifelike on the edges, smote the Dogs, for they were taken unawares; then, as before, his horns made the work complete.

As Mooswa straightened himself, a little staggeringly, for his throat was badly torn, there were only two left fighting; all the rest were dead—the two sons of Blue Wolf and the three Stag-hounds.

"Thanks, brother," said Blue Wolf, rising on weak legs, as a deft dragging-sort of blow from Moose's right arm laid open the Hound's stomach, and finished the work Rof's fast-tiring strength was hardly equal to. "Very neatly done—I could almost fancy it was a rip from Muskwa's paw. My two lads are done for," he whined piteously, looking at the gaunt, gray bodies stretched out on the white snow, all splashed crimson with red wine from their veins. "Wolf-blood and Dog-blood—it scents much alike," he said, turning his head away, as he sat on his haunches, holding up a broken leg. Drip, drip, drip, drip, little red drops ate their hot way into the snow from Bull Moose's neck.

"That's a nasty slash, Mooswa," sympathized Blue Wolf, looking at his companion's wound.

"We twig-feeders have strong gullets," answered the Bull, "else it had been worse. There's nothing torn, for I still breathe through my nose; but for many a day you'll hunt on three legs because of me, comrade."

"I suppose so," moaned Blue Wolf regretfully, licking nervously at his crushed paw. "I'll mate well with Black King. But it is all in the life of the pack, and is not your fault; no one takes blame to himself who calls when his life is at bay. Where go you, brother—how far back are the Hunters?"

Mooswa straightened his head sharp into the wind—it still held steady from the north. "Their scent comes from the second point, and we must trail again; the fire-stick is not like Dogs—it bites beyond reach. Get in my horns, Rof, and I'll carry you."

"No," said Blue Wolf, decidedly, "each takes his own hurt to his burrow—that is the way of the pack; each to himself in the fight—one down is all on top. Besides, comrade, your long legs are knocking together at the hocks now; the snow drinks much of your red blood."

"Come," called Mooswa, "the Man-scent turns the first point."

Blue Wolf, whining piteously, was

rubbing his red-stained jowl up the neck of one of his dead sons. He turned, balanced himself on two cornering legs, holding up the smashed one, and tried to kick snow over their dead bodies. Bull Moose, seeing this, lowered his head, gave three or four mighty scrapes with his wide horns, and piled great mounds of snow over Blue Wolf's dead children.

"Come away now, comrade," he commanded again; "the Hunt-men sight us—they are racing."

"They'll have a fair trail to follow for a little," answered Wolf; "then it will be dark, and we'll lose them. I go to the pack for safety; had I known of the Dogs and this other Man I should have brought more than two Cub Wolves."

"I go to the shack," said Mooswa, shortening his steps to keep pace with the Wolf.

"To be killed by the Hunt-men?"

"I don't know; I go to the Boy."

As they climbed the bank—"Bang! pin-g-g-g!" sang a leaden messenger, fairly whistling through the crotches of Mooswa's horns.

"The fire-stick!" he grunted; "sight of his dead Train Dogs has angered the Hunt-man. Slip off to your pack now," he continued, as they trailed through the little clearing close to the shack. "Get Umisk to fix up your foot."

"And you?" queried Blue Wolf.

"I stop here!" the other answered, swaying as he stood in his tracks for a second.

"Come with me," pleaded Rof; "my pack shall turn back the Hunters."

"Here they come — off to the woods!" Mooswa answered, going himself to the shack door and rattling his horns against the boards. The noise wakened Whisky-Jack, who had already curled up for his night's sleep under the eaves.

"Thieves! Hello, Mooswa!" he piped, craning his neck around the corner, and seeing the big-horned head.

Inside a faint, querulous voice asked impatiently: "Is that you, François, or is it the angels with wood? If it is, throw it down the chimney, please—I'm too sick to get up."

Mooswa "whuffed," blowing the wind through his blood-coated nostrils with a sound the Boy knew, and then he scraped his horn up and down the door again. There was a muffled, slipping noise of some one crawling to the door. The bar dropped, Mooswa pushed it gently open, staggered in, and plumped down exhausted on the floor.

Carcajou had heaped the fireplace well with wood for the night — dry tamarack to make it blaze, and green poplar to make it last; the bright light shone on Mooswa's blood-matted body and revealed to Roderick his terrible condition.

"Mooswa! Mooswa!" he cried, dragging himself close and putting his arm around the big nose. "Who has done this? You are wounded."

Just then two men, with the blood-thirst of the chase hot in their hearts, glided to the door on snow-shoes. One had thrust forward a rifle, but his companion struck it up. "What would you shoot?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered the other, his rifle almost falling from shaking fingers as he caught sight of a small boy-figure huddled against the animal's head. "Is it a banshee, Donald?" he continued in a frightened, husky whisper.

"Is that you, François?" cried Rod, sitting up in his eagerness, as the voices came to him from the outer dusk.

"Great powers!" exclaimed the man Donald, stepping through the door, "that's Factor McGregor's kid, Rod. I heard he was down here somewhere trapping with that Breed, François. What's the matter, laddie!" the thick Scotch voice burred.

"Well, I'm hanged if I ever outspanned anything like this," said the other man; "it's like that thing we used to read, Babes in the Wood."

"Where's your mate—François?" asked Donald again. "And what's the matter with you—scurvy?"

"François?" answered the Boy hesitatingly, for days of wound-fever had clouded his young brain; "François? oh, yes, I remember; he went to the Landing long ago."

"And left a kid like that here alone!" cried Donald's companion.

"What's the matter with your leg—scurvy?" asked the leader again.

"My leg? Yes, it's sore—awfully sore. Sometimes I dream that it's another person and I talk to it."

"What's the matter with it?" the man reiterated huskily, pulling the peak of a fur cap down over his eyes to hide something, for the little, pale, pinched face, backed by a mass of yellow, knotted hair, made him feel rather queer.

"My leg? Oh, yes—yes; there was so much snow, and I slipped, and the axe cut it."

"Better get in the blankets, laddie;" and, standing his rifle against the wall, Donald reached down with his strong arms to lift up Roderick.

The little fellow shrank away, and clasped the Moose's head closer. Mooswa's big ears were flickering back and forth nervously; he knew that something was being settled, and lay perfectly still, waiting.

"Come, laddie," said the big man again, coaxingly; "don't be afraid; don't you remember me—I worked for your daddy, old Factor McGregor, at Fort Resolution—Donald Bain is my name."

The small pinched face looked up at him. "I'm not afraid, but you'll hurt Mooswa; you've shot him now—see the blood. He's been taking care of me." Donald Bain straightened himself up and looked at his comrade. His companion understood, and nodded encouragingly.

"No, laddie, I'll give you the word of a Scotchman that we'll not harm him. God's truth! in the old land if one's enemy came hard pressed to the house for shelter it would be a blackguard that would injure him, or give him away. Get in the blankets now, laddie, and we'll take care of both you and the Moose."

The presence of friends and a cup of hot tea which they brewed him soothed the Boy, and he became quite rational.

"This is the queerest thing I ever saw in my life," said Donald Bain. "I've heard of a hunted Fox, close run, taking refuge in a house, but this Moose staggering into the shack is very extraordinary. Who kept the fire going and fed you, McGregor?" he asked.

"Oh, I prayed every night, and in the day, too, and the angels came and dropped wood down the chimney, and fish and bacon." Donald's companion tapped his forehead significantly, and, turning his face away, stalked over to the fire and poked it vigorously.

"Mooswa came every day," added the Boy. "He's the Moose father used to have at the Fort—I didn't know him at first and was afraid."

"Oh, ho-o-o!" exclaimed the big man, ending up with a distinct whistle. "I remember him. He took to the bush when he was two year old. That accounts for his coming to the shack—he couldn't quite shake off the civilization he got. Here, Dave," he continued, addressing the other man; "get a pail of water and give the wounded beast a drink."

"He's killed four of the best Hounds ever came to the Northwest," Dave remonstrated, looking at Mooswa.

"So would you, man, if you could, when they tried to pull you down. It was a fair fight, and not of his seeking either." The Boy also pleaded for Mooswa.

"Now we've got to get young McGregor to the Landing just as quick as we can," declared Donald Bain, as he examined the Boy's limb. "Look at the size of it—it'll be a case of blood-poisoning, I'm afeerd."

"How will you manage it?" queried Dave sullenly. "This brute has killed our dogs—will you carry him on your shoulders?"

"That's so, mused Donald, taking off his big hat and scratching the thick grizzled hair of his head; "I suppose we'll have to rig up a carryall and pull him ourselves."

"You want to go to the Landing?" asked Roderick.

"We don't want to—" began Donald, but checked himself, and added: "Yes, me and Dave must go up for more Dogs and some baccy," fabricating with chivalrous ingenuity to reassure the sick Boy. "We was thinking you'd better go along, too; there's no Dog-train, but me and Dave could track you up on a small jumper—does there happen to be one about?"

"I think Mooswa would drag the sleigh—he used to at the Fort," suggested Rod.

"By the great Wallace!" exclaimed Bain, slapping his thigh, "that he will—if he's not grown too wild. Hitched to a sled, he could run clean away from a Dog-train in the old days."

"He's been harnessed right enough, some time or another," declared Dave. "Here are two white-haired spots on his back—that means saddle galls. Gracious! he's as quiet as an old horse."

They put in a busy evening, the two men bathing the Boy's leg, and, with a sailor's needle they found in Rod's outfit, sewing up the torn wounds in Mooswa's neck. He never moved, just looked at them stolidly. He knew they meant him no harm. Any animal can tell from the touch of a man's finger, or the look in his eye, whether its war or kindness.

Whisky-Jack had been intensely interested in all this—the clatter and noise kept even his bird eyes open. "Wonderful doings!" he exclaimed; "the Boundaries are being turned into a regular Sun-dance—but I'm glad I saw it all. The Boy will be all right now—good old Mooswa!" He flopped about drunkenly, outside, for his eyes were not quite like Owls', and the different lights bothered him.

Then he fired a word of encouragement at Mooswa. "Stick to the Boy, old Dainty-head-gear; you're Big Buck of the Boundaries—I'll tell Black King and all the fellows so. Stupid light, this—fancy they'll get on without me now;" and scrambling up to the eaves he stuck his head under wing and went fast asleep.

In the morning a carryall was made, a rude harness constructed from rawhide strips known all over the West as "shaganappy," trap-chains and straps, and before noon they were on their way to the Landing; Mooswa submitting to be hitched up.

"I guess our shack and things will be all right till we get back," said Donald. "At any rate, Factor McGregor's kid has first call, I reckon. I'd like to put a bullet through that Breed, though."

"What if the Moose bolts?" asked Dave. "Here's a tracking-line they used on their canoe—suppose we take a hitch on his horns or his nose with it; we could stop him then if he tried to get away."

"Yes," answered Donald, "and if we can't, if the worst comes to the worst, we can drop him before any harm's done."

But they need not have bothered their heads about the line, for Mooswa knew just what was being done; he was taking his Boy to the land of good care. Like an old cart horse he plodded along.

In three days they arrived at the Landing. François was just ready to start with a new outfit the Factor had given him credit for. Then for days he had to hide from Donald Bain, for there was sheer murder in the big Scotchman's heart.

The day after their arrival Mooswa disappeared. When he got back to his comrades he found that Whisky-Jack had told them everything, and next to Black King he was the greatest hero in the Boundaries.

The Factor sent Roderick in to Edmonton with his own team, and nursing soon put him right. When he told about the angels feeding him, and keeping his fire going, the people listened a little awe-stricken, for they saw that he believed it firmly. Also, the two Hunters asserted that the fire was burning brightly when they came. Perhaps after all it *was* the angels.

THE END.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

THREE NOTABLE WOMEN

MANY sympathetic thoughts are now turned to the castle in Cronberg where the Dowager Empress Frederick is bravely fighting her good fight against that dread disease—cancer. Her life has had many trials, some of them those which her particular disposition and sturdy character must have made doubly hard to bear patiently. She was made to feel for years the disapprobation of many of the German people, and her own unpopularity because of her deep love of her native land. She often had to face with apparent unconcern the unjust insinuations and covert slights from which even her exalted position failed to protect her. The painful death of the husband who adored her left her still more alone among people of another nation. And now in the midst of her physical suffering the loss of her mother and the fact that she alone of all the Queen's living children was absent from her death-bed, must indeed have been hard to bear.

The great strength of will which helps her now to endure suffering bravely often brought her into difficulties with her mother when she was a child, and some of the stories told of her in this connection are amusing. It is said that a prominent physician, a personal friend of the Prince Consort, used to visit His Royal Highness, who was in the habit of addressing him familiarly as "Brown." The Princess Victoria, having been overheard by the Queen also calling the visitor "Brown," was told by Her Majesty that she would be sent to bed if she ever did so again.

Shortly afterwards, when Dr. Brown was again at the castle, the Princess Victoria ran into the room, and, holding out her hand, said pertly, "Good morning, Brown"; then, glancing at her mother, and marking the expression of disapproval in Her Majesty's face, she added, "and good-night, Brown; I am going to bed," which she did straightway.

The Lady of the White House in Washington, the First Lady in the United States, is unfortunately also far from strong, and it is said official dinners and long receptions and other duties of her position are in consequence a great strain upon her. Mrs. McKinley, whose maiden name was

MRS. MCKINLEY, THE QUEEN OF WASHINGTON

Miss Ida Saxton, was the daughter of a rich country editor, and her girlhood was quietly spent in a small town in Ohio. In 1871 she married William McKinley, a teacher, who was also a lawyer and a volunteer soldier, and who is now President of the United States for the second time. Mrs. McKinley is slight, but her face is clever and interesting. She is popular with those who are admitted to her friendship, and is particularly gentle in her manner and courteous to all with whom she comes in contact. Although unable from the state of her health to take an active part in any departments of woman's work, yet she always gives quiet expressions of her sympathy and interest.

A woman whom many loved passed away lately from the ranks of Canadian women workers, when Miss Frances E. Murray, of St. John, New Brunswick, was called suddenly to her rest. Descended from the Loyalist Colonel Murray, Miss Murray, who was left comparatively alone in the world at an early age, lived during the greater part of her life in the home of Dr. LeBaron Botsford in St. John, who regarded her with much affection as his adopted daughter. Her deep interest in all movements for good, her genial manner and her charming personality won for her the deep affection and esteem of all with whom she was associated. In all branches of work in connection with the Church of England Miss Murray was especially interested, and spared neither time nor effort to further the same. In the National Council of Women also she was a prominent member, holding office in the Local Council of St. John continuously from its first inception. At the last Annual Meeting of the National Council in Victoria, B.C., Miss Murray was chosen to reply to the address of welcome on behalf of her fellow-delegates, and, at all times a fluent speaker, very gracefully and charmingly did she fulfil her onerous undertaking. Besides her scholarship and general literary attainments, in her zeal to perfect herself in Bible knowledge, Miss Murray studied Hebrew for some time under the late Bishop Medley.

WOMEN WORKERS

Mrs. M. A. Slipper, of Port Arthur, sends the following interesting account of a Western Branch of the National Council :—

"The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Local Council of Women of West Algoma was held at Fort William on Saturday, February 23rd.

"In the absence of our President, Mrs. Gibbs, the Vice-President, Mrs. Perry, presided. Thirteen of the affiliated societies answered to the roll call. The Corresponding Secretary's report was very interesting, giving an outline of work accomplished during the year. A delightful address was given by Miss Burriss, the Victorian nurse at Port Arthur ; also the delegate sent by the West Algoma Council to the meetings of the National Council in Victoria last July. Miss Burriss gave a splendid description of her trip, and spoke in highest praise of the kindness of the Council in Victoria.

"Miss Cope, one of the two Victorian nurses in Fort William, gave a most interesting paper upon the subject of 'Home Nursing.'

"Mrs. Perry, in a touching little speech, spoke of our work as a Council, urging upon the President of each Federated Society the advantage of studying the aims and objects of the National Council of Women of Canada."

During the coming Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo an International Congress of Nurses will be held, an International Council of Nurses having been formed last year, which will hereafter hold quinquennial meetings in conjunction with those of the International Council of Women. The next one (after the Buffalo Congress, which is a special occasion) is to be held in Berlin in 1904. The President of the International Council of Nurses is Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, of London, and

the Vice-Presidents are the Presidents of the respective National Councils of Nurses.

A very excellent and much-needed charity is that of the Diet Dispensary in Montreal, which is the only one of the kind, I think, in Canada. Every one knows how much restoration after illness depends on good nourishment, and how difficult it is for the poor to provide the same for those who need it. Not only does this difficulty exist because of poverty, but it exists also among those who could afford to procure the materials for the same, but who have not the knowledge necessary to prepare such nourishment. To all of these the Diet Dispensary is a great boon. To the very poor the food is given without charge, but those who can pay are expected to do so. Societies and institutions that wish to make use of the institution may procure tickets at half price. Three district nurses are also employed by the Dispensary and are so constantly in demand that their visits average 5,000 a year. This Diet Dispensary, which is situated at 97 Osborne Street, and of which Miss De Witt is President, was organized by the Young Woman's Christian Association in 1879, and became an independent institution in 1889. *E. C.*

MISS FRANCES E. MURRAY, OF ST. JOHN

FEBRUARY 1ST AND 2ND, 1901.

The eyes of all the world are turned to thee,
Majestic figure, on thy royal bier,
Nor deem it strange to see a nation's grief,
An Empire's tear,
For human hearts have lost in thee
A friend most dear,
O Queen!

The hearts of all thy people mourn for thee,
The thoughts of all thy people follow thee,
And linger on the way—this mournful day,
O Queen!

Tread softly, noble clansmen, while ye bear
Your Queen and Highland chieftain, trusted to your care;
You never failed her yet, but ever served her true,
Carry her safely now, boys, 'tis the last she asks of you;
While pibrochs wail and stout hearts quail,
O Queen!

Ah sun! shine down upon us to brace brave hearts to-day!
Ah winds of heaven, blow softly, to waft her on her way!
Was ere by mortal man such wondrous vision seen?
Ten miles of battleships to make a highway for our Queen!
While guns boom out from shore to shore
One long last moan!
O Queen!

Now her dear soldiers take her and guard her down the street,
Where silent thousands wait their long-loved liege to greet;
Thro' joys and sorrows, theirs and hers, she always gave her best,
Without farewell to these she scarce could take her rest,
No eye was dry when she passed by,
Our Queen!

Weary to death and tired of earthly crown,
"It is enough," she said, and laid her sceptre down;
Arrayed in bridal veil she went to meet her lord,
She has not died but passed thro' Christ to God!
Dear Queen!

Ah yes, "her God, oh Christ," but there we hold our breath;
And feign would pass with her thro' pageantries of earth—
The blaze of kings and princes fade in a brighter light,
Black London's weeping crowds are lost to keener sight.

The life so crowned with glory—
Now bathed in love and rest—
Grows into great completeness—
More true, more full more blest—
But oh, I can no more, to try is but to fail;
For her not death but life, more life
Behind the veil! *A. E. O.*

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

CURRENT criticism of the Chinese situation sometimes loses sight of the fact that some of the Powers find themselves in China in a retributive capacity. This was supposed to be the original impulse of all. Mixed up with it, perhaps, was the idea that if the time for casting lots for the yellow man's garments had come it would be well to be on hand—each with his own set of dice. Once there it is easier to see the advantage of retiring than to do so with dignity and without peril to many interests. What would be the effect of such retirement on the position of Englishmen in China? There is no possibility of conveying to the Chinese mind that such a policy of scuttle was other than a retreat—no possibility of getting credit for acting from higher motives. The whole purpose of the expedition as a moral corrective would be lost.

The only real material interest that Britain or the United States has in China is the trade interest. Given an assurance, confirmed by treaty, that no matter who were masters of China every country should have equal trade facilities there, Great Britain and the United States might observe the partition of China with equanimity. If partition is a high-handed piece of brigandage, the Powers not concerned in it could scarcely be held responsible. No people or combination of peoples have yet assumed the role of the world's policemen, although Britishers have at times talked as if they were born in a blue coat and brass buttons, and swinging the locust of international law and order The nation is not in that mood just now, however, and if Germany or Russia feels like undertaking the task of managing masses of Chinese there should be no protest from London. Equal freedom of trade, or, in other words, the "open door," would give Great Britain and the United States all that is worth striving for.

From the selfish point of view, Europeans generally should view the partition of China with a certain amount of satisfaction. Observant travellers have pointed out that it is their religion rather than their patriotism that binds the Chinese together. So long as no violence is done to those observances which maintain so strong a hold over them the question as to who reigns at Pekin or Sianfu is a matter of indifference to them. The extent of the country and the lack of easy communication make the political connection exceedingly loose. The Governor of the province is a greater personage to the Chinaman in that province than the distant and vague personage, or even the distant and vague personage's equally vague grandmother at Pekin. If the necessity for sending tribute to Pekin were once broken China as a political entity would be no more. After that movements against the "foreign devils" could not at least be easily centralized and carried on under one controlling power. When we consider the teeming population of the country and its inaccessibility the idea of "punishing" it if there were any real leader of the fanaticism of the race would be out of the question. That it is capable of producing some real leader we cannot doubt. The race that produces a

statesman of the calibre of Li Hung Chang may at any time heave to the surface a military leader of equal talents. So large is the country, so vast its population, and yet so easily fed that a skilful, tireless, not easily discouraged commander could train his troops to war even though at first he suffered nothing but defeat.

Russia would be especially exposed to this "yellow peril." We usually conceive of Russia as an avalanche momentarily threatening the ancient Eastern empire over which it hangs. It is sometimes difficult to tell, however, which is the avalanche. In population China best answers to the description. On the borders of sparsely-settled Siberia, far away from the centre of Russian authority, four hundred millions of Asiatics swarm like flies. Nowhere else among the civilized or semi-civilized peoples is life so cheap. A warrior of the type of Genghis Khan or of Tamerlane would have a greater quantity of the raw material of war, namely, human beings, than the Little Father of St. Petersburg, or even the whole of Europe itself. And Russia might profitably remember that both these conquerors were Mongols, and that both, coming from the borders of China, watered their steeds in the Volga and ultimately in the Dneiper.

In these earlier times, of course, numbers and valour counted for everything. Today weapons are at least an equal factor. Russia's safety from the yellow peril may lie in the impossibility of arming such hordes with modern arms. Experience shows, however, that whoever has money can procure arms. But if Russia need have no fear of a hostile invasion of Siberia, in what light would she regard a peaceful invasion of Mongol and Tartar immigrants. When the Trans-Siberian railway is completed such a migration is almost sure to occur. Russia may welcome it, feeling confident in being able to assimilate the new population. Siberia wants population, and the industrious and comparatively docile Chinese may be regarded as the best material in sight. There are certain to be enormous changes in that region, which from time immemorial seems to have been the breeding-place of races.

Both Britain and the United States are contemplating expenditures that by reason of the wars they have on their hands are greater than have been. In Britain the matter occasions much concern. In the United States, although grave reflections proceed from one or two quarters, there are indica-

UNACCOMMODATING BRITISH LION

—The Minneapolis Journal

J. PIERPONT MORGAN—ORGANIZER OF THE AMERICAN STEEL TRUST

tions that throughout the nation the size of the expenditure, like the size of the country and of its trade, is a matter for pride and congratulation. The idea of national taxation has never taken form in the mind of the average American citizen. The expenditures of Congress seem to be a matter of indifference to him. When a Congress is labelled the billion-dollar Congress, instead of being an epithet of rebuke, it assumes for his mind something rather creditable—something of largeness and magnificence that appeals to his weakest side.

The Congress whose two-year term of life has just expired has made even the billion-dollar Congress look pale. The appropriations for the two years amounted to $1,457,269,457, a sum of amazing proportions when we consider that there are some forty States, each with its money-raising and money-spending legislative bodies. The British budget in ordinary years is less than $500,000,000, and it must be remembered that this includes a number of services which are assumed in America by the states and the municipalities. In making such comparisons, however, we must also take into account that the population of the one country is double that of the other, and their ability to bear taxes may be fixed at a still higher proportion.

While remembering this disparity of population, it must be considered nevertheless that the proportions to which public expenditure has mounted in the United States constitute a rude awakening from the dream of a simple and economical form of government which was to be established in these happy regions of the west. Still more disillusionizing is the fact that an extravagant proportion of these expenditures are necessitated by present or past wars. In pensions alone the annual expenditure is over $150,000,000 a year. Legislation passed by the Congress whose term has just expired authorized an army of not less than 63,000 men, with a maximium of 100,000. For some time to come the maximum will be needed, if they can be raised, although there may well be some doubt about that. In times of peace it was found difficult to keep the army up to the old standard of 25,000 men. It may not be difficult to raise the larger number when there is a prospect of foreign adventure; but the time will come when, all prospects of adventure having disappeared, nothing more attractive will remain than lying around barracks in hot tropical islands or the equally dead-alive existence at dreary frontier posts in the west. The task, then, of keeping up even the minimum of 63,000 men will be no easy one. The value of a soldier will rise, with a consequent increase of military expenditures, which are even now greater than those of any country in Europe, although, to quote a phrase familiar to every American's ear, cursed with militarism.

The fact of the matter is, that the people of the United States are as susceptible to the allurements of military

COUNT DE BOURBON PRINCESS DES ASTURIAS

THE SPANISH ROYAL COUPLE

glory as any other people in the world. And it can scarcely cause any wonder that they are so. American boyhood is nurtured on tales of military adventure. The nation's heroes from George Washington to Daniel Boone and Kit Carson achieved fame amidst scenes of bloodshed, although the fame of the former really lies in a finer and nobler field. Prof. Goldwin Smith has pointed out in his illuminating sketch of the political history of the United States that there have been five distinct soldier Presidents, and adds: "Nobody stands much chance against a successful soldier in a country where military glory is rare." In England, on the other hand, but one man can be said to have been made Prime Minister by glory in war, and the Duke of Wellington was not merely a soldier. President Jackson, for example, was nothing else. By no stretch of meaning could he be deemed a statesman. Most of his life had been spent on the frontier Indian fighting. The reign of the common people is right and proper, but so far it has not any more than aristocracy spelt peace.

In both Russia and Spain there have been growlings of civil disorder. In the former country the students are again the principal actors, but the unusual circumstance is recorded that many workmen joined the riotous youths from the universities. The presence of so many students of the gentler sex among the disturbers is an indication of the great place that that the Slav race will yet hold in the world. A race mothered by such women will not long be held in darkness or political slavery. The disturbances in Spain have their origin in many sources, but what appears the immediate cause of discontent is the marriage of the Princess of Asturias, the King's sister, to a Bourbon prince, Charles of Caserta. The Queen-Mother put forth great efforts to make the match a popular one, but without success. The young lady was for over six months Queen of Spain, namely, from the death of her father Alphonso XII., on Nov. 25, 1885, to the birth of her brother Alphonso XIII., on May 17, 1886. In case of the death of the fifteen-year-old King, the Princess would again become Queen of Spain and her husband, a Bourbon, king-consort.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

ONE of the greatest questions of the month is, "Shall we or shall we not accept gifts from millionaires?" Notice the phrasing.

GIFTS FROM MILLIONAIRES.

If the question were put, "Shall I or shall I not," it would be easy of solution. Each man would be able to answer it promptly and courteously. What an individual citizen accepts is of much less public concern than what citizens in their corporate capacity accept. As a rule, however, millionaires do not give to individuals. They prefer to make their donations to corporations. And on the surface there seems little objection to such gifts. They show a generous spirit on the part of the millionaires and a generous spirit should not be discouraged. Again, there are certain undertakings for the general good which are outside the province of governments and must depend for their initiation and support upon private benefactions. Public libraries, art museums, higher education, philanthropy, and historical and economic research are perhaps the most prominent of these undertakings. The gifts of millionaires applied to these works in a proper spirit would seem to be for the public good.

But let us approach the question in another way. When the church goes out to collect funds it is not often found rejecting the dollars of the brewer, the saloon-keeper or the liquor-dealer. The missionary funds are annually swelled by contributions from those engaged in a traffic which the church is said to abhor. The great universities accept funds without inquiring into their origin or the method of their accumulation. With such examples before us, why should the mayors of Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Sydney be condemned as they have been by some critics because they have fallen on their knees before the golden calf and asked the millionaire for funds for public libraries?

There are churches in the city of Toronto and elsewere supported and controlled by men who have wrung the last cent from the handkerchief of the mortgage-burdened farmer who has fallen into their hands. These men work under the names of loan companies, but of course never ask more than their legal due. Again, there are churches supported by men who crowd employees into stinking basements where the society lady trips gaily for her "bargains," who sell goods made in sweat-shops, in the corners of which lurk crime and disease. There are churches supported by men and women who pass the small corner-grocery, the butcher-shop, the cobbler's humble establishment to save a penny here and a penny there. We tolerate all these things and why should we not tolerate the millionaires' gifts?

Let us be consistent. This is the eye-shutting age. Let us keep our eyes closed when we are shown the methods of money-making by which millionaires are made, and let us open them only when the profits are distributed. Thus we shall retain that supreme virtue—consistency.

Then again the millionaire should not be discouraged. It is mean to attempt to discourage a man who is trying to do right. Public libraries will not injure the cities now begging for them, and the accepting of them helps the millionaire out of his difficulties. Think how cruel it would be if every person were to refuse to accept

the money of a millionaire! What a lonely disappointed life he would lead!

MILLIONAIRES DIFFER.

I was once speaking somewhat disrespectfully of a man who had built up a large business, and a friend of his pulled me up with the remark, "Well, he has made money and you haven't." It was a fair retort and had its legitimate effect. We who have made only hundreds cannot, so long as money is the test of virtue and excellence, criticize those who have made millions, and there is no doubt that millionaires differ in quality. There are some millionaires who have made their money in honest business. They have given employment to many men, treated them decently, and made money slowly and fairly. They have floated no huge joint stock companies and sold no watered stock. They have met all competitors with open rivalry. They have not unnecessarily cut prices or resorted to underhand means to defeat those who were trying to build up a similar business. Their millions have been acquired in such a way that they are willing to open their books to the strictest upholder of square dealing. This kind of millionaire should be encouraged.

The millionaire who has gathered his wealth from subsidies, watered stock, class legislation, purchasable politics or underpaid labour is not in the same position to bid for our encouragement. The man who has employed detectives and rifles to cow his horny-handed employee is a millionaire to be discouraged. If he were to send me a million, I should want to put it on a dumping-scow, tow it out into the centre of Lake Ontario and there see it vanish. Not that I wouldn't appreciate the million, but I could teach the world a great lesson at small expense to myself.

The best advice that can be given at this time is, "Beware the blood-money, but all millionaire money is not blood-money."

SURPLUSES.

When a man with a salary of $2,000 a year lives on $1,500 and invests $500 in new household furniture, he considers that he has held his own for one year. When a Government, having a revenue of $51,000,000 a year, lives on $43,000,000, and invests $8,000,000 in new furniture, it boasts about its surplus of eight million. It is only another way of looking at the same transaction, and one never can expect uniformity in speculative philosophy.

Canada is to be congratulated, however, on the fact that it is able to raise a revenue of fifty-one millions a year. It is a lot of money for six million people to raise. But we have all worked hard to do it. On this point I can speak feelingly. Because we have worked hard and saved this money out of our earnings, we are entitled to the sweet morsel of self-felicitation. Next year, Finance Minister Fielding predicts, we are to have a surplus of six million and a capital expenditure of nearly eleven million. This will mean another increase in the national debt—a proceeding to which no objection can be taken if the money is profitably spent.

Nor is the Dominion Government the only one with a surplus. The Hon. Mr. Duffy, treasurer of the Province of Quebec, announced a surplus of $23,000—small, certainly, but somewhat unusual in the ancient province. During the past three years the provincial debt has been reduced by a quarter of one million, which is a noteworthy achievement. Those of us who have debts which we would like to reduce, can easily feel unbounded admiration for the Hon. Mr. Duffy and the Province of Quebec.

Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, has also brought down his budget. That Province beats Quebec by $50,000, its surplus being $76,000, in a little over a million of revenue.

Premier Ross of Ontario has made his declaration. Last year the expenditure was $3,729 over four millions, yet there was a surplus of nearly two

hundred thousand dollars. Ontario has no provincial debt and claims an excess of assets over liabilities of over two million dollars. In this respect, Ontario is in strong contrast with the other provinces, most of which have a public debt of decent proportions.

These surpluses are quite proper. However, a surplus is of little benefit if it be not properly used. It may be entirely off-set by unwise capital expenditure. Most Finance Ministers usually neglect to explain this point. No doubt they presume that the common people do not understand this phase of the question and that they will be fully satisfied with a surplus. Therefore these remarks are here recorded in order that the present Finance Ministers, federal and provincial, do not fall into that error. Personally I shall be much pleased if made the humble impediment to prevent a great man falling into a muddy ditch.

LOSS ON MINING STOCKS.

The British Columbia mining companies that have been floated in Eastern Canada are mostly in a bad way. Over-capitalization would seem to be the chief error. In a recent issue, the Toronto *Evening Telegram* makes an estimate of the value shrinkage in the stocks of four leading companies. The highest point at which the stock sold and the lowest point reached are compared and the difference is multiplied by the number of shares, with the following result :

	Shrinkage in selling price.
Golden Star	$ 921,000
Virtue	1,920,000
War Eagle	6,300,000
Republic	3,640,000
Total shrinkage...	$12,781,000

The loss of nearly thirteen million dollars has fallen mainly on the small investor. The large capitalist usually takes his profit and sells out. A story is told of a rich Toronto gentleman being discovered sitting in the next room with his ear to the keyhole of a door leading to the War Eagle board room, where a meeting was being held. The capitalist living at the larger centre and devoting all his time to the business of buying and selling stock has means of getting information which the wage-earner and the salary-earner have not.

The present generation would seem to have learned its lesson. There will be no similar boom in mining stocks until a new generation is produced. There are some things which each generation must learn for itself.

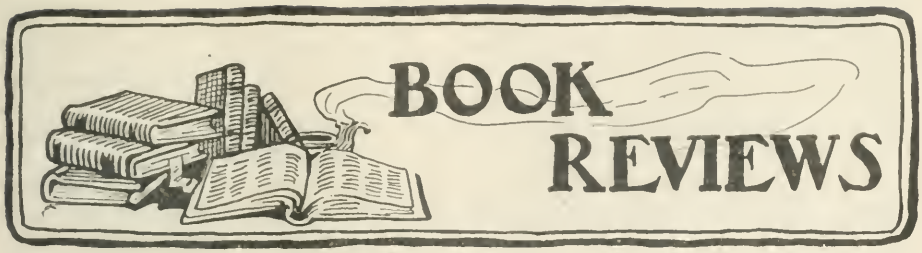
CABLE NEWS.

The British news served up to Canadian readers might easily be improved. The cable service is mostly made for New York, and is not suitable for Canada. The Canadian papers seem to be so jealous of each other that they are unwilling to combine for a general Canadian service. Perhaps when the country gets a little larger it may be possible. Nationalization of the telegraphs will assist in this by lightening Canadian tolls.

There is a point in which the service might be improved in the meantime. This is admirably stated by the Toronto *Globe* in the following editorial note :

> It is rather remarkable that cable despatches written for democratic communities on this side of the Atlantic should so rarely recognize that there are people in England, Ireland and Scotland who are below the Peerage. It is generally recognized that the great rivalry of the nations to-day is industrial, yet one might read the cables for a month without being aware of the existence of Manchester or Sheffield or Glasgow, or indeed of any place except about a square mile of London. There are surely some people in Great Britain who handle hammers and spades, and sell goods over the counter, and it would be refreshing to hear about them occasionally, in some other capacity than that of a background.

John A. Cooper.



SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

IT was not generally known that Sir William Dawson had left material for a volume of autobiography, and its appearance is matter for surprise and gratification.* His death in November, 1899, removed one of our foremost men, and it is exceedingly fortunate for the youth of this country, to whom his career may well be an example and an inspiration, that he should have gathered together the salient facts of his life and left them to tell their own story and point their own moral. His marvellous success in building up McGill University, and perfecting the system of Protestant education in Quebec is tolerably well known throughout the Dominion. His scientific labours are also in a general way appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. His literary work—as is quite common with the achievements of Canadian writers—has a greater vogue abroad than here. As the present volume embodies his experiences in science and education it covers many events which are more or less familiar to the average well-educated Canadian. But it also includes a record of his parentage, early life and investigations as a student of natural history which are to us as new and interesting as they must prove to every reader charming and suggestive. His grandfather was a Catholic Jacobite who, according to family tradition, was "out in the Forty Five" and survived the fight at Culloden Moor. He settled down subsequently in Banffshire, married a Presbyterian lady and adopted her faith. His younger son James, the father of Sir William Dawson, emigrated to Nova Scotia and embarked in mercantile pursuits as a trader and shipowner at Pictou. He married a Scotch woman of refinement and education who had come out to Nova Scotia early in the last century, and from his parents young William Dawson received the careful pious training, the love of learning and the energetic independence of character which distinguished him ever afterwards. He records, evidently with pleasure, his early attempts as a youthful amateur dabbling in science, his collection of plants, rocks and fossils, and the necessarily imperfect training he received. He was practically an only son (for his brother died young), and his parents resolved to make what sacrifices were necessary in order that he might complete his education in Edinburgh University. This, and his life-long friendship with Sir Charles Lyall, added to his own natural endowments, equipped him for work in scientific investigation. What use he made of his opportunities a life of incessant activity, of growing fame, of hard won but brilliant success tells us. To many eminent men of science abroad the name of Canada was little known except as the home of Dawson. Believing that science knew no political boundaries he was at the same time a staunch Canadian, and declined a tempting offer to go to the United States. "The inducements were strong, both in my own interests and in those

* "Fifty Years of Work in Canada;" autobiographical notes by Sir William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. London and Edinburgh: Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.

of my family, but I disliked the idea of leaving my own country and allegiance, and of abandoning a work that seemed so necessary in Canada, and especially in the Province of Quebec." Fortunately for this country there are many who take a similar view of their duty toward Canada. It may be said quite frankly that Sir William Dawson probably owes some of the apathy felt toward his scientific fame on account of his adherence to orthodox views on religion, as it is in many quarters an accepted, almost an indispensable rule of conduct to cast aside all belief in the Divine origin and government of the world before seeking a reputation as a scientific investigator. But he never swerved from his allegiance either to his God or his country, and these are no doubt old-fashioned virtues in the present age. We commend the book warmly to the Canadian reader for its wholesome simplicity, modesty and intrinsic interest.

MISS McILWRAITH'S NEW NOVEL.

It is perhaps just as well that a novel of such decided merit as the new story by Miss McIlwraith* should first seek publication and readers in a foreign country. There are just enough exceptions to prove the rule that Canadian writers must acquire fame abroad before seeking it at home. "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell" is at once entertaining and vivacious. It adds another name to the roll of Canadian writers of fiction of whom so much may justly be expected and who have already done so well. The adventures and character of Roderick are described with humour and with skill. He is a worthy Scot, a sort of soldier of fortune, who fights both for and against Prince Charlie in 1745, who comes to this continent in the closing years of the French War, adopts Indian garb and in a dialect of Iroquois, French, Gaelic and "broad Scotch" delights the reader, mystifies the Indians and plays the bagpipes to whoever will listen. The other persons who figure in the tale are interesting, but Roderick outdoes them all, and his cynical philosophy upon war, love-making, fur-trading, and pioneer adventures is quite in accord with his policy of having at all times a keen eye to the main chance. The story never lags, and Miss McIlwraith has the faculty of passing quickly from one thrilling episode to another with a lightness of touch which opens up a new prospect in historical romance. The story does not lend itself easily to a hasty outline. The passages describing the campaign of the Pretender are only connected with the later portions by the fact that Roderick, his young nephew and other characters all find their way, from one cause or another, to this continent, and the scenes are laid in the district between the Hudson river and the Indian village of Caughnawauga. There is variety, vividness, and, as has been said humour throughout, and an exceedingly agreeable tale is the result.

* "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell." By Jean N. McIlwraith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Books on the Queens of England are much rarer than books on the Queen. Mary Howitt's excellent lives of "The Queens of England" has been revised by Geneva Armstrong, and published in one volume by B. S. Wasson & Co. The paper on which the text is printed is a bad colour, but the 28 full-page portraits make the volume most desirable.

The Canadian edition of Rosebery's "Napoleon" (Morang) is said to have been most successful. Napoleon attracts almost universal attention even after a century, and Lord Rosebery wrote for a considerable audience.

This craze for love-letters is unexplainable. Most modern fads are. If people must read sentimental productions of this nature, "The Love-Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple" are sufficiently ancient to be graceful and quaint.

Besides they are authentic and historically important. A new Canadian edition has just been issued by the Publishers' Syndicate.

There are two classes of novel writers, the man with inspiration and the man with determination. The success of each kind of writer is determined by the abundance or absence of the other non-predominating quality. James Ball Naylor, author of "Ralph Marlowe" (Saalfield Pub. Co., Akron, Ohio), had little inspiration. His determination, however, was great. His multitude of details, his painstaking descriptions are splendidly done. His story would be excellent if it were not so methodical and so monotonous.

Thos. Nelson & Sons, of Edinburgh, are now printing Dickens, Thackeray and Scott in their new century series on India paper. Each volume is less than half an inch thick, weighs only seven ounces, and contains a complete novel unabridged. The whole set of Scott's novels will occupy a space of only fifteen inches in a bookcase. The prices are 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. net per volume, according to binding. It is not surprising that the publishers are finding a very large constituency for these cheap, handsome and durable editions of the works of the masters in the field of fiction.

Dr. S. E. Dawson, King's Printer, Ottawa, has issued a valuable monograph entitled "The Prose Writers of Canada." It is more judicial and critical, and hence more valuable than most Canadian sketches of similar character. Dr. Dawson also admirably explains the composite character of our literary work and the conditions which have both hindered and produced literary activity in this part of the Anglo-Saxon world. (Montreal: E. M. Renouf.)

W. A. Fraser has a new animal-story ready. It is entitled "The Outcasts"—an old buffalo and a wolf-dog. Those who have read it declare that it is a wonderful piece of work. It will be published in the *Saturday Evening Post* serially and by Scribners in book form. Arthur Heming, the Canadian artist, is illustrating it. The story is shorter than Mooswa, containing only 21,000 words. The Canadian publisher has not yet been chosen. Another New York house will shortly bring out a volume of Mr. Fraser's short stories, for summer reading. Mooswa will be published in England in the autumn. Mr. Fraser is working hard at his home in Georgetown. In the summer he may go to the New England States, to live over again some of the days of his boyhood, and to get local colour for his next novel which will deal with the people of that district.

Mr. Sydney H. Preston, who for many years has been on the staff of the Toronto Model School, as musical master, has had two short stories published in *Scribner's Magazine*. They are humorous and descriptive. Mr. Preston has a book ready and it will be published about May 1st by Scribners. The title is "The Abandoned Farmer." Mr. Preston spends most of his time on a small fruit farm at Clarkson, a small village just outside of Toronto, and hence his knowledge of rural life is obtained at first-hand. His book will be eagerly awaited by the large number of persons who are always deeply interested in the advent of new Canadian writers.

IDLE MOMENTS

ON HEARING PADEREWSKI.

TIME—Half-past two in the afternoon : thirty minutes before bank-closing ; business and busy men everywhere ; an atmosphere of rush and hurry and pre-occupation ; thronged streets ; dust ; garish sunlight.

SCENE—The Grand Opera House ; rows of chattering people ; restlessness ; much searching for seats ; much shuffling in seats ; capes and coats being doffed ; hat-pins abstracted ; rushing to and fro of ushers and bawling of vendors of programmes ; a smell of warm clothes growing warmer ; electric lights vainly trying to shut out the practical outside unromantic, inartistic day ; a bare stage ; on it a piano ; and on the piano, like a big "Sapolio" advertisement, the big word "Steinway."

Enters noiselessly a quiet man dressed in black. He seats himself at the piano ; runs his hands over the keys ; presently plunges into the first piece. Then !—Ah, the miraculous effect of Art !

To describe Paderewski's playing is impossible. It was ineffable. Such depth, such delicacy, such intense feeling under such perfect restraint, such classic calm under such profound emotion ; it was Sophoclean in its earnestness combined with its composure. It was the perfection of art. It revealed what true art was : that subtle thing which portrays the inmost depths of the human soul with an imperturbability divine.

Time and space were forgotten ; the conditions of mortal life were left behind. The player carried you into the thin empyrean where you could scarcely breathe ; but he carried you on pinions upon which you felt safe. He plunged into subterranean caverns where you could scarcely see ; but with a divine insight which you trusted wholly. He sailed on shoreless seas, floated out into the limitless inane ; but always with firm, steady, unwavering motion. He scaled the heights of infinity, braved the billows of chaos ; but always with unhesitating step. He opened up the abysses of fate, soared to the confines of existence ; yet never let go of earth. He showed you the tears of despairing demons, made audible the sighs of spirits immortal and immaterial. He touched the deeps of silent woe, the heights of evanescent bliss ; and both the one and the other seemed for the moment intolerable by mortal man. So consummate was the art that you felt, as it were, at the finality of things, at the extreme verge of existence, at the last, the ultimate goal. The innermost recesses of thought and feeling were probed, the secret of life laid bare.

Art—art is above Nature, for art is nature revealed by mind. Art is the unification of object and subject ; at once the exposition and the explanation of existence.

Arnold Haultain.

AD FAMILIARES.

COME little bed,
Out from the corner of the wall !
Comfort this head
So much perturbed in the world's thrall !

This is our post
At night, beside the window ledge,
To watch the host
Of stars crossing the gable's edge.

Ah, not too soon
Established here ! Just by the roof
Hangeth the moon
So heavenly, yet not aloof.

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

Art wearied, orb?
Art wan with circling round the earth?
What did absorb
Thy life, and leave thee in such dearth?

Hast thou desire
To break away, and, shivering space,
Seek the mid-fire,
The eternally illumined Face?

Do I not know
That passion urging on to flight?
Panting to go,
To stem through all things to the light?

Yet we remain,
Our little offices to fill,
Somehow restrain
Our greatness, dreaming away will.

Smoky suspicion,
O moon, doth scorch our hope, and weave
Clouds o'er ambition,
Till we are fools that we deceive.

They make us fear,
As close about our souls they wreathe,
The atmosphere
Of death alone is ours to breathe;

And that we fade,
Not being starved, but far too slight,
Too frailly made,
To long be warm, to long be bright.

If thou art great
Leap like a meteor on ———. I vow
To share thy fate,
And through the stars beside thee plough.
. . . . . .

Is it thou, Sleep,
That spreadest me with lethargy?
Oh, let me keep
Mine eyes on that escape of sky!

The gable's edge ———
Nay, it is dark—the moon hath started!
Ho, for my pledge!
Up! I must follow, heaven-hearted.

Evelyn Durand.

THE SILENCE OF SADNESS.

JOY filled the hearts of Jamie and Jeanie McLeod — their son was coming home from the war.

The old man stood in the doorway of his little shop and looked up and down the street. Then his eyes rested upon the words above his head: "Welcome Home, Sandy."

The old woman spread a white cloth upon the table in the room at the back. She put out an extra plate and took down the silver tea-pot. Then she went out to the front.

"Hae ye a soun' o' them comin', Jamie?"

They had been told that the soldiers would march past in the street.

"They're no' in soun' ner in sicht."

"They're ower lang in comin', I'm thinkin'."

"Och! they'll be stoppin' at the tavern t' hae a bracer. Ye've no' a drap in the hoose?"

"Tuts, mon! ye may weel say it."

"There's an awfu' crood in the street. Hae ye spread the white cloth, Jeanie?"

"T' be sure, I hae."

"Ye're sure ye pit an extra plate?"

"Mon, did ye think I'd let sic as thot slip me? What's thot bulgin' oot yer smock?"

"Och, weel, Jeanie, Saundy doesna come hame every day. I thocht I'd get a wee bit sip, jist t'——"

"Han' it o'er to me!"

"Oh, a'richt, Jeanïe, a'richt. If ye wul hae 't, ye wul. Bit surely ye'll gie us a draw at the neck o' 't when Saundy stairts tellin' aboot hoo he keelt o'er they Boer deils? Hae ye let the silver tea-pot slip yet?"

"I've brocht it foorth."

"Is everythin' ready?"

"Losh, mon! ye surely wouldna hae me pit a knife int' the goose afore he gangs ben?"

"Haivens, wummin! wiz thot the roar o' a drum?"

"I didna hear onythin'."

The old man ran out to the middle of the street.

"They're comin', Jeanie," he shouted. "I'm dangt if I canna see Saundy t' the fore."

"Is it oor Saundy, Jamie?"

"Whisht, wummin; dinna mak' the neebors think we're gangin' daft."

"Bit ye said he wiz t' the fore."

"I'm no' sweerin' it wiz oor Saundy."

"Mon, d' ye no' ken yer ain son?"

"Rin awa' in an' pit the goose on the platter. I'll ken him weel enif 'gin he gets here."

The band began to play, and the

old Scotchman's excitement grew apace. He ran in and out from the kitchen to the street like one possessed.

"Dinna be behind wi' the sipper, Jeanie."

"Hae no fear, Jamie."

"Whar did ye pit the whusky?"

"It's on the dresser-head."

"Gie us a draw at it afore he comes."

The band sounded loud, and the tramp of soldiers could be distinctly heard. Jamie ran to the door in time to see the first home regiment pass. Then he hurried again into the kitchen.

"Set the goose on the fender an' come awa' oot to gie him welcome."

A moment later the old couple stood on chairs in the doorway and peered eagerly over the heads of the crowd in front.

"He's ower lang in comin'," Jamie muttered to himself.

"He'll be fair played oot," said Jeanie.

Just then a young man in kharki broke rank and pushed his way through the crowd to where the old Scotch couple stood.

"Hae ye ony word o' Saundy?"

"Yes; he gave his last message to me."

"Has he no' cam' hame?"

"Have you not heard?"

"We expecit him hame the day."

"Oh, I remember now; the wrong name was reported by mistake when we landed."

"I dinna ken yer meanin'."

"Well, you see—we—Sandy took ill on the way home. We—we buried him at sea."

The old couple looked at each other and drew nearer together.

"He told me to tell you that he'd liked to have got home to say good-bye, but he hoped that you'd forgive him for running away. There's the end of the parade passing, so I must go. I'll drop in to-morrow and tell you all about it."

Jamie and Jeanie walked silently back to the kitchen. The old man took down his pipe, but it wouldn't draw. The old woman stirred the fire, but it had gone out. The goose lay cold upon the platter on the hearth. The extra plate was untouched. The silver tea-pot was empty.

Hours afterward, when the tramping and shouting in the street had ceased, the old Scotch couple sat side by side in the silence of sadness.

Newton McTavish.

CONCEIT AND PHILOSOPHY.

Will the rain rain,
Will the sun shine,
Will the wind blow,
Will the pine pine,
Will the waves roll,
Will the moon gleam,
Will the stars twinkle
And seem, as they seem?

Nature her course of Laws did not suspend
When you began Life, why when you end?
Moreover, since Nature began before you,
Why not continue e'en after you do?

Laura B. Thompson.

MOTHER MUST NOT KNOW.

Tell her that you found me poor,
(A change from long ago),
But clothed in sin—Ah! spare her that,
For mother must not know.

Tell her, if you will, that I
Dire poverty have known,
And that fierce hunger, gaunt and grim,
Has daily bolder grown.

But that in scarlet dress arrayed,
And torn with grief and woe,
I pray you, friend, to spare her this,
For mother must not know.

Her aged head is bent and grey,
Her form is worn and thin,
Perchance with watching long for me,
Her eyes are growing dim.

So tell her that I every day,
To honest labours go,
You never must the truth reveal,
For mother must not know.

B. Kelly.

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